

# MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

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## THE ISLAND HOME OF ATHLETICS.

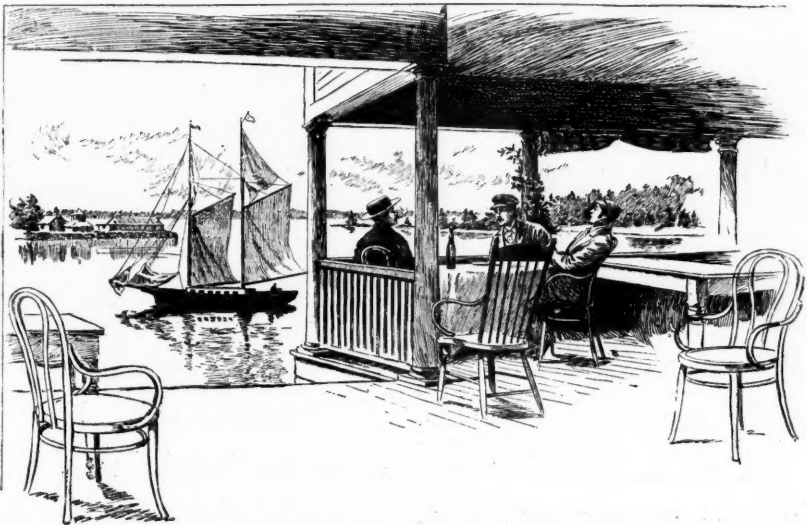
*By Owen Hackett.*

**E**NERVATING luxury follows wealth apace, and we, who have grown suddenly rich, would seem to be in danger, if the moralizers of history are to be believed. But as yet our wealth, so new, seems to tend rather toward our development than our enfeeblement—a reflection peculiarly applicable to a vital trend of the time.

While England has long been regarded as an "athletic" nation, it is only within the past decade that we could have merited the epithet; but

the remarkable extension of the taste for manly exercises within that period fully justifies its application now, and, helped by our widely diffused wealth and stimulated by our own national propensity to excel, we have been impelled toward a development of the athletic idea hitherto unequaled.

It has encroached upon the field of general clubdom, not only in New York, where, it is true, it has made its most complete appropriation; but in several of the larger cities, and in



VERANDAH OF THE TRAVERS ISLAND CLUBHOUSE.

many of the suburban or rural colonies of the better classes, the athletic cult has erected to itself a domiciliary as well as a social edifice.

This excursion beyond its true

just) has been attained by the New York Athletic Club, which has also the more venerable honor of being the first native organization on record in its department.

Not content with being the first to build for itself an opulent metropolitan clubhouse, it transferred its athletic field, with its adjuncts, beyond the city limits, and there erected a spacious summer home amid the charms of land and water scenery, where reinvigoration is wafted with every pure breeze.

This is the far famed Travers Island, a modification of the fashionable countryclub. It has proved immensely popular by reason of its manifold allurements, and has its appropriate uses for various tastes and various seasons.

In winter the clubhouse proper is closed, but riders and shooting parties can find welcome entertainment by prearrangement at the small dwellinghouse which stands beside the other as a useful dependency, and is known as the Potter house, from its former residents of that name.

Travers Island, united by a causeway to the strip of mainland also owned

by the club, comprises a tract of thirty acres on the shore of Westchester County, about half a mile from the station of Pelham Manor.

Unnamed on the maps of Long Island Sound, it was originally called Sheffield Island, and lies just north of Hunter's Island. Besides the Potter house, a Hunter mansion was formerly located here, and this the club occupied as its general house at first, but not before many thousands of dollars had been spent in the reduction of some of the island's hills and the leveling of an ample field space around which as many as six

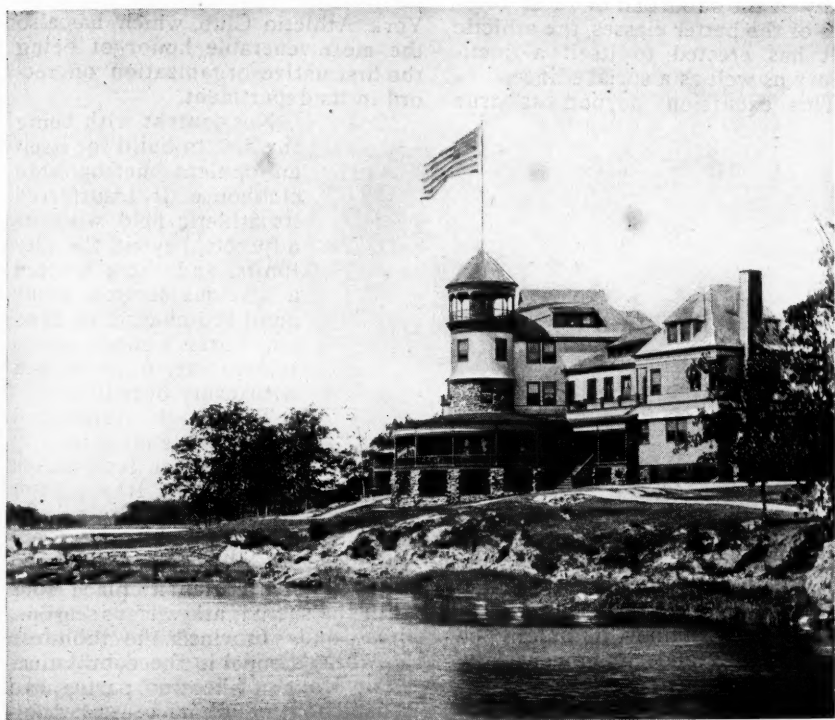


BARTOW S. WEEKS, PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB.

From a photograph by Rockwood, New York.

scope has paradoxically promoted the very thing it might have been prophesied to weaken. It has set the stamp of fashion on manly sports, and their luxurious environments have advertised them and rendered attractive pursuits which, alone, would have appeared to many unalloyed labor. It has also furnished the means of extending the range of physical exercise within a single organization to a degree of universality that insures the pleasing of every taste.

The largest expansion of the athletic fad (if, indeed, that term be



THE CLUBHOUSE ON TRAVERS ISLAND.

thousand people have been gathered on the occasion of the club games.

Shortly after the property was purchased, in 1887, the Hunter house was burned to the ground. The present elaborate clubhouse was speedily built, and the formal opening took place in 1888. Since then the most careful improvements and the addition of the most perfect athletic facilities have served only to suggest greater needs.

A proposal has long been under advisement to fill in a wide waste of tidal land, comprising several acres, which will form a needed baseball and football field and further unite the island to a natural hillside amphitheater on the mainland for the accommodation of spectators.

The present field, occupying what is largely made ground between the shore hills and the island proper, is bounded by the running path of five

laps to the mile, with a hundred yards' straightaway along its westerly side. It required an expenditure of twenty thousand dollars to bring this to perfection, and it is claimed to be the fastest track in the country both for foot and wheel. Certainly to the practiced eye its appearance justifies the claim. Hard, elastic, fine grained, smooth rolled, and drained at short intervals beyond the suspicion of a single "soft" spot, it is positively tempting to the active and fleet of foot.

Vantage points for spectators are to be found on the side of the northern ridge of the island, on the top of which the tennis courts have been leveled; in the open stretches bordering the field, and on the inner side of the elevation capped by the clubhouse.

The house is an ample three story building of wood, of that nonde-

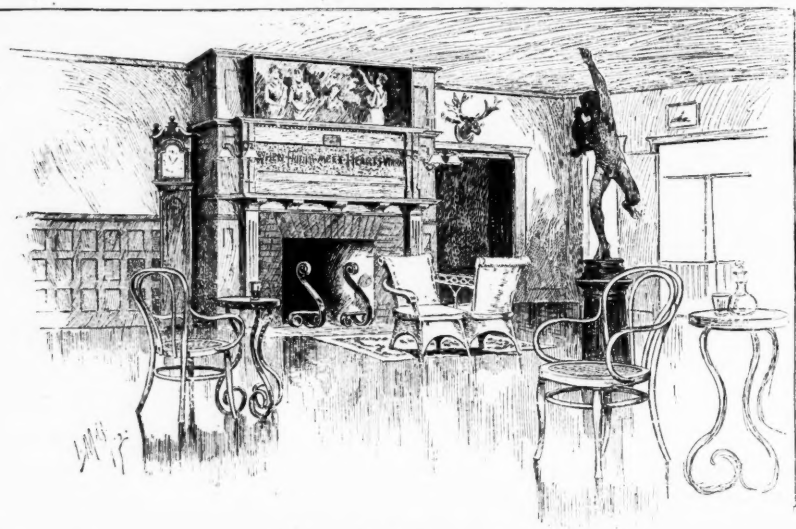


THE POTTER HOUSE.

script style of architecture which finds refuge in the title of "country house." Features of its exterior are a tall stone chimney, its bulging circular tower and its generous verandah.

The hall is the gem of the house, with its warm redwood finish and its cool sweep of air from front to back, where the blue waters and the

green woods offer vying prospects; with its great brick fireplace filled with the sacred ashes of springtime fires and crowned by Siddons Mowbray's panel in the entablature, "The Month of Roses"; and, most conspicuous of all, its central, semi-classic bronze figure of a victorious runner, which a wag has entitled "Claiming a Foul."



HALL OF THE CLUBHOUSE.



Offices, dining, billiard and committee rooms are on this floor, and all above is devoted to cozy sleeping rooms and that greatest luxury of the athlete, the shower baths.

Screened from the view of the clubhouse by the north hill is the capacious boathouse, filled with every species of hand craft, from the lumbering eight oared "Travers" to the daintiest paper shell or birch bark canoe, and supplemented by a forest of spoonblade oars.

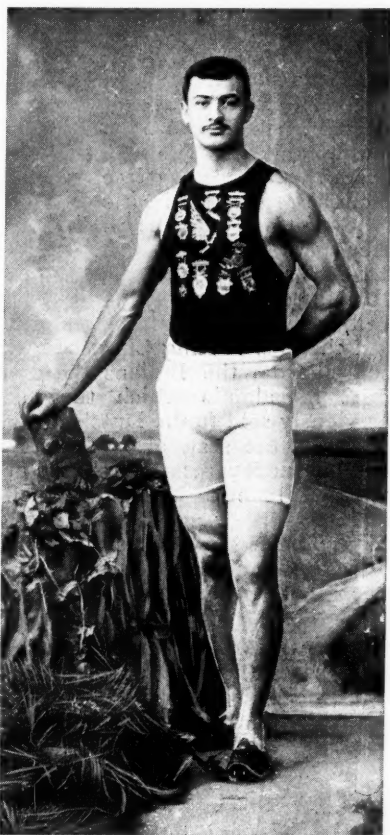
The rowing course, which disappears at low tide, is a straight mile of water, sheltered by the outlying islands, with its finish abreast of the clubhouse. Just beside the boathouse a yachting station is in course of construction, where club owners and visitors from the yacht clubs of the Sound find a safe anchorage.

These are the island's chief features. The really remarkable points of the establishment are such minute details as the appointments and service at the clubhouse, the care and advanced perfection of the athletic facilities, and the methods of organized training pursued with individuals and teams, second only to the "athletic" colleges for devotion to the banners of the association.

But to non athletic members—and there are very many such among the membership of twenty five hundred—the leading attraction must be the convenient, complete and delightful change from the heat and fatigue of labor in a summer city to the *al fresco* luxury of the true countryside.

It is delicious to sit beneath the roof of the tower piazza an hour after ruling the last line of the balance sheet, and, with whatever extraneous refreshments you please at one's elbow, to follow with the eye the western beams that glint on breezy waters—to follow them over and beyond the archipelago of soft green islands and across the Sound, to watch the golden sails that seem hardly to move, yet come and go mysteriously, and to stray from land to sky, where the dark hills of Long Island, miles away, surmount a narrow ribbon of pearly sand.

Not twenty rods away from the clubhouse steps is the southernmost of the chain of islands joined by enterprising capital under the general title of Glen Island. "Little Germany," is directly opposite the boat



EUGENE J. GIANINI, CAPTAIN OF THE NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB.

house and its absurd imitations of plaster and wood ribbed peasant houses are not without their pleasing effect in the landscape. The crowds, too, that subdivide themselves over these various islands on summer days add a pleasant life to the prospect, thanks to the consciousness of complete separation.

Out between the open spaces of this fringe of young verdure one can see the great tower of David's Island, from which the evening bugle call

comes, subdued to melody. Many who are now middle aged members have danced innumerable mazy waltzes in former years where, a mile above, the time honored Neptune House used to overlook New Rochelle Bay and exclusive Davenport's Neck. And City Island still offers its tempting clam bakes, a short sail around the extremity of Hunter's Island toward the south.

Few, perhaps, give thought to the historic ground through which they pass to reach this favored spot. It is the domain of "Lord John Pell," son of that "gentleman of the bed chamber to King Charles I" who bought from the Indians the great tract hereabouts which they had previously sold to the Dutch.

It was the seat, also, of the *émigrés* Huguenots, who purchased and founded here their New Rochelle, and it is further sacred to liberty of conscience from the near by haven

which the English lord of the manor permitted controversial Ann Hutchinson to find, after her expulsion from Boston, only to meet a terrible death at the hands of the persecuted Indians. Hard by, too, are the scenes of a puerile naval engagement, a patriotic piracy of the Yankees, a British landing and various sharp skirmishes of Revolutionary times.

Almost at the portals of Travers Island stands the half century old Christ Church, founded by the Rev. Robert Bolton, about 1838. He has the honorable distinction of being a

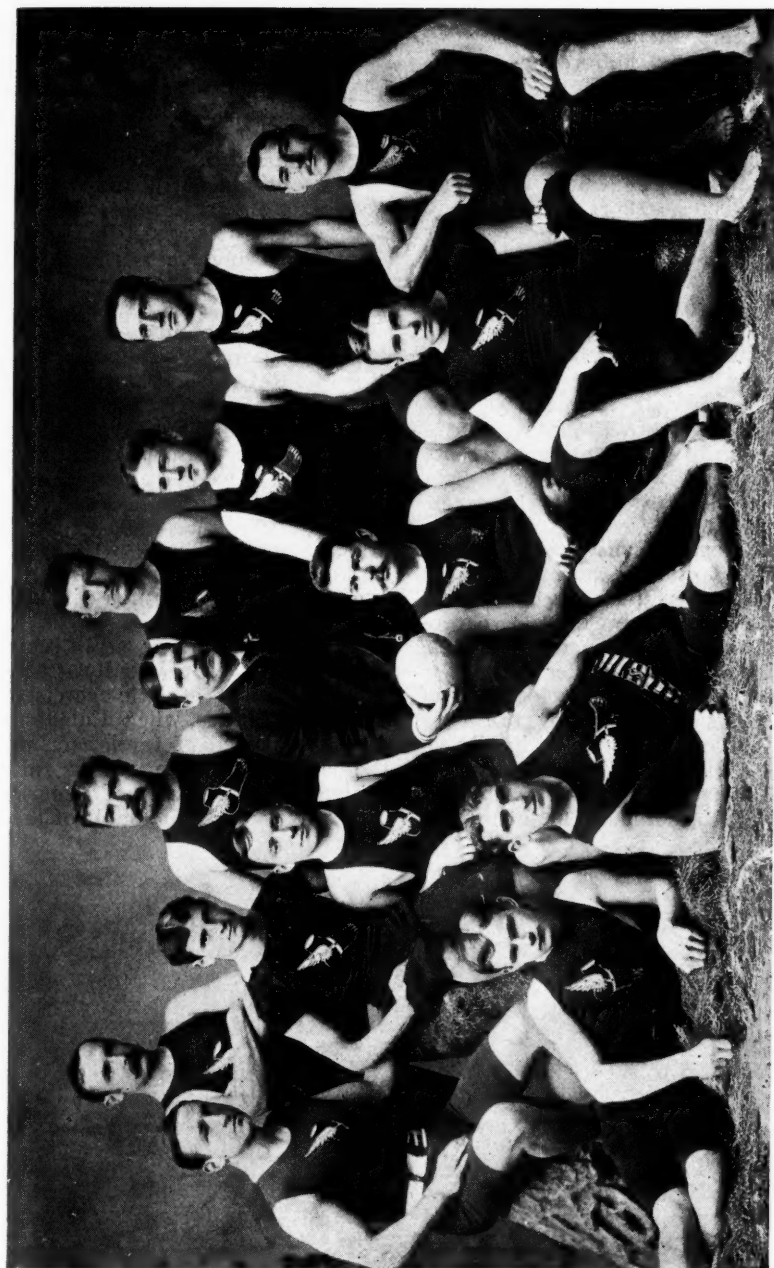
pioneer of the Episcopal Church in the county, as well as a very minute and churchly historian of his neighborhood. It was his daughter, Miss Nanette, who built up the once famous school for girls at Bolton Priory. The Priory still stands on its commanding hill just off the road from station to club, and is now inhabited by the descendants of the



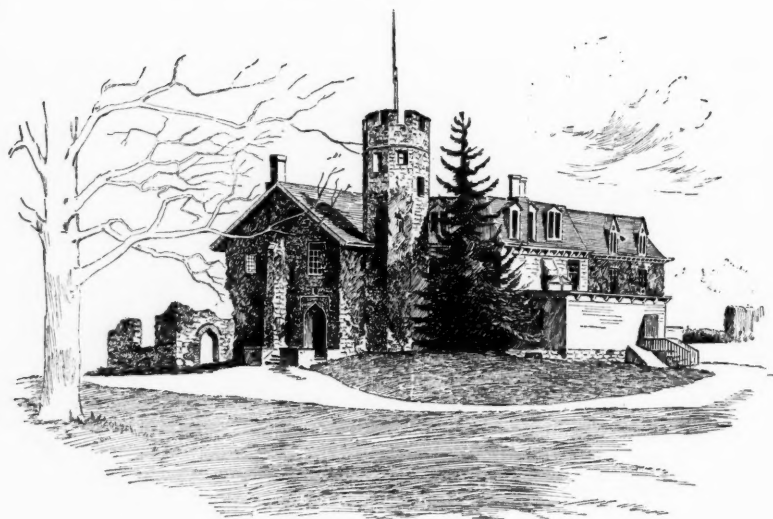
AN OLD LANDMARK.



CHRIST CHURCH, PELHAM MANOR.



THE NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB WATER POLO TEAM.



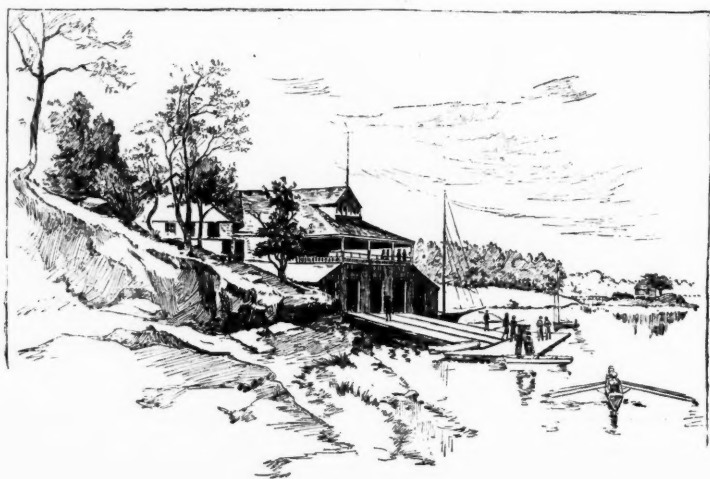
BOLTON PRIORY.

Knickerbocker family of Van Cortlandt, but one of the many names still peopling these shores which can be traced back quite two centuries to their respective Dutch, English or French settler origin.

This luxurious development of athleticism attained by the New York Athletic Club would hardly receive full justice if not contrasted with the exceeding small beginnings which it fathered. The history of

athletics in America is virtually that of the Mercury Foot.

Four or five young men of muscle, of whom William B. Curtis and Henry E. Buermeier still remain conspicuous, were devotedly attached to all kinds of athletic exercises in the early Sixties, when Caledonian clubs, composed of foreigners, were the only semblance of organized sport. This company of American amateurs were in the habit of meet-



THE BOATHOUSE.

ing weekly at Mr. Curtis's residence, a site now occupied by Macy's universal mart. It speaks significantly for that gentleman's attachment to physical cultivation that the back parlor as such had no sacredness as opposed to athletics, for that apartment was fitted up as a gymnasium.

On Saturday afternoons, in the fine seasons, they resorted to the "Red House" at the head of Harlem Lane, where they could add running and jumping to the usual indoor weight lifting. They attained such prominence in feats of strength that the back parlor aforesaid was a Mecca of pilgrimage, even from other States, for divers strong men in search of further conquest; and the original four or five, seldom if ever vanquished, gained a wide reputation.

So deeply were they imbued with admiration for these classic pastimes that they were moved to issue a call in 1868 to all who were interested in "promoting and fostering" an interest in manly sports, and, after some disappointment and much devoted work, they succeeded in forming the New York Athletic Club, which gave the country's first general athletic games for native amateurs.

The club, unlike most firstlings of an order, has been the reverse of conservative. It has been a pioneer throughout all its history, the leader in reforms and in progress. It has suffered its reverses, and it was at the period of its lowest ebb of life, in 1883, when the late celebrated William R. Travers was fortunately elected president. To him is due not only the rejuvenation of the club, but also the credit of being the founder of the modern athletic association. He secured the interest of bankers,

brokers, business and professional men—people of real substance—and with their support athletics entered the field of general clubdom.

The city house, built in 1884, was considered a marvel of its kind, until



WILLIAM B. CURTIS, FOUNDER OF THE NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB.

From a photograph by Fredricks, New York.

the fierce rivalry of the oft victorious Manhattan Athletic Club impelled the latter to enter the same field and erect its palatial establishment.

Its predecessor of the Winged Foot long writhed under this overshadowing until forced to begin the present active preparations to build an urban home at Sixth Avenue and Fifty Ninth Street, which, it is promised, will have few peers in all the club world.

Be it as costly or superb as it may, it will hardly deserve the admiration that attaches to its humbler but more truly sensible idea of the healthful, restful home at Travers Island.

## JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

*By Morris Bacheller.*

**S**ELDOM has an actor received so unanimous a verdict of approbation from his contemporaries as that won by Joseph Jefferson. The most captious criticism is disarmed by the perfection of every characterization he undertakes. Simplicity and refinement, exquisite humor and ten-

Of the inheritance of a special talent Mr. Jefferson is one of the most remarkable instances. He is third in descent from the Jefferson who was a fellow player with David Garrick, and his grandfather and father followed the same calling. He himself was, he declares, figuratively



JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

derest pathos interchanging like the moods of April sunlight and shadow--such are the most salient of the artistic qualities that mark him as the first of American comedians, and, added to a blameless career and a rarely attractive personality, establish him on an imperishable pedestal of respect and regard. A famous preacher once called him "the genius that God has given us to show in the drama the power of love over the sins of the race."

speaking, born in the theater. He first appeared on the boards as a baby in long clothes, and may be said to have stepped from the cradle to become a juvenile prodigy—one of the few juvenile prodigies destined to maturer fame. The vicissitudes of his early life are delightfully and characteristically told in his autobiography. It was not a rose strewn path that led to the success that he won as *Dr. Pangloss* in "The Heir at Law" and *Asa Trenchard* in





JOSEPH JEFFERSON AND WILLIAM J. FLORENCE IN "THE RIVALS."

"Our American Cousin." The culmination of his renown began with his discovery of the character that is above all others identified with him—*Rip Van Winkle*, which he first created in London more than thirty years ago.

The popular demand for this veritable gem of dramatic art was so insatiable that Mr. Jefferson, at the risk of being regarded as a "one part actor," was for many years compelled to keep *Rip* almost continuously upon the boards. A notable epoch in his later life was his association, be-

ginning in 1889, with the late William J. Florence in "The Rivals." With Jefferson as *Bob Acres* and Florence as *O'Trigger*, Sheridan's classical comedy was presented with a brilliance never surpassed in its long stage history.

The life to which Mr. Jefferson retreats from the stage is that of the "country gentleman." His favorite amusements are such outdoor pursuits as hunting, fishing, and above all sketching from nature. As an artist he has more than the average amateur's ability.

## OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

*By Henry V. Clarke.*

IT would be difficult to draw a very close literary parallel between Dr. Samuel Johnson and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. Nevertheless, the genial Autocrat of the Breakfast Table used to feel a peculiar interest in the career of the somewhat crabbed dictator of Fleet Street, for the reason that almost exactly a hundred years separated their first appear-

as bright as when, years ago, he wrote:

Yes, we're boys—always playing with tongue or with pen ;

And I sometimes have asked, shall we ever be men ?

Shall we always be youthful and laughing and gay

Till the last dear companion drops smiling away ?

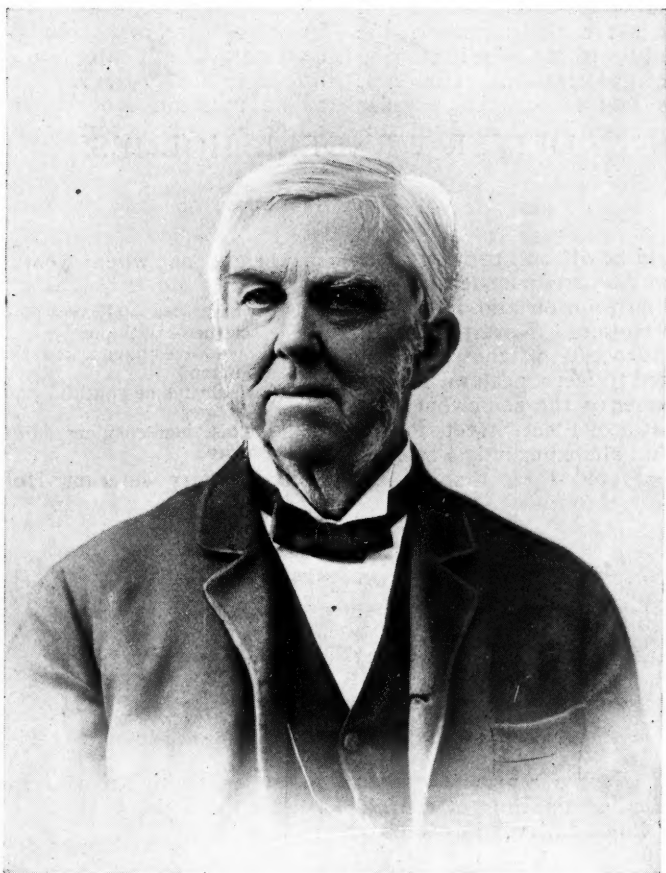
As literary veterans Holmes and



THE BIRTHPLACE OF OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

ances in the world. Dr. Holmes would often look through his "Boswell" to see what the great dictionary maker was doing on that same day a century before. But this ceased nearly eight years ago. Dr. Johnson, born September 18, 1709, died, at seventy five, in 1784 ; Dr. Holmes, born August 29, 1809, lives to approach his eighty third birthday with brain as clear and eye almost

Whittier have often been mentioned together. Comparisons between the two can detract from the fame of neither, and it may be just to sum up a theme worthy of extended discussion by saying that while the Hermit of Amesbury has done much more sustained work at the highest level of poetic inspiration, the Autocrat has shown qualities of grace, wit, and pathos that are unsurpassed.



*Oliver Wendell Holmes*

From a photograph by the Notman Photographic Company, Boston.

Whittier, not lacking in humor, is essentially earnest; Holmes, not incapable of strong and deep emotion, loves best the lighter touch, the playful vein. Whittier, not deficient in culture, is preeminently the son of the soil, the typical representative of his country and of his section; Holmes, though instinct with Americanism, is yet the singer of cosmopolitan culture, the thinker whose horizon is wide as the world of human progress. Where, for instance, can be found a finer expression of the ideal aspirations of modern humanity than this?—

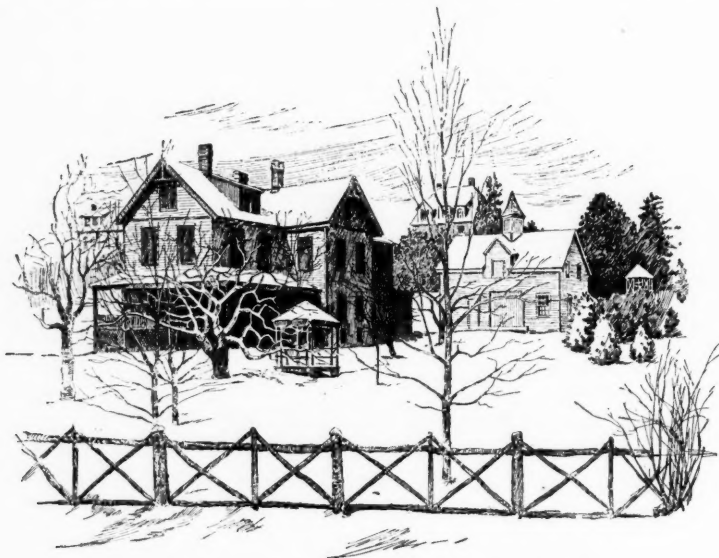
Build thee more stately mansions, O my  
soul,  
As the swift seasons roll;  
Leave thy low vaulted past!  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more  
vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's un-  
resting sea!

The poem that ends with this stanza—"The Chambered Nautilus"—may be taken as a fine example of Holmes's most thoughtful work. "It is booked for immortality," Whittier said when he first read or heard it.

Before the graceful humor of the

"Autocrat" papers had won world wide fame for their author, the nation had heard his voice in stirring strains of patriotism. His first utterance that struck the popular ear was penned in his medical stu-

his earlier years, the fight against human slavery, and the crisis of the civil war, did not enter into Holmes's life as into Whittier's. Too kindly to be militant, too tolerant to be bitter, he spoke in sorrow rather than



DR. HOLMES'S HOUSE AT BEVERLY FARMS, MASSACHUSETTS.

dent days. It was a protest against the proposed dismantling of the old war ship Constitution, the victor of the famous duel with the British frigate *Guerriere*. Rarely spirited were the lines—

O, better that her shattered hulk  
Should sink beneath the wave ;  
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,  
And there should be her grave.

Nail to the mast her holy flag,  
Set every threadbare sail,  
And give her to the god of storms,  
The lightning and the gale !

Another of his early poems, "The Pilgrim's Vision," sings of his country's continental destiny in this noble verse:

I see the living tide roll on ;  
It crowns with flaming towers  
The icy capes of Labrador,  
The Spaniard's land of flowers ;  
It streams beyond the splintered ridge  
That parts the northern showers ;  
From Eastern rock to sunset wave  
The Continent is ours !

The great political questions of

in anger to those who sought to sunder the Union :

Has our love all died out ? Have its altars  
grown cold ?

Has the curse come at last which the  
fathers foretold ?

Then Nature must teach us the strength of  
the chain

That her petulant children would sever in  
vain.

This was in "Brother Jonathan's Lament for Sister Caroline," written just before the attack on Fort Sumter. Again in "The Voice of the Loyal North" he said of the threatened struggle :

Enough of speech ! The trumpet rings.

Be silent, patient, calm ;

God help them if the tempest swings

The pine against the palm !

By birth and ancestry Dr. Holmes is a new Englander through and through. The branches of his family tree bear such names as Dudley, Bradstreet, Wendell and Quincy. A Holmes was one of the

pioneer settlers of Woodstock, Connecticut. His grandson, David Holmes, served as a captain in the war against the French colonies, and in Revolutionary days was a surgeon in the continental army. David Holmes's son Abiel went to Yale, entered the ministry, and settled in Cambridge, Massachusetts, then a rambling country village. The old gambrel roofed house that was his home, and in which his eldest son, the future Autocrat, was born, was taken down not long ago. It had been a Cambridge landmark for a century and a half. After the battle of Bunker Hill it was for a time the military headquarters of the colonial forces.

The Autocrat's education began at a "dame's school," presided over by Ma'am Prentiss, a preceptress whose "long willow rod, which reached across the little schoolroom, reminding rather than chastising," lingered long in her scholars' memory. Then for five years he went to an academy in Cambridgeport, where Richard Henry Dana, Alfred Lee, and Margaret Fuller were among his school mates. As a boy, while by no means averse to study, he confesses to have been "fond of reading stories—sometimes did it in school hours—fond of whispering and whittling, as his desk bore witness." At sixteen he entered Harvard, where he graduated, after the regular college course, in a class that had several other members since distinguished—among them James Freeman Clarke, the Unitarian preacher and abolitionist; Samuel Francis Smith, author of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee"; Benjamin R. Curtis, who was appointed to the Supreme Court by President Fillmore, and afterwards defended Andrew Johnson before the Senate; and G. T. Bigelow, chief justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court. Young Holmes maintained a fair rank for scholarship, but was one of those students for whom academic distinctions are not the be-all and end-all of college life. He had already begun to write. He delivered the "class poem," and others which

he modestly describes as of "moderate value and mild promise."

On graduating he took up the study of law, but twelve months later abandoned it for that of medicine. Five years—spent chiefly in Boston and Paris—were devoted to preparation for his profession, and then, having taken his M. D.'s degree, he began to practice. The main events of his subsequent career, apart from his literary achievements, are his professorship of physiology at Dartmouth (1839 to 1841); his marriage to Miss Amelia Lee Jackson in 1840; his appointment to the chair of anatomy at Harvard in 1847, and his resignation, after thirty five years' service, in 1882.

After his marriage, Dr. Holmes settled in Boston, on Montgomery Place, near the Tremont House. He moved thence to a house on Charles Street. Near by was the bank of the river Charles, on which were kept the boats so often mentioned in "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" as Dr. Holmes's favorite medium of exercise. The same wide stretch of river—the "Back Bay"—is spread below the bay window of his library in his present home at 296 Beacon Street, where he has lived since 1870.

In the year 1735 Jacob Wendell, an ancestor of Dr. Holmes's mother, bought twenty four thousand acres of woodland on the Housatonic. Of this tract, on which the town of Pittsfield now stands, a remnant was inherited by the Autocrat, and on it it was once his custom to pass his summers. For the last dozen years he has had a country home at Beverly Farms, Massachusetts. It is a pleasant house not far from the shore. From its verandah, curtained in summer with vines, may be caught glimpses of Baker's Island light and the entrance to the harbor of Salem. In the room on the left of the doorway stands the Autocrat's desk, which is described as "not in the least the ideal *escritoire* of a poet, but a very prosaic roll top desk of polished black walnut, kept with all the neatness and precision of the professional bookkeeper. Opposite

is a broad open fireplace, before which is the poet's favorite chair, while at the opposite side stands another wide armed chair, which smiles a welcome to the visitor. It is often occupied, for Dr. Holmes entertains many visitors and welcomes all."

In 1857 the *Atlantic Monthly* was founded, with the support of a literary coterie that included Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, and Motley. Lowell, then holding the chair of modern languages at Harvard, was selected as editor of the new magazine. In accepting, he declared that Holmes would have better fitted the post. "He is to do something that will be felt," was his appreciative estimate of his fellow professor. "He will be a new power in letters."

The prophecy was justified by the "Autocrat" papers, which began in the first issue of the *Atlantic*, and were its most popular, as well as by far its most brilliant and original feature. They were followed by "The Professor at the Breakfast Table," a series of dainty songs and graceful essays which proved no less attractive than the former, although the "Professor" had at the outset expressed a doubt "whether there is anything left for me to suck out of creation, after my lively friend (the Autocrat) has had his straw in the bunghole of the universe."

After an interval of thirteen years the "Professor" was succeeded by the "Poet at the Breakfast Table."

Meanwhile Dr. Holmes had issued several volumes of collected poems and essays, and the novel "Elsie Venner," praised by some for its fine workmanship, and criticised by others for the unpleasant nature of its subject. The list of his later works shows that his literary activity has been both varied and constant. It includes memoirs of Emerson and of Longfellow, another experiment in fiction—"A Mortal Antipathy"—many poems, magazine articles on "Our Hundred Days in Europe," and another series of papers which appeared in 1890—"Over the Tea Cups."

Dr. Holmes has written of Emerson's cheery philosophy words that might well be applied to his own—"Optimism is what the young want, and Emerson could no more help taking the hopeful view of the universe and its future than Claude could help flooding his landscapes with sunlight." And there is another characteristic sentence from "The Poet at the Breakfast Table"—"I don't know that one's eyes fill with tears when he thinks of the famous inventor of logarithms, but a song of Burns's or a hymn of Charles Wesley's goes straight to your heart, and you can't help loving them, the sinner as well as the saint." Few poets have spoken more directly to the affections of their hearers than has the Autocrat himself. None has reflected in his verse a personality more lovable in its sunny geniality.

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### CARELESS CUPID.

WHILE sporting on a sunny day  
 Love caught a butterfly—  
 A moment held it in his play,  
 Then, heedless, threw it by.  
 Forgetful it was not a heart  
 That he had thrown aside—  
 Too late to then redeem his part—  
 He saw the insect died.

Douglas Hemingway.



## THE CARIB QUEEN.

*By Verner Z. Reed.*

ONE sultry day I was wandering aimlessly about the dusty back streets of Ciudad Juarez. A few half naked children were lying on the ground asleep in the sun. Occasionally a policeman in a dirty white uniform slouched by me with his big revolver swinging at his side. A burro train loaded with fagots was ambling down the street in charge of a woman and a boy. A motionless Mexican, with his sombrero pulled over his eyes, was leaning listlessly against an adobe wall.

I spoke to the man, and he bowed, but he did not remove his hat as the *peons* always do. After he had bowed he turned his eyes from me to vacancy, and seemed to forget my existence. I was tired, however; there is but little shade in Juarez, and I determined to share the shelter of that wall with the man and make him talk. When I had given him a Vera Cruz cigar and a drink from my flask he deigned to take an interest in me, and after I had sat under the wall with him for an hour he told me a story. The story may not be true, and it certainly seems improbable; but the telling of it had a strange effect upon the man, and he told it in seeming sincerity; so I think after all it may not be wholly false. It is written here in the man's own words, just as he told it to me that day while the slanting rays of the burning sun were shimmering mercilessly down upon the mud walls of Ciudad Juarez.

"My name is Pablo Garcia, and I am a man for whom nature intended better things than lying idle in the shade of mud walls in a poor border town. The ancestors of my family can be traced back in unbroken lines for eight hundred years, and some of

them were the men who helped to found the kingdom of Castile. I was born in the City of Mexico and educated in Spain, and when my father died he held my hand in his and told me I might, if I willed, be one day the President of the republic of Mexico. It is well that my father died; and it is well that we poor creatures of the earth have death to hope for, for if we had not we should all go mad.

"I was ever an adventurous man. Just after I came from college I joined a revolution against the government, and was made a colonel. It was promised me that I should be the governor of a State. Then my old father came to me with tears in his eyes, and besought me not to rebel against a government that was so ready to honor him and his. For love of him I threw aside my uniform, withdrew from the rebellion, and retired to a hacienda that my father owned in Yucatan. I was to remain there but a few months, until the revolution was over, and my father had secured me a pardon, when I was to go to the capital and begin the serious work of manhood.

"Yucatan is a dreary land, unfit for men to live in, and my stay there would have been short indeed if it had not been for a strange tale I heard there that incited the desire of exploration within my breast. It was rumored in Yucatan that there was a strange city of Indians situated in a remote part of the peninsula, a city where white men had never been and where they were not allowed to go. I could learn but little of this city; the Indians would not talk of it, and the white men believed its existence a myth, as white men have but little faith in the marvelous. I

believed the city existed, and I determined to find it, to enter it, to learn of its people and their manners and customs, and then to return to it with soldiers and make it as free of entrance as any city in Mexico.

"No one would join me in the expedition, even the *peons* refusing to go for pay, and I set out alone. I rode a mule, for only mules can live and thrive in the *tierra caliente*. I rode for many days through the desert, sleeping alone on the sands, or occasionally passing the night in the hut of some Indian. In time I came to a morass that seemed to be impassable, and I could not force my stubborn beast to enter it. I believed that the unknown city lay beyond this morass, and I was determined to cross it; so I turned loose my mule and began to wade in the muddy water. The morass grew worse as I advanced, and I often thought I should sink; but I was fortunate, and always managed to save myself by grasping the branches of trees. Near night I came to a small tract of land that lay higher than the water, and I slept there. The next day I struggled onward through the swamp, and at night climbed into a forked tree to sleep, as there was no land that lay above the water.

"In this manner I struggled in that dismal forest swamp for nine days. On the tenth, just as I was ready to give up and die, I came to dry land. I was covered with slime, my feet and limbs were bleeding, my clothes were torn to shreds, I was almost crazed with hunger, and I think I could not have lived out one more day in that desolate jungle. When I reached the dry land I gathered some wild berries, and ate them, and then I lay down and slept the sleep of utter exhaustion. I slept for many hours, how many I do not know, and when I awoke I was sore and stiff; but my strength partially returned, and I paid but little heed to my plight, for I believed I was near the mysterious city. I cleaned my revolver, washed myself, put my clothing in as good condition as I could, and set out directly into the heart of

the forest that lay before me. The forest was so dense that I could scarcely see the sky above me, and I was glad of this, for otherwise the heat would have been unendurable to a weak man on foot.

"I journeyed on for two days more, and then I came to another small swamp. When I crossed it I began to see signs of human inhabitation. Footprints were to be seen in the soft earth, I found a shred of a cotton garment, and I soon came to a small field of cotton and Indian maize. I ate some of the maize and slept near the field, and in the morning I was awakened by hearing a great noise like that made by a multitude singing. I then made my way forward with great caution, for I did not know what manner of people I was approaching. I made my way stealthily from one tree to another, as a wild Indian makes his way when near an enemy, and at last I came within sight of the city.

"The city stood in the center of an open space in the forest, and was surrounded by a wall of heavy masonry. It was about half a mile from the forest line to the city wall, and I feared greatly to enter the open space that lay between, as it was filled with Indians in strange garb who were dancing. By striking upon the trunks of trees I at last found one that was hollow; and upon climbing the tree I found that I could get inside of it, which I did. Then with my knife I worked to make a hole in the hard wood, and by the time I had cut through the trunk I found that the dance was over and that the Indians had gone within the city wall.

"I remained inside of the tree all night, sleeping very comfortably, and was awakened at sunrise by the sound of the Indians dancing and singing again. They numbered about two thousand, men, women and children, and they were different from any Indians I had ever seen. In their dancing they seemed exhausted and ready to drop with weariness, and I afterwards learned that they had danced for four days, and had

fasted during all that time. I could see that the dance was of a religious nature, as all Indian dances are, and a tall old man with flowing hair seemed to be the chief priest.

"After the dance had continued for several hours the priest and ten men entered the walls of the city. When they returned they bore a huge stone that was shaped like a table, and upon this stone they bound a young Indian boy, who seemed to be of a different tribe. They went again into the city, and when they returned I was greatly surprised to see them leading a white man whose eyes were bandaged. I supposed they were going to kill the white man, and I carefully examined all the chambers of my revolver to see that they were loaded; for while the Indians were a host against two, I did not intend to see a man of my own blood slain by wanton savages unless I essayed to rescue him. I was just ready to climb out of the tree when the old priest lifted up his hands, and I was greatly astonished to hear him say in as good Spanish as is taught in the college at Madrid:

"Now, oh Father Sun, is the soul of an alien to be sent across the great waters to thy land in payment for the continuance of the life of thy daughter, our queen. From the numbers of our enemies we have taken this boy, whose heart shall bleed for thee; and from the numbers of the white despoilers we have taken a white skinned man who shall be held and sacrificed at the dance of the harvest. The eyes of this boy who lies bound upon the stone shall soon gaze into the eyes of Him-Who-Rules-The-World, and we send him as a token that we are yet thy children and are yet faithful. Oh mighty Father Sun, grant us the blessing of continued life for our queen."

"None of the Indians seemed to understand what the priest said, nor did they, as I afterwards learned; for Spanish was not taught to more than three people of that city at one time.

"When the priest had spoken I believed the white man was in no

immediate danger, and I remained within the tree. When the sun was exactly in the zenith the Indians knelt, and the old priest, with a stone knife, cut out the living heart of the boy who was bound to the stone, and cast it, all bleeding, toward the sun. My blood ran cold at this sight, and I was sorely tempted to take a shot at the murderous heathen, but my better judgment told me to remain quiet.

"After the sacrifice a great feast of maize and meat was spread, and the people ate like famished wolves. After they had eaten they went into the city, some almost falling to the ground with sleepiness. The priest led the white man away, the open space was deserted, and when the sun went down there was not a sound to be heard. I believed the people were all asleep, and I climbed out of the tree and satisfied my hunger upon some of the fragments of food that were left scattered over the ground. I rested for an hour, and then I set out to enter the city, determined to solve its mysteries if I lost my life in doing it.

"Just as I reached the gate of the city I met the white captive. He was stealing along noiselessly, and as he came outside of the gate I spoke to him. He seemed amazed to be addressed in Spanish. At first he feared it was the old priest, who could speak that language, and he started to run. I called him back, telling him I was a friend, and when he came we went to the edge of the forest to talk. The man told me he was an exile from Cuba, having escaped from a prison in that island, and made his way to the coast of Yucatan in a ship in which he hid himself. When he reached Yucatan he left the ship, and after wandering for a long time in the forests along the coast he was captured by a band of Indians who seemed careful not to hurt him, and who conducted him to the walled city and delivered him to the old priest. In the city he was kept a close prisoner, seeing no one but the old priest, and was never taken out of his cell until the day he

had been led forth to stand by the boy who was sacrificed. From the old priest he had learned that the people who dwelt in the city were Caribs who had fled from their island in the West Indies four hundred years ago. These Caribs were ruled by a white queen, and it was believed that the life of the queen was prolonged if human sacrifices were made to the sun. The queen was not allowed to marry nor to look upon any living person but the priest, and her successor was provided by capturing white girls from the Mexican cities. The white race had driven the Caribs from their ancestral island home, and they believed that the whites had a right to rule them; but they believed that if they submitted to a white ruler they would do right to kill all other white people who invaded their land.

"The Cuban told me all this, and said he had stolen away when the old priest who guarded him had fallen asleep. He begged me to go with him into the swamps and strive to escape. I would not go, however, until I had entered the city. I thought it safe to enter, as the Cuban said the people were all asleep from fatigue and gluttony, and I prevailed upon him to go with me inside the walls.

"The moon was shining brightly and we could see clearly. The houses were joined closely together and were made of heavy blocks of stone, and it seemed that the city must at some time have held a large population. The streets were crooked and narrow and were paved with rocks worn smooth by the usage of centuries. There were no animals of any kind to be seen. Great heaps of maize and raw cotton were piled in the streets, and meat, no doubt the flesh of wild animals, was seen hanging on high poles. In one corner of the city was a large building of white stone, upon the walls of which were fine carving. The Cuban said this was the palace of the queen, which no one but the priest was allowed to enter, as it was sacrilege for the Indians to look upon their ruler.

When we had seen thus much we feared to stay longer in the city and were retracing our steps toward the gate when we met the old priest. He had awakened from his sleep, had found his prisoner gone, and had started forth in search of him. When he came upon us the Cuban struck him fiercely in the face, and the priest, mad with pain and anger, drove his stone knife into the Cuban's breast. The Cuban fell, but as he fell he caught the neck of the priest in the grip of death, and drove his knife into his heart. The two men lay dead in each other's arms, and I stood alone, surrounded by the unknown terrors of that mysterious place.

"While I was wondering how I might best make my escape I heard the noise of men walking near the gate, and I knew that I would be unable to leave the city. I believed I might find safety near the palace of the queen, as the Indians were not allowed to go there, and I took up the body of the dead Cuban and stole towards the palace walls. There was a massive door entering the palace. It opened easily, and through it I entered a large chamber. The room I was in was very high, the ceiling was pictured, the walls were of the color of pearls, and a soft light came from small holes in the floor. There was a peculiar fragrance that revived my strength and spirits as though I had drunk of rich old wine. I left that room and entered another that was like a large closet. Here I left the dead body of the Cuban, after securing his knife, and returned again to the large chamber. When I had entered a door was partly opened, and a soft voice said:

"Who comes?"

"The words were spoken in Spanish, and it seemed strange to me to hear my mother tongue in that remote place.

"The voice then bade me enter, as the queen thought it was the priest, and I went through the doorway into a room that seemed like the abode of a fairy. But I forgot its beauty when I saw the occupant; I forgot

danger, I forgot the dead Cuban and the dead priest, I forgot myself, I forgot the world. Ah, señor, in all this world there is no woman so beautiful as was that golden queen of the Caribs! Her skin was as white as the bloom of a lily, her eyes were like two stars, her long hair was like molten gold and was as soft as fine spun silk. She was tall; her form and her limbs were as perfect as statuary, and her face was the face of an angel. In all the years of my life I never expect to look upon another woman so fair as she. She looked upon me in wonder, but not in fear, and she smiled. Her smile riveted the fetters of love about my heart, and I was her slave thenceforth for all time. She asked me who and what I was and whence I came. I know not what reply I made her then, but I know that, except the old priest, I was the only man she had ever seen, and she did not fear me. But when my senses came to me I told her who and what I was. She listened to me in wonder and marveled much at what I said. Then she took my hand in hers and promised she would save my life. She feared, though, that in the morning, when the people discovered that the priest was dead, they would make a great search for his slayer and might even enter her palace. I told her of the dead body in the outer room and bade her tell the people, if they came, that the dead Cuban had slain the priest. I believed then I was safe, for the old priest was the only Carib who had seen me or knew I was in the city.

"The queen then asked me many questions. Her speech was in the purest Castilian, that language having been taught her by the priest, as it was the language in which all their worship was performed. The Caribs had learned this language while yet they lived on their island, and it had been carefully handed down among the priests ever since.

"I talked with the queen all night, forgetting that men ever slept; but in the morning we were disturbed by a summons at the outer door.

The queen went into the antechamber, where was a man who told her the priest was dead and that he himself was now priest. He told her a white captive had killed the priest, and that the man could not be found, although all the city had been searched, and he asked if the man had entered the palace.

"The queen told him that the man had come to her palace. She knew it was not meet that any but the priest should come there, and she had killed the man with her own hands. Then she showed him the dead body of the Cuban in the closet, and the priest believed her and took the body away, saying the Caribs were thrice blessed in having a queen such as she.

"The queen then returned to me, and I was no longer in danger. In all the time I remained in her palace no one ever came but the priest, and he came only to the antechamber. I was a thing of great wonder to the queen, as she had never seen a white man before; and before we knew it I and the golden queen were plighted lovers. I know not how it first came about; I do not remember what we said to each other, and I do not remember how many days went by until I took her in my arms and told her she was all the world to me. I only know that she placed her soft arms about my neck, and that it was natural that we two should love each other—as natural as it is for the flowers to bloom in the light of the sun. I loved that woman with a love such as few men know. She was a recluse, ignorant of the very existence of the world, the queen of a savage race of barbarians, but her soul was as pure as her face was beautiful. Ah, *querida hermosa mia*, the memory of you makes me at once as happy as an archangel in the highest heaven and as miserable as the lost souls who writhe in endless torment!

"For three months I remained immured in the palace with the golden queen, three months that sped by as an hour, and then I was seized with the desire to go from that place and take my loved one



with me. I set about devising a way to leave the city of the accursed Caribs. No one ever disturbed us, for the people were not allowed to go near the queen, and we might have been there until now but for my desire to go again among my own people, and to be joined in wedlock to her I loved.

"To make our escape we arranged in this wise: the queen called the priest to her, and told him that the great spirits had blessed her people with bountiful harvests. To celebrate this it was her desire that all the people of the city go four days' march into the forest and hold a feast and a great dance. When they were gone we intended to escape. The priest said he would send the people; but he himself was not allowed to go more than an hour's march from the city, as it was his duty to watch over the gates and the palace of the queen. The queen then commanded that he should go with the people. He steadfastly refused, saying that his religion was above even his queen; and we had to be content with this.

"When we knew the people had gone we stole out of the palace to go to the gate of the city. It was a glad sight to me to see the look of wonder that came over her face when she looked upon the outer world. She took my hand in hers, and we went like two children going out to play in the meadows. Just before we reached the city gate that accursed priest saw us, and came running after us with a bow and arrows in his hands. He shot an arrow at me, and it struck my arm. The arrow was poisoned, and the poison seemed like molten fire running in my veins. It almost maddened me with pain, but I grasped the hand of the queen and sped on desperately. Before we reached the swamp the priest overtook us. I drew my revolver, but he threw me on the ground and snatched it from me. He knew how to use the weapon. As I lay stunned and half fainting on the ground he pointed it at my heart. Just as he fired the queen threw herself for-

ward to defend me, and the bullet intended for me entered her bosom. Her crimson life blood spurted in my face, and she fell dead in my arms.

"The blood roared in my brain with a noise like the roaring of an angry sea, the sky seemed red, and my strength seemed to grow until I had the strength of twenty demons. I grasped the heathen priest by the throat, I tore his very flesh apart, I broke the bones in his body, and then I wailed because he was dead and beyond my power to hurt him further.

"Then I caressed the dead form of my loved one, I opened her beautiful eyes that were already glazed with death, I besought her to speak. But she was dead. Her pure soul had gone to a better world than this, and all that was left me was to return her body to the earth. I buried her there by the edge of the swamp, and plunged once more into the wilderness and left that accursed place where I had known more than the gladness of life and worse than the bitterness of death.

"I became what I now am—a wanderer upon the face of the earth, one with no joy in living, a saddened and heart broken man, longing for the day of my death. Men call me crazy, and shun me. Sometimes she comes to me, she my loved one. I can see her beautiful eyes beaming upon me, I can feel the sweep of her golden hair above my face. Ah, she comes now! Do you not see? Is she not beautiful? Oh, *querida*, *amante*, darling, come nearer, touch me, speak to me!"

The man fell upon his face, a white froth gathering at his mouth, and such an expression in his eyes as I never saw before. I feared that he was dying, and hurried away to find help. I met an officer of the barracks, and brought him to the spot. He looked at the prostrate man, and then, as he rolled a brown cigarette between his fingers, he said:

"Do not fear, *senor*. He will recover soon. It is only Pablo Garcia the crazed one, and he is often thus."



## THE ASIATIC AND SOUTH AMERICAN LEGATIONS.

*By Charlotte M. Conger.*

THE diplomats who represent the Asiatic nations at Washington enter into the social life of the capital with much enthusiasm, and throw open their legations with right royal hospitality. Their entertainments are in no way characteristic,

of wonder and delight to their more restrained sisters of the East, who revel in the liberty allowed them here. "Oh! I have such a good time in America," said the wife of a former minister. "I flirt all ze time wiz my husband and he court me.



THE BRAZILIAN LEGATION AT WASHINGTON.

but simply the balls, dinners, and teas of the fashionable set the world over. Several years ago the Chinese minister gave a banquet to about a hundred guests, at which he introduced many native dishes. It was a magnificent and sumptuous affair, but the experiment has never been repeated.

The freedom—emancipation is, I believe, the foreign word—of American women is a never ending source

We have no flirting or courting in my country, and it is so lovely!"

Because of their adherence to native costumes, the Chinese legation inspires more interest than any other. It would seem an anachronism that people from the land of Confucius should be housed in a mediæval castle. Such is not exactly the case, but the house on Dupont Circle, known as "Castle Stewart," which they rent from the Senator from Nevada, has

something of the appearance of the old fortresses that top the hills of the Rhine. From the windows in its tower the Mongolians peer down upon our Western civilization with cynical eyes. Several contretemps, like the unreciprocated passion of one of the secretaries, a noble of high degree, for an American girl, made it necessary for the Chinese minister to allow his attachés fewer privileges, and they have in consequence mingled less in society than formerly. Mr. Tsui's predecessor, with three or four of his staff, made the round of visits during the gay season, and never seemed to tire of watching the American manner of enjoyment. It was not an infrequent thing to see them join in the dancing,

their robes proving a serious handicap.

For the first time since there has been a Chinese legation in America, the minister has brought his wife to Washington, and last summer a baby was born to them on American soil, but under the Chinese flag. In January Mr. Tsui introduced his wife to the society of the capital at a grand ball to which all the fashionables were bid, and which was perhaps the most elaborate affair of the season. The baby was *en evidence*, and in its quaint oriental robes held a little court in one corner of the ball room. Madame Tsui is a pretty, bright eyed little Mongolian, and with her tiny feet peeping from beneath her silken robes is a source of never ending en-

tertainment to the children in the park where she and her attendants take their exercise. The baby, whose chubby fists and wandering eyes are much like those of an American little one, always attracts a curious crowd.

The Japanese display great refinement and remarkable adaptability to our customs. Their legation on N Street is a large, old fashioned house, conveniently arranged, with a conservatory on one side. Its interior is not at all characteristic, and save for the presence of some Japanese bric-a-brac differs in no way from American dwellings. In the tea room is a peculiarly shaped musical instrument, a *koto*, on which Madame Tateno, the present minister's wife, plays most agreeably. The music is weird and sweet and resembles that of a zither.

Japan has been represented at Washington by some of her ablest statesmen. Such, for example,



MR. PAK CHUNG YANG, THE KOREAN MINISTER.

From a photograph by Brady, Washington.



THE CHINESE LEGATION AT WASHINGTON.

was Mr. Kuki, a man who has occupied almost every position in the gift of his government, and who, it is thought, will be made chief commissioner to the Columbian Exposition. His successor, Mr. Mutsu, was one of the most entertaining personalities we have ever entertained. Spare and thin, with a strongly marked, intellectual face,

and deep set, intelligent eyes, he would be selected in a crowd as a man of unusual attainments. His youth was full of excitement and adventure, and very early he showed a deep interest in political affairs. After the Satsuma war he was imprisoned for political offenses. Like a true economist he devoted this time of enforced leisure to the



MR. TSUI KWO YIN, THE CHINESE MINISTER, AND HIS STAFF.

mastery of the English language, and as soon as he was liberated went to study European politics. After his return Mr. Mutsu was made minister to the United States, where he

thusiastic over life in America and enjoys the social functions, never seeming to tire of the balls, teas, and dinners to which she is bid.

Mr. Shiro Akabane, counselor of the Japanese legation, was educated in this country. In 1885 he was appointed secretary of legation here, and served three years. After his return home he entered the foreign office at Tokio, but owing to a change in the ministry he was again transferred to Washington. His friends think that he will one day represent his country in the United States as minister. He has married an American, a charming woman from Baltimore, who was a great favorite in society at Tokio when her husband was stationed there.

The Korean minister is at present absent, and Mr. Ye Cha Yan, his secretary, is chargé d'affaires *ad interim*. The legation is situated on Iowa Circle, in a house which the Korean government bought for \$25,000, and is the center of much hospitality. Mrs. Ye, the wife of the secretary, is very popular. She is a most agreeable little woman and has learned

our customs with surprising quickness. The Koreans, like the Chinese, retain their native costumes, which are very picturesque and vary with the rank of the wearer. The Empress of Korea is reported to have decided to adopt European dress, and Mrs. Ye is impatiently waiting for authority to follow her example.

The United States is to Mexico her most important post, and she has long been represented at Washington by one of her ablest sons. Senor Matias Romero, the Mexican minister, was appointed secretary of legation in 1859, and there are only two men now in public life—Sen-



MR. MUTSU, THE LATE JAPANESE MINISTER.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

served three years. He is now minister of commerce and agriculture in Japan.

The present minister, Mr. Gozo Tateno, has held several important posts in his own country, though this is his first diplomatic appointment. He was educated in England, and soon after his return to Japan, while still a young man, he accepted a high position in the imperial household. From there he was promoted to the governorship of Osaka, where he served ten years, when he became a Senator. Just a year ago he received his appointment to Washington. Madame Tateno is en-



THE KOREAN LEGATION AT WASHINGTON.

ators Sherman and Morrill—whose service at the capital antedates his. He was in Washington during our civil war, and many of the heroes of those stirring times were his intimates. A warm friendship existed between Senor Romero and General Grant, and the minister accompanied the ex President on his Mexican tour. It is a fact not exactly creditable to Americans that when financial disaster came and left the great soldier penniless and without resource, it was this foreigner who first offered him aid. Senor Romero has a way of not letting his left hand know what his right hand doeth, and this episode would never have been made public had not General Grant himself published it.

Senor Romero has the face of a scholar, a finely shaped head, and earnest, thoughtful eyes. His manners are graceful and considerate, and he is a charming host. When not serving his country in the United States he has occupied positions of honor

at home, having been Secretary of the Treasury and Postmaster General. There is no house in Washington better arranged for entertaining than the Mexican legation on I Street, and no more popular



MRS. YE, WIFE OF THE KOREAN CHARGÉ D'AFFAIRES.  
From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

hostess than Madame Romero. She is an American by birth, with brown hair, blue eyes, and a rare charm of manner. Her receptions are the most brilliant and largely attended of any at the capital.

News has just come from Mexico that Senor Romero is to become minister of finance in the cabinet of President Diaz. Washington will sincerely regret his departure from the legation where he has served so long.

The republic of Brazil is represented by Senor Salvador de Mendonca, who before his promotion to his present post was for years consul general in New York. He is much interested in art, has great artistic talent himself, and owns one of the best collections in Washington. He is past middle age, a handsome man of genial and kindly aspect. He has four daughters, and a son who is one

of the secretaries of legation. Madame Mendonca, like so many of the wives of South American representatives, is an American, a New England woman of education and culture. The Brazilian legation is domiciled in a roomy house on Massachusetts Avenue.

Senor Vicente G. Quesada succeeded, as minister of the Argentine Republic, to Mr. Dominguez, who was promoted to the post at Madrid and subsequently ordered to London. There have been no greater favorites in Washington than were the Dominguez family. Its head was cordial and genial in manner; his wife most responsive and sympathetic; his daughters cultivated and refined, and his sons fine looking, debonair, and fond of the gay world. Fickle society still holds them in warm remembrance. Senor Quesada's insurmountable difficulty

is the English language, which he finds almost impossible to master. He is Spanish in appearance, with keen brown eyes and gray hair; a cautious diplomat who has here small opportunity to display his powers.

Perhaps the best known of the South American ministers is Senor Hurtado, of Colombia. He is past middle life, with Spanish coloring and strongly marked features that give an interesting delineation of character. The Hurtados live on N Street near the English legation. Senor Hurtado is devoted to horses, and every afternoon can be seen riding or driving through the fashionable streets.

Senor Don Horacio Guzman, the Nicaraguan minister, is another foreigner who has shown his appreciation of our country by marrying here. His wife is a Philadelphian, an attractive blonde, very ac-



MR. YE CHA YUN, THE KOREAN CHARGÉ D'AFFAIRES.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.



complished and fond of society, where she is much of a favorite. Senor Guzman is a large, fine looking man who has gained a reputation by his clever sayings. His secretary of legation is Senor Don Roman Mayorga, a young Hispano-Ameri-

The new minister from Hawaii, successor to Mr. H. A. P. Carter, recently deceased, is a man well known in Washington, where he was sent as special envoy some years ago. His wife is a woman of strong character and fine literary tastes.



THE MEXICAN LEGATION AT WASHINGTON.

can whose portrait, with his wife and child, appears on page 420.

The rapidity with which our difference with Chili was adjusted after the arrival of the present minister from that country, Senor Don Pedro Montt, the brother of the Chilian President, argues him a clever diplomatist. In Washington a diplomat's talents are liable to stagnate, so few are the questions of importance, requiring skill and delicate treatment, that arise in our relations with other governments. Senor Montt has a serious, earnest face and bears the stamp of a man of ability. He and Mrs. Montt are much pleased with Washington, and are delighted at the satisfactory ending of the recent imbroglio.

The secretaries and attachés of the legations play quite a rôle in Washington society, to which they are able to devote much attention, as the work at most of the legations is not so onerous as to take up all their time. Among them are some notable and clever men, but the *faux pas* of others have caused much merriment. One of them, a very handsome fellow, more remarkable for his physique than for his brain, was taught by some mischievous girls that the proper and complimentary thing to say, in that embarrassing moment of utter silence in the midst of a conversation, was "Oh, rats!" With the punctilious regard for the conventionalities possessed by most foreigners, he electrified a company



MRS. ROMERO, WIFE OF THE MEXICAN MINISTER.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

of very sober and earnest people, over whom the pall of silence had fallen, by calling out "Oh, rats!" and was so convinced of the propriety of saying it that it was some time before he could be made to understand that he was the victim of a joke.

Another unfortunate secretary was initiated into the mysteries of the English language by a wag who taught him to say "Pretty eyes," with a tender inflection, to every woman to whom he was introduced. He made the heart of many venerable spinsters palpitate with emotion when they imagined they had made an impression, and it was only after notes were compared that they be-

came indignant at the revelation of his insincerity.

One of Washington's most brilliant social functions is the reception of the diplomatic corps on New Year's Day at the Executive Mansion. It is conducted with much dignity and decorum, and there is an absence of the hurry and crowding that detract in a marked degree from most official receptions. The diplomats, gorgeous in court dress and glittering with orders, accompanied by the ladies of their families in handsome street gowns and gay bonnets, assemble shortly before eleven o'clock in the Red Room, which is made festive with flowers and greenery. It is a



SEÑOR DON HORACIO GUZMAN, THE NICARAGUAN MINISTER.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

unique sight to democratic eyes, with the resplendent uniforms of the Europeans and the handsome gowns and queer head coverings of the Orientals. There is gossiping and chatting in many tongues until the doors of the Blue Room, where the reception takes place, are thrown open.

The receiving party, consisting of the President, his wife, the wife of the Vice President, and the ladies of the cabinet, make a line from the door of the Red Room to the door of the Green Room. The space behind them is bright with beautiful women

in handsome toilettes, who entertain the callers who gather there after they have made their greetings. The Vice President and members of the cabinet lend their presence and make a brilliant coterie. The diplomatic corps, headed by its dean or senior member, who is followed by the other ministers according to seniority of service, files past the President and receiving party, each stopping just long enough to offer felicitations for the New Year. After this formality is finished a few moments are spent in the Blue Room, and then the diplomats adjourn to



SENOR DON ROMAN MAYORGA AND HIS FAMILY.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

the residence of the Secretary of State, where, according to a long established custom, they have breakfast.

Precedence, as at the capital of every republic, gives much trouble to those in charge of that important question, and is a source of frequent chagrin to diplomatists, who are responsible not only for their personal dignity, but for the dignity of the country they represent. Precedence in Washington goes by length of service, and for years the minister of that turbulent little country of Hayti was dean of the diplomatic corps. He was succeeded by Baron Fava,

the Italian minister, who still holds the post of honor. During his recent absence from America it fell to the minister next in length of service, Mr. Romero, of Mexico.

It will be seen from these very slight sketches that Washington is especially happy in the diplomats accredited to her. Together they form a most congenial family, and many warm friendships exist between members of the corps. There is but little gossip, and we have not had a real scandal since the Catacazy affair, which interrupted the relations between our government and Russia.

## BISMARCK.

By Theodore Schwartz.

THE present generation knows Germany as an empire whose capital is Berlin, and whose territory extends from France on the west to Russia on the east. The last generation knew the word only as a historical and geographical term, which stretched somewhat vaguely over thirty nine distinct, independent, and often mutually hostile states. It so appeared on the maps over which a certain German school-boy, who had a great liking for geography, used to pore about sixty five years ago. In all probability this youth, whose name was Otto Eduard Leopold von Bismarck, never dreamed that he was destined to be the chief actor in the drama of events that made Germany a nation and gave her the first place among the great military powers of Europe.

In his school and college days, and for some years after them, it would have been hard to discern in Bismarck the promise of his future career. A careless, reckless young roysterer, fonder of sport than of books, a champion of the *mensur* and the *kneipe*, he seemed destined to follow in the footsteps of his forefathers and settle down to the uneventful life of the German country squire. Such might have been his lot, had not the impaired fortunes of his father led him to enter the service of the Prussian government.

Schönhausen, the family estate in Brandenburg, had belonged to a Bismarck ever since 1562, when the Elector Johan Georg gave it to an ancestor of the great chancellor, who was born there just eleven weeks before Napoleon's overthrow at Waterloo by the united arms of England and Prussia. His boyhood, divided between Schönhausen and a school in Berlin, was that of any other young

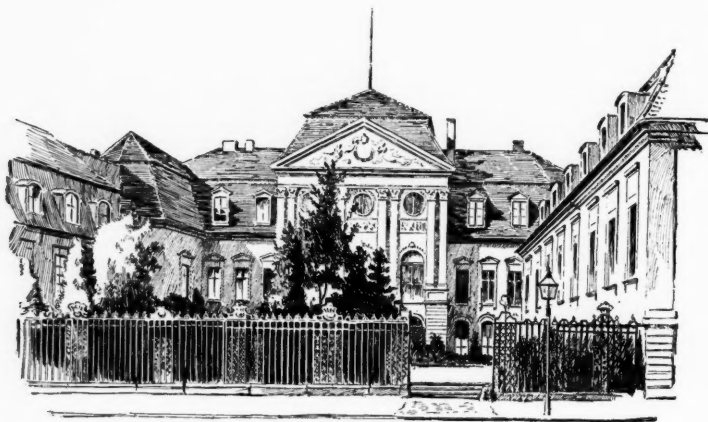
German of his station. At seventeen he went to the university of Göttingen, long the most famous seat of learning in Germany, but then falling before the rivalry of Berlin.

Of Bismarck's undergraduate days many characteristic stories are told. He joined a *Verbindung*, or student society—a select association to which none was admitted whose name lacked the magic prefix “von,” and which was named after Kotzebue, the dramatist and statesman who had derided the popular demand for liberal institutions. In those days, as now, radicalism was strong among German students, and one of their favorite heroes was Kotzebue's murderer, Karl Sand. There was at Göttingen a club named in Sand's honor. Bitter was the enmity between this and the Kotzebue corps, and frequent and fierce were the resultant duels. Göttingen tradition relates that as a swordsman Bismarck was invincible, fighting twenty one battles and receiving but a single scar—which he still bears—accidentally inflicted either by the breaking of his adversary's *schläger* or by the failure of his second to parry a thrust delivered after the call to cease fighting.

Bismarck's combativeness went beyond the sanded floor of the dueling hall. A satiric paper called *Der Floh* (The Flea), published in Hanover, commented sarcastically on the brutality of the Göttingen students' customs, making a reference which Bismarck interpreted as personal. He went forthwith to Hanover, marched into the office of *Der Floh*, and, producing a copy of the offending article, endeavored to compel the editor literally to swallow his words. A scrimmage ensued which came to the ears of the university authorities, and Bismarck was sum-

moned before the rector. Instead of a submissive acceptance of the official reprimand, the daring undergraduate launched out into a fiery speech against the assailants of dueling, and went on to denounce reformers and innovators in general, styling them "Frenchmen in disguise," and wishing he had the sword of Joshua

history, and need not be detailed here. After serving as ambassador at Vienna, St. Petersburg, and Paris successively, he became Wilhelm II's prime minister in 1863. The king was in a difficult situation. He had resolved upon a sweeping reform of the Prussian army, but the Landtag had refused him the necessary funds.



BISMARCK'S RESIDENCE IN BERLIN.

to exterminate them. "Well, my young friend," said the unwarlike rector, "you are preparing a great deal of trouble for yourself. Your opinions are those of a bygone age." "Good opinions," returned Bismarck, "reflower like the trees after winter."

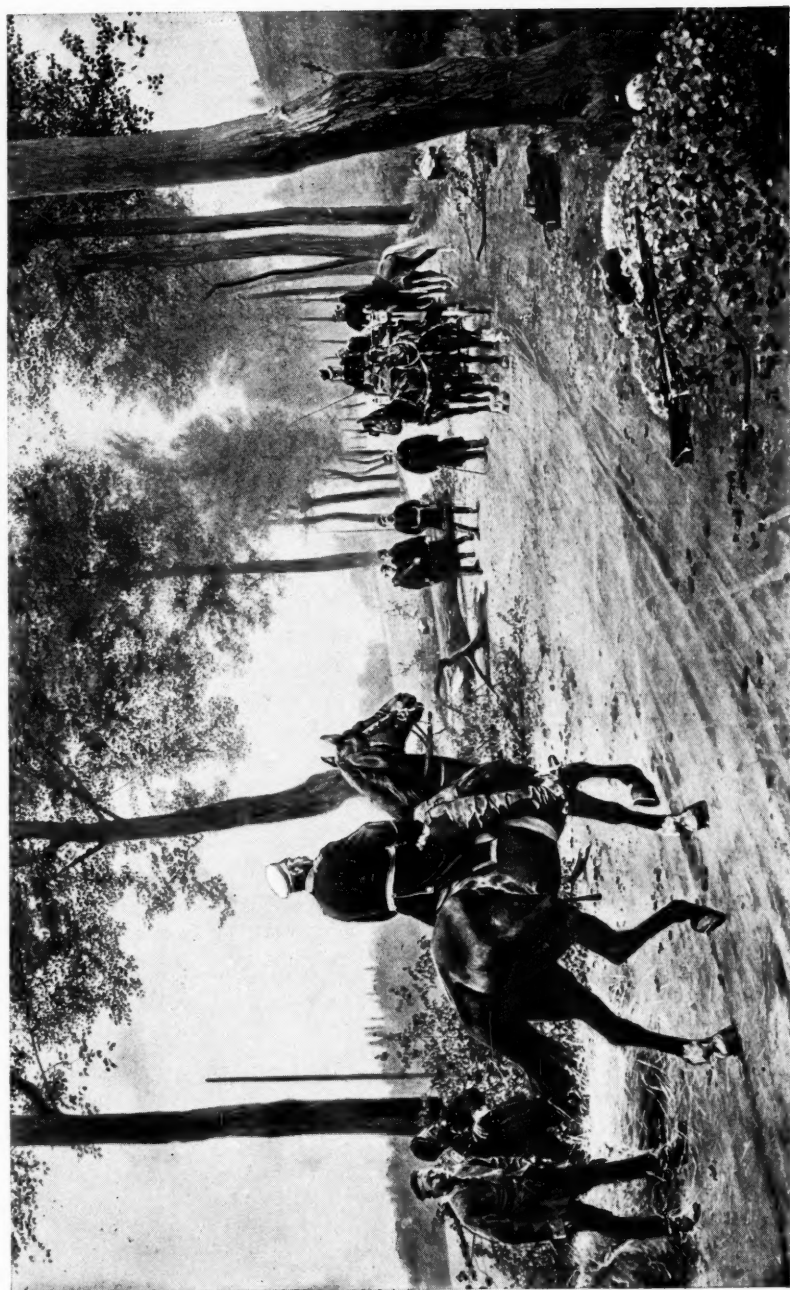
After leaving Göttingen, and serving a year in the Prussian army, he settled at Kniephof, on his father's Brandenburg estate. He was thirty two years old when his political career began, in 1847, with his election to the Prussian Landtag. There he allied himself with the extremest opponents of democratic ideas. His first set speech was against the proposition to issue an amnesty to the revolutionists of 1848. His strong conservatism commended him to the reigning Hohenzollern, Friedrich Wilhelm IV, who gave him the important post of Prussian representative at Frankfort.

From this point the events of Bismarck's public life are writ large in

Bismarck defied the legislators, resorted to the royal prerogative to establish a new military system, and carried on the government in the teeth of fierce parliamentary opposition and at the risk of popular revolution. His policy was magnificently vindicated by his success in securing the annexation of the lesser states of North Germany, and the humiliation of Austria before the diplomacy of Bismarck and the strategy of Moltke.

Still greater triumphs were in store for Bismarck and for Prussia. The great military power he had built up was to gain the hegemony not only of Germany but of continental Europe. Its ancient foe was to be trodden down under its iron heel, and ample vengeance exacted for Jena. The immediate excuse for the decisive struggle was a petty incident; the real cause had been long at work. War was the inevitable result of French jealousy. Napoleon, who had fancied himself the arbiter





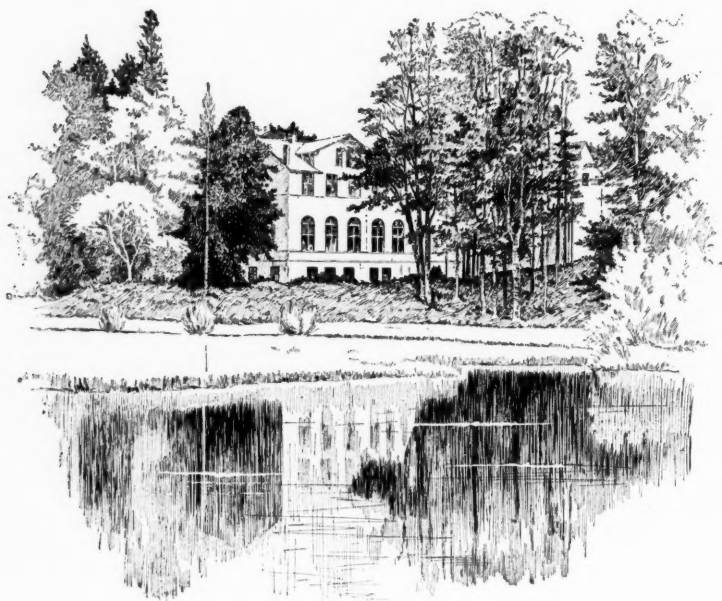
THE MEETING OF BISMARCK AND NAPOLEON AFTER SEDAN.

From the painting by A. von Werner.

of Europe, could not tolerate the growth of the kingdom beyond the Rhine, and deliberately provoked the conflict that proved his ruin.

In the little park beside the Kurhaus at Ems a small stone slab in the

Babylon. In a letter written to him by his wife, during the war, is this extraordinary but characteristic sentence: "As I am afraid you may not be able to buy a Bible in France, I send you two copies of the scriptures,



FRIEDRICHSRUH, BISMARCK'S PRESENT HOME.

graveled path marks the spot where Benedetti, sent by Napoleon on an errand of gratuitous irritation, met the Prussian king, in the early morning of July 13, 1870, and was curtly dismissed without the demanded pledge that Wilhelm would never allow his kinsman, Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, to accept the crown of Spain. A few days later Bismarck, who was at Varzin, received a telegram which told him that war had been declared. As he drove post haste to the railway station he passed the village parson, who stood in the door of his manse. "I said nothing to him," Bismarck relates, "but just made a sign of two saber cuts crosswise, and he understood."

To the chancellor the coming struggle was a crusade, a holy war. France was to him the Beast of the Apocalypse; Paris he identified with

and have marked the passages in Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel which refer to France—also the psalm which says, 'The unbeliever shall be rooted out.'" France is evidently excluded from the pale of Bismarckian charity.

War was declared in the middle of July. Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and Baden, according to the treaties negotiated by Bismarck four years before, instantly rallied to the side of Prussia, and six weeks later the hosts of united Germany inflicted upon France what was perhaps the most crushing disaster of military annals. History has few more striking crises than the surrender at Sedan. All the chief actors of the war drama were present—Napoleon at the head of his outgeneraled and defeated army; Wilhelm, Moltke, and Bismarck with the victorious

Germans, whose lines held the enemy hemmed in and helpless. After a day of terrible slaughter, the Prussian king had received the French emperor's brief note:

SIRE MY BROTHER—Not having been able to die in the midst of my troops, it only remains for me to place my sword in the hands of your Majesty—I am your Majesty's good brother,

NAPOLÉON.

Early on the following morning (September 2, 1870) occurred the incident that forms the theme of Werner's canvas, engraved on page 423. Archibald Forbes, the famous war correspondent, thus describes it: "A carriage containing four French officers drove out from Sedan and came into the German lines. The carriage was accompanied by three officers on horseback, but had no other escort. When it got among the Germans, one of the occupants put out his head and asked them in their own language, where was Count Bismarck? He must see him at once.

"That short drive was to be a great historical event. Count Bismarck might live all the years that a courteous Arab would wish him, and never have such another visitor in the early morning."

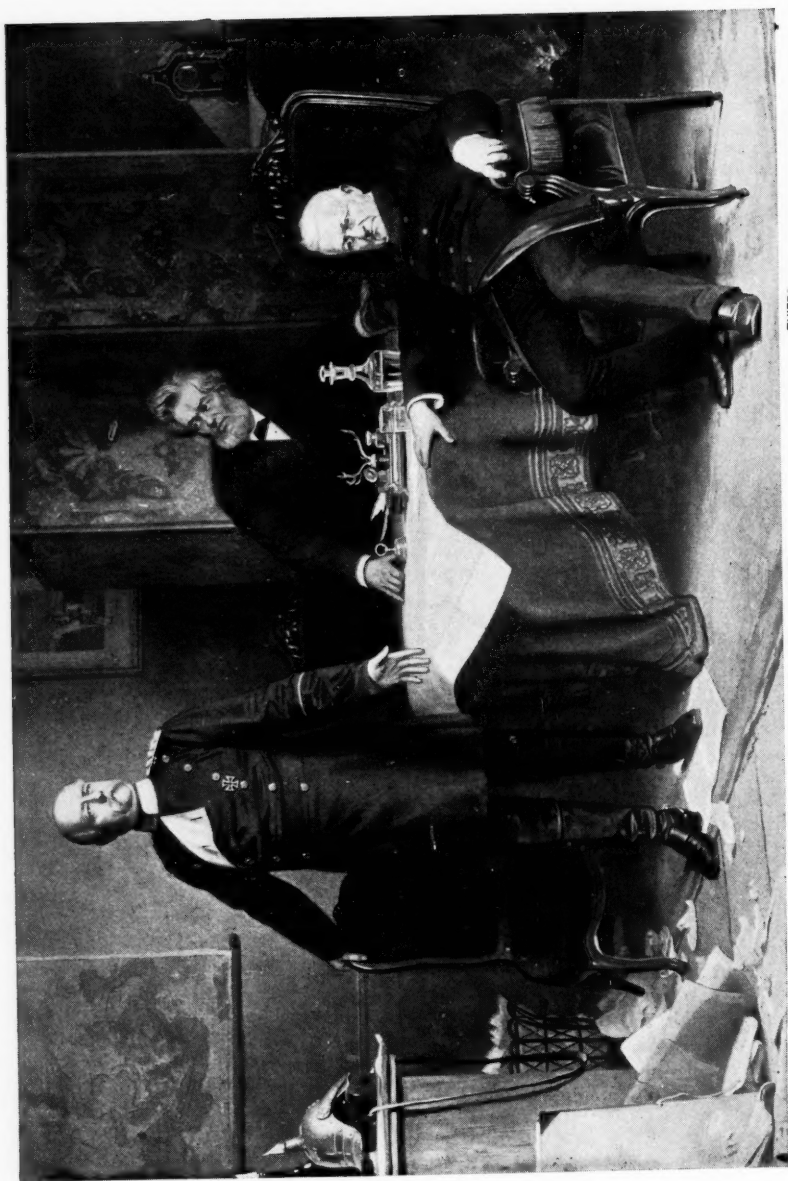
For one of the four occupants of the carriage was Napoleon. Bismarck, who had passed the night in the house of a doctor at Donchery, on the outskirts of the battlefield, rode out along the Sedan road and met the imperial captive just outside the village. Both alighted. Chairs were set for them in the garden of a near by cottage, "and there they sat



BISMARCK LEAVING THE EMPEROR'S PALACE AFTER HIS RESIGNATION.

talking for a couple of hours. The emperor wore the undress uniform of a general, with but one decoration on his breast, and with the usual *kepi* of the French service. Count Bismarck was in his white cuirassier uniform undress, with a flat cap and long boots."

Another triumphant moment of Bismarck's career is the subject of Wagner's picture, reproduced on page 426. Beleaguered Paris has been reduced to the verge of surrender, and Thiers and Jules Favre have come to the German headquarters at Versailles to sue for terms of peace. On the table is a map of



BISMARCK

FAVRE

THIERS

ARRANGING THE PRELIMINARIES OF PEACE AT VERSAILLES.

From the painting by Carl Wagner.

France. Bismarck, stern and erect, refuses to evacuate the conquered territory of Alsace and Lorraine. The emotional Favre was a man whom he despised. For Thiers's sturdy patriotism in a time of national disaster, on the other hand, he had a sincere respect, and it was as a personal concession to the first president of the new French republic that he consented to the retention of Belfort by France.

A very different scene is that pictured on page 425—the March day, a little more than two years ago, when the dismissed chancellor said farewell to the young emperor and left Berlin and official life for the quiet retirement of Friedrichsruh.

It is a matter of course that Bismarck should have received extravagant praise from enthusiastic admirers of his great achievements, and unmerited blame from the enemies he made in his career of *sturm und drang*. It is, moreover, only to be expected that these latter should have spoken more freely and more bitterly since his fall from his place of official authority. Against these attacks may be set the verdict of John Lothrop Motley, who knew him intimately, and who should certainly be an impartial critic. "He is so entirely simple," said the American historian in a letter to his wife, "so full of *laissez aller*, that one is obliged to be saying to one's self all the time, 'This is the great Bismarck, the greatest living man, and one of the greatest historical characters that ever lived.'" "He is," wrote Motley in another letter, "the least of a *poseur* of any man I ever saw."

Such a description may hardly seem to fit the most successful diplomat of the age, and yet there can be but little doubt of its truth. Of Bismarck's character, the most salient quality is unquestionably his forcefulness; the next, his sincerity. His victories have been won by his wonderful foresight, his matchless political sagacity, his strength of purpose, his perseverance, his reliance upon himself and his country. He struck from the shoulder; he

never stabbed an enemy in the back. He has been arrogant, imperious, even vindictive, but never tricky or treacherous. He has subsidized newspapers from his secret service fund, but while he inspired their political utterances, he never descended to "mud throwing." "He is no journalist," declared an unscrupulous editor who unsuccessfully endeavored to secure his consent to a personal attack on an opponent; "he doesn't understand the fine points of maliciousness."

His deep religious feeling is as much a part of Bismarck's personality as it is of Gladstone's, and it would be equally impertinent to accuse either man of cant. "If I were not a Christian," he once declared, "I should not remain at my post. It can yield me nothing more in the way of honors. The exercise of power is no longer a pleasure but a toil. If I were ambitious of popularity I could get it by retiring. But it is because I believe in a divine dispensation which has marked out Germany for great destinies that I remain at my post. If I am stricken down and rendered incapable of work, then I shall know that my time of rest has come; but not till then." The possibility of a dismissal from office was a contingency he did not contemplate.

In his domestic relations as husband and father Bismarck's life has admittedly been exemplary. The tenants of his country estates respect him as a kindly and generous landlord. His official inferiors have probably at times found him less suave. It has been asserted by one who knew Bismarck well that he never used an unkind word to a subordinate who was doing his best. Another declares that he once saw an official of considerable rank issue from the chancellor's presence bearing plain evidence that an ink bottle had been hurled at him.

A rugged Ironsides, mentally and physically, is this "grand old man" who, to use his own phrase, has set Germany in the political saddle and taught her to ride.



## FAMOUS ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

### VII—JEAN LEON GEROME.

*By C. Stuart Johnson.*

FORTY five years ago the artistic world of Paris, before which Meissonier, Bouguereau, and Cabanel had just made their debut, hailed in Jean Leon Gerome another new painter of rare promise. It was in the Salon of 1847 that his earliest exhibited canvas, the "Cock Fight," attracted the admiration of the critics. "Let us mark this happy year with white," declared Theophile Gautier, "for a painter is born to us. His name is Gerome—I tell it to you today, and predict that tomorrow it will be famous."

The subject of a prophecy destined to be so amply verified had scarcely completed his twenty third year. Not long before he had competed for the Prix de Rome, and had failed. He had felt little confidence in the merit of his Salon picture. Its figures, he thought, were flat and weak, and he would not have submitted it to the jury had it not been for the encouragement given by Delaroche, his artistic mentor. "Exhibit it," said the elder painter. "It has a style—an originality." It was above all else his originality that won Gerome's reputation, and that marked him as a leader of the new school of French art that was then arising.

Gerome had come to Paris from Vesoul, the chief town of the department of the Haute Saône, not far from Belfort and the Alsatian frontier. There he was born on the 11th of May, 1824, and there the first fifteen years of his life were spent. As a schoolboy he showed a precocious talent for drawing. His bent in that direction was not, as in the case of not a few artistic aspirants,

opposed by parental influence; indeed his father encouraged it, and gave him a box of colors and a picture by a good painter to serve as a model. A copy that young Gerome made from this original was seen by a Parisian gentleman who chanced to be in Vesoul, and who had the judgment to discern the boy's artistic promise. He insisted that Gerome should be sent to study in one of the *ateliers* of the French capital, and gave him a letter of introduction to Paul Delaroche, who ranked among the most eminent painters of the day.

With this letter, and with twelve hundred francs contributed by his father, the young artist set out for Paris. Delaroche gladly accepted him as a pupil, and the next three years were years of close study and earnest self improvement. Gerome was the most industrious member of a company of students that included several names since more or less known to fame—Damery, Picou, Gobert, and Hamon.

Gerome was in his nineteenth year when Delaroche, who had planned a journey to Italy, suddenly closed his studio and recommended his pupils to transfer their allegiance to Drolling. Instead of adopting the suggestion, Gerome declared that he would rather be allowed to accompany his old instructor. Delaroche granted him permission, and his studies were continued at Rome. Italy's wealth of art treasures was an inspiration to him, and he worked harder than ever.

Returning to Paris, he was for a time with Gleyre, the Franco Swiss genre painter, and then went back to Delaroche, whose pupil he still



was when he painted the "Cock Fight," already mentioned as his first success. In the Salon of 1847 Couture and Delacroix, then at the height of their fame, won the two most conspicuous triumphs, the former receiving the gold medal for his "Romans of the Decadence." Gerome's canvas received the third medal, and was purchased by the government for the Luxembourg gallery, where it now hangs. It is a simple composition of two life sized Greek figures, a boy and a girl, who are inciting a pair of game cocks to fight. In the background is a glimpse of the blue Ægean.

The life and legends of ancient Greece possessed a strong attraction for Gerome. They furnished the themes of nearly all his early pictures, and in his later work he has often returned to them. In 1848 he painted an "Anacreon, Bacchus, and Cupid," and in 1850 another "Bacchus and Cupid," which are now in the Museums of Toulouse and Bordeaux respectively. These were followed by a "Greek Interior" and a "View of Pæstum." "Gerome," said Edmund About, "is a Greek from the beginning, because he is simple." Roman subjects, too, he treated with almost equal sympathy. "The Augustan Age," painted in 1854, he sold to the government for the Amiens Museum, and with the proceeds in his pocket he started for the East—a field rich in new material for his brush.

"Some Bohemian," he once said, "must have been one of my ancestors, for I have always had a nomadic instinct and the bump of locomotion." Five friends of similar tastes were the companions of his journeys in 1854 and the following year. They had more artistic enthusiasm than ready money, and traveled on an inexpensive scale. At Damietta they hired a boat, and for four months sailed or drifted up and down the Nile between Philæ and the Mediterranean, painting, fishing, and hunting. Then they settled down at Cairo, in a house in the native city rented from Soliman Pasha, who ex-

tended many courtesies to the foreign artists—visitors far less frequently seen in Egypt at that time than now.

"Egyptian Soldiers in the Desert," "Memnon and Sesostris," and "Camels at a Watering Place," Gerome's canvases of 1857, were among the results of his wanderings in the land of the Pharaohs. So, too, are many later pictures—"The Prisoner," painted in 1863, now in the Nantes Museum; "A Cairo Peddler," and "The Promenade of the Harem" (1869); "Napoleon in Egypt," which belongs to a private gallery in New York; "The Pasha's Couriers," recently bequeathed to the Lenox Library by the late Mrs. R. L. Stuart; "Prayer in a Mosque," now in the Catharine Lorillard Wolfe collection at the Metropolitan Museum of Art; and "The Muezzin," also owned in New York. This last, of which an engraving appears on page 437, shows a crier who stands on the minaret of a Cairo mosque to announce the hour of prayer with the call "Allah is great! There is no god but Allah!"

"Cleopatra and Cæsar," painted in 1866, and reproduced on page 434, is a study from Egyptian history. The scene is the palace of the Ptolemies in Alexandria. Cleopatra, determined to create a striking impression on the great Roman conqueror, has had herself wrapped in an embroidered covering and carried into the palace as a bale of cloth that is to be presented to Cæsar. Arrived in the chamber where he sits writing with his secretaries, her native attendant, Apollodorus, flings aside the cloth and reveals the young queen. In the original, which is owned by Mr. D. O. Mills, the figures are half life size.

In 1859 was painted the well known "Gladiators Saluting Cæsar," or "Morituri Te Salutant," as it is sometimes called in the words of the combatants' greeting to the emperor—"Men about to die salute thee!" The tragedies of the Roman amphitheater gave the subjects of two other striking canvases—"Pollice Verso" and "The Christian Mar-

tyrs." The latter was painted for Mr. W. T. Walters of Baltimore in 1883, and is familiar in the many photographs and engravings made from it. It is said to have been thrice repainted before the master was satisfied with his work. "I consider this one of my most studied pictures," said Gerome in a letter on the subject, "the one upon which I have taken the greatest pains." In the foreground the lions, released from the dark dens below the arena, halt for an instant, dazed by the bright sunlight, before springing on their defenseless victims—a band of Christians, men, women, and children, ragged and emaciated by the horrors of the Roman dungeons, and now kneeling with unshaken faith for their last prayer on earth. "In the middle distance," to quote again from Gerome's description, "I have placed those destined to be burned alive. They were usually tied upon crosses and smeared with pitch to feed the flames. Alluding to this, Tacitus says: 'These Christians should certainly be put to death, but wherefore smear them with pitch and burn them like torches?' His sympathy went no further." The ghastly row of burning martyrs is a striking feature of Gerome's canvas.

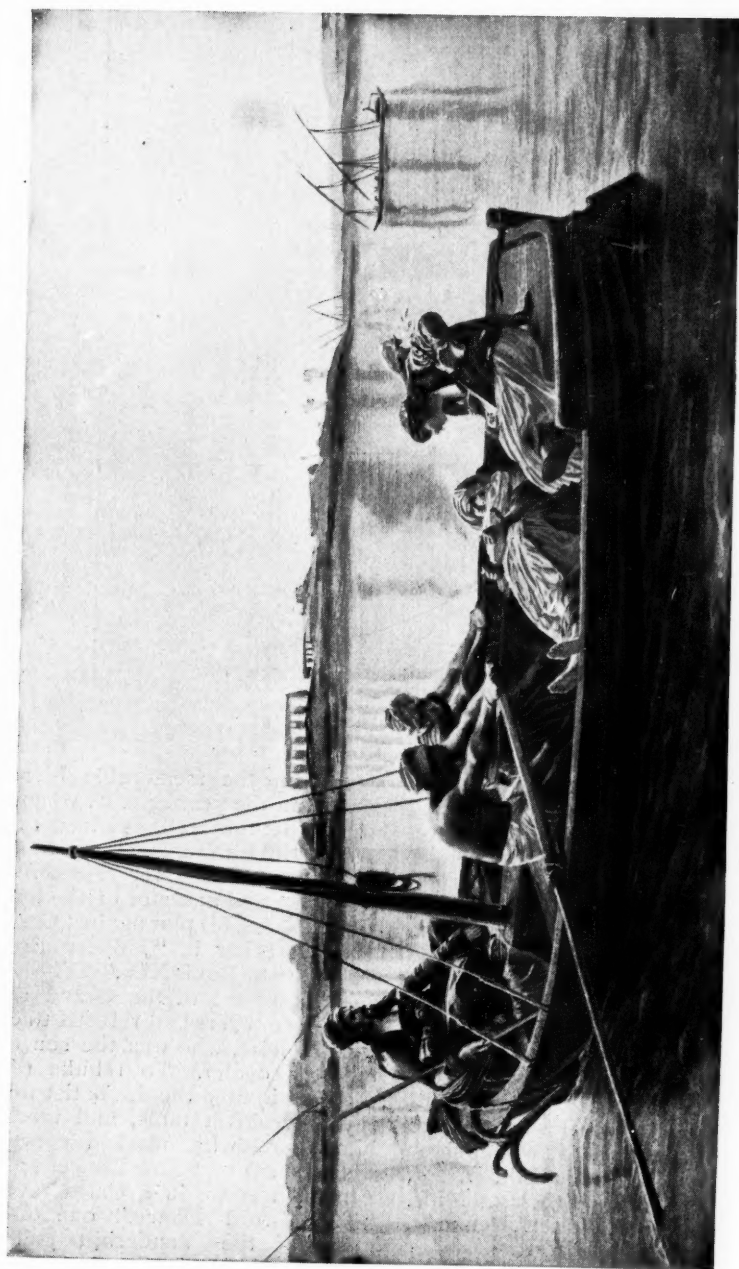
In "Pollice Verso"—also known as "The Gladiators"—the successful combatant in a duel of the arena stands over his prostrate adversary, who stretches his hand, in an appeal for mercy, toward the Vestal virgins in the seats above him. These white robed priestesses, eager spectators of the bloody amusements of the Coliseum, give in answer, with thumb turned downward (*pollice verso*), the signal for death.

Another scene from a Roman amphitheater is "The Circus Maximus," reproduced on page 435. A chariot race is shown, at the moment when the competing *quadrigæ* are turning the *meta*, or goal. Behind the pillars of the *meta* is an obelisk that now stands in the Piazza del Popolo. On the left, beyond the walls of the Circus, rises the palace of the Cæsars. Both this canvas

and "Pollice Verso" were purchased from the painter by the late A. T. Stewart.

Of "The Duel after the Masquerade," which is owned by Mr. Walters, Gerome afterwards painted a slightly altered replica for the Duc d'Aumale. Unlike most of his important works, it is a small canvas—fifteen inches by twenty one. The time of its action is a winter dawn; the scene, the Bois de Boulogne, with naked trees and snow covered ground. Two masqueraders have quarreled, and without waiting to change their costumes have come to the Bois to settle their dispute according to "the code." One of them, dressed in the clown-like garb of Pierrot, has fallen back with a mortal wound. He is supported by his second, attired as the Duc de Guise, while a Venetian noble and a black domino have sprung to his side to succor the dying man. The fight has evidently been a desperate one. On the ground lie feathers that Pierrot's sword has cut from the headdress of his antagonist, an Indian brave; and the victor, who limps off toward the carriages, assisted by his second, costumed as Harlequin, has not come off unscathed.

To the exhibition held at Vienna in 1873 Gerome sent no less than eight canvases, of which "Pollice Verso" was one. In the Salon of the following year he scored one of his most signal successes, winning the grand medal of honor—though this was not the only time he has received that distinction. His exhibit included three pictures, all of them studies of historical themes—"Molière and Corneille Collaborating"; "Rex Tibicen" ("The Royal Flute Player"), which shows Frederick the Great of Prussia at a moment when, laying aside the cares of state and war, he is playing his flute among his books and his dogs at Sans Souci; and "L'Eminence Grise." The "gray eminence" is the Father Joseph who figures in Bulwer's "Richelieu," the great Cardinal's *âme damnée*, before whom, in



"THE CAPTIVE."  
From the painting by Jean Leon Gerome



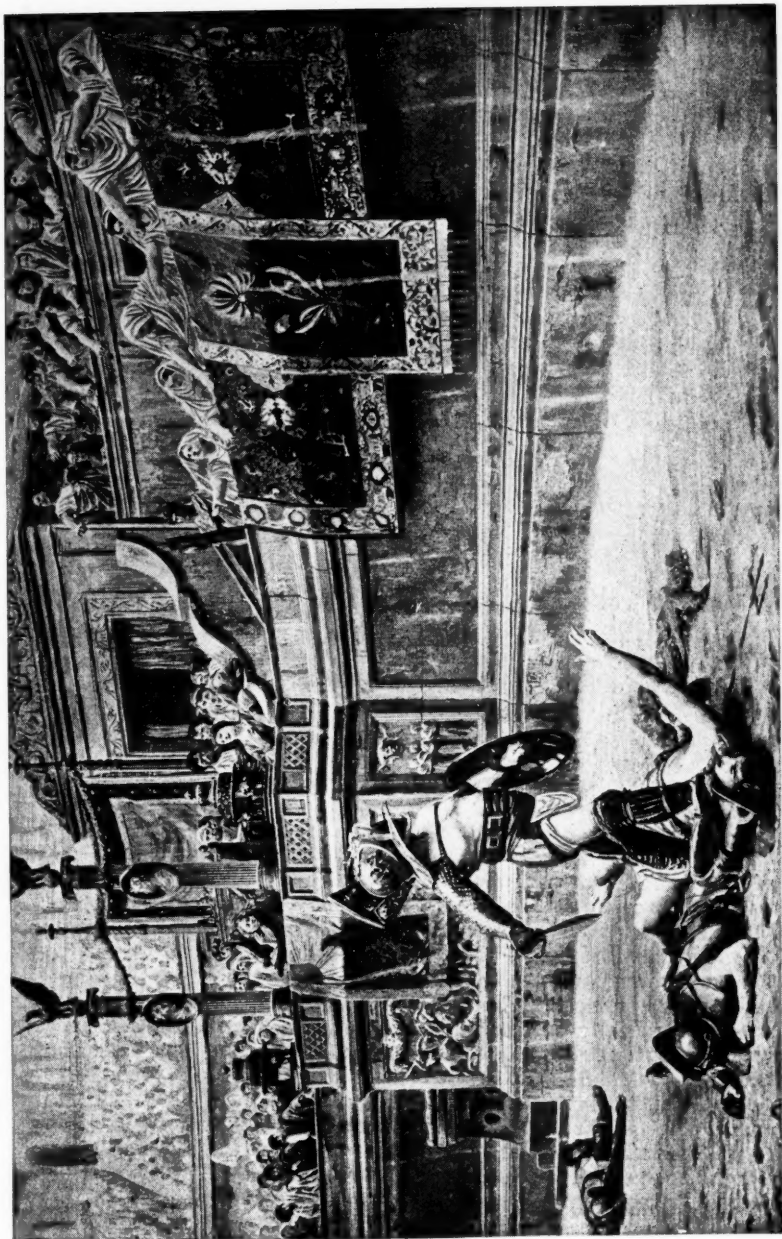
JEAN LEON GEROME.

Gerome's canvas, bows a group of obsequious courtiers.

In "*L'Eminence Grise*" we have another of Gerome's works owned in America. No foreign painter, probably, is so well represented on this side of the Atlantic. Fully half of his most important pictures are here—three or four in our public galleries, the rest in the private collections of the fortunates whose wealth presses into their service the brushes of the masters of art. A catalogue of the possessors of Gerome's canvases would be a partial list of the millionaire families of America. It would show such names as Vanderbilt, Astor, Drexel, Stanford, Crocker, Mills, Huntington, Hoey, Walters, Kennedy, Stebbins and Jesup.

Among the most notable of the pictures thus owned, besides those already mentioned, is "*The Death of Cæsar*"—the scene in the Roman

senate on the memorable Ides of March, in the year 44 B. C., when the great dictator fell, pierced with twenty three wounds, at the foot of the statue of the regicide Brutus, namesake and ancestor of the leader of the successful plot against Cæsar's life. Another is "*Molière Breakfasting with Louis XIV.*" The story goes that some of the Grand Monarque's courtiers had refused to dine with Molière, who was the son of a tapestry dealer. To rebuke them, the king invited the dramatist to the royal breakfast table, and received him there with marked courtesy. Yet others are "*The Dance of the Almeh*," a scene in a Cairo tavern; "*The Sword Dance*," one of the gems of the Vanderbilt gallery; "*Dante at Ravenna*," and "*A Woman of Syria*." In the late William Astor's collection, bequeathed to his son, and to become public property



"POLLICE VERSO."

From the painting by Jean Leon Gerome.





"CLEOPATRA AND CÆSAR."

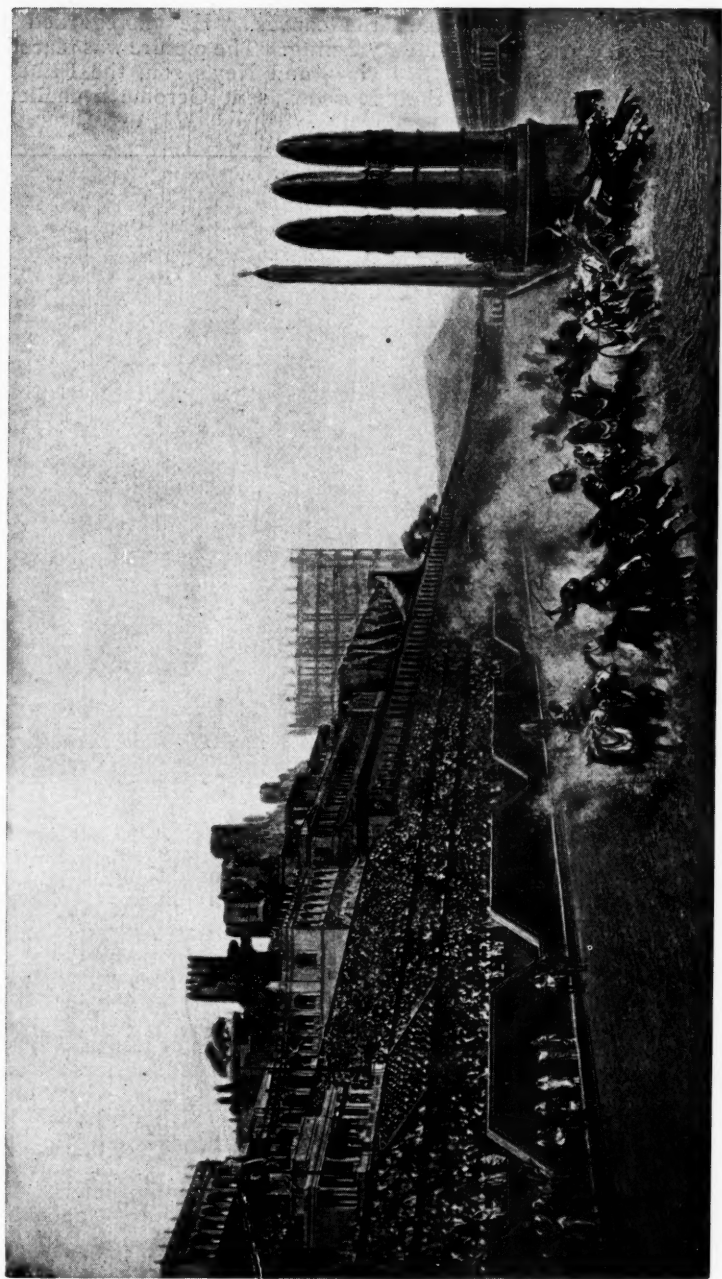
only in case of the lack of a male heir of the Astor line, there is one Gerome—"After the Bath," a canvas of scarcely first rate importance.

Gerome is one of the most versatile of artists. It would indeed be difficult to name another who has compassed so wide a range of work, and of whom it might so truly be said, in the words of Johnson's epitaph on Goldsmith, "he touched nothing that he did not adorn." The favorite fields of his brush have been the life of the Orient, and the legends or history of ancient Athens and of Rome under the Cæsars. But he is almost equally at home in every branch of historical and genre work. He paints animals with the skill of a specialist in that particular line. He has done a great deal of mural paint-

ing, a fine example being "The Plague at Marseilles," in St. Séverin, which he executed for the municipality of Paris. And besides winning fame with the brush, he has in recent years given much of his time to work with the chisel.

In 1878 he won not only a first medal for painting, but also a similar prize for a sculptured group, "The Gladiators," exhibited at the Paris exposition of that year. His seated figure of "Tanagra," now in the Luxembourg, is a remarkably successful experiment in the revival of an ancient art—the colored statuary of the Greeks. As an instance of Gerome's laborious attention to technical details, it may be stated that for two years he had agents searching among the quarries of the Apen-





"THE CIRCUS MAXIMUS."  
From the painting by Jean Leon Gerome.

nines for a marble that would "take" the pigment satisfactorily. He is, or recently was, engaged upon a piece of chryselephantine, or ivory and gold sculpture.

Gerome became a member of the

with his face to the ground, his friends advised him not to exhibit the canvas. He disregarded the warning. The picture was placed on view, and Ney's son, the Prince of Moscow, sent Gerome a challenge.



"THE DUEL AFTER THE MASQUERADE."

Institut Français in 1865, and a professor at the École des Beaux Arts in 1863. Few artists have won more marks of distinction, or received more expressions of admiration from their contemporaries. These have come to him in spite of the fact that he has never deviated an inch from his chosen path to catch the applause of the public or the favor of the critics. In these days, when the power of judicious advertising is no less felt in the world of art than elsewhere, Gerome has always refused to "hire a claque," as he has himself expressed it. Opposition is a thing he has never feared. When he painted "The Death of Ney," showing the great soldier, whom Louis XVIII ordered to be shot as a traitor, lying dead,

The artist refused to fight. "I am a painter," he replied. "I have as much right to write history with my brush as authors with their pen."

Gerome's fondness for travel, already mentioned, has continued throughout his life, and he has always been more or less of a bird of passage. His headquarters are on the Boulevard de Clichy, where on the highest floor of his house he has a large studio, full of bronzes and bric-a-brac, unfinished paintings, and curiosities gathered from foreign lands. He is fond of horses and dogs, and almost every afternoon, when in Paris, he is to be seen on horseback in the Bois de Boulogne, looking, as Henry Bacon remarks, like a retired cavalry officer.

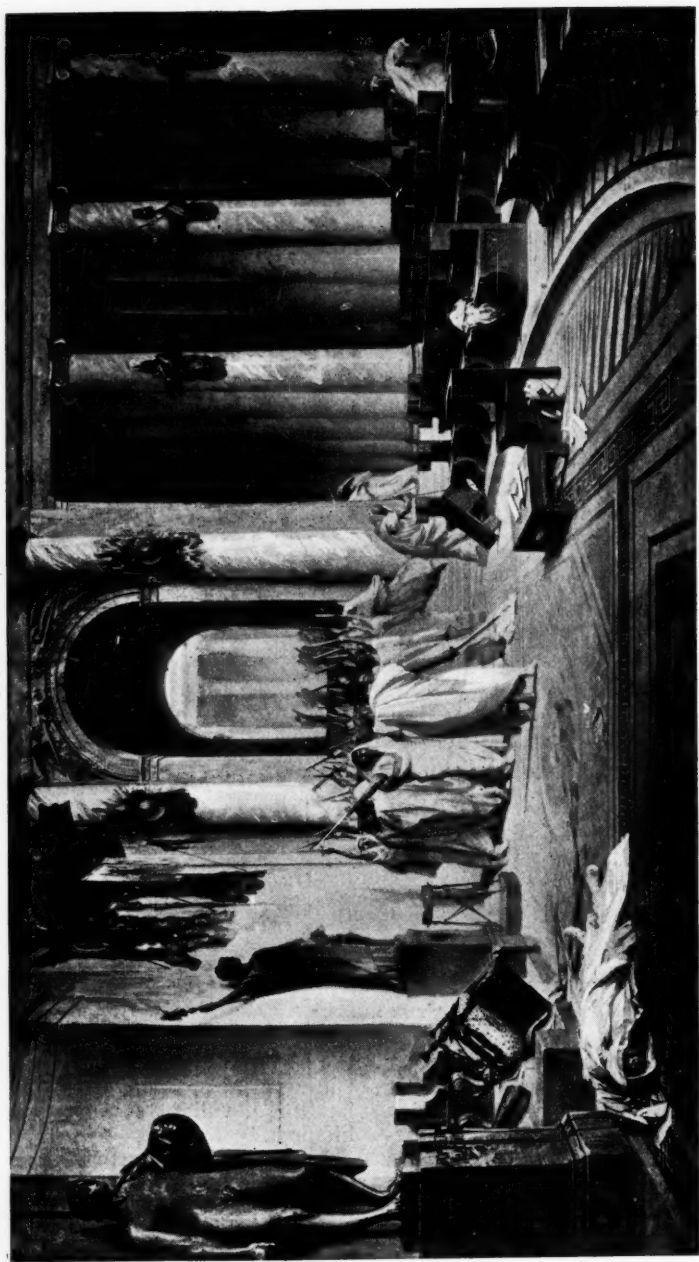


"THE MUEZZIN."

Many Americans have been among the pupils of Gerome — notably Edwin H. Blashfield and Frederick Bridgman. Another American artist, Will H. Low, says of him: "His presence, alert, erect, and keen, is that of a soldier, and amid his colleagues of the *École des Beaux Arts*, clad in their uniform of dark green, embroidered with silver palms, he appears a veteran surrounded by conscripts. His art is tingured with

the like qualities, and against the invading armies of modern realism he has stood, valiant soldier, firmly at his post."

In his views of art Gerome, himself originally an innovator, is a conservative, a classicist, but by no means an indiscriminating opponent of latter day ideas. Of the *fin de siècle* experiments of his younger contemporaries he has said, "I observe with interest all these different manifesta-



"THE DEATH OF CAESAR."  
From the painting by Jean Leon Gerome.

tions, because, on the whole, movement is life." But he adds, "nevertheless, I avow, it seems to me we are a little too near the earth. In an exhibition of two thousand pictures you may see many canvases well painted and of a truthful and striking appearance, but you may deem yourself fortunate if you run across two or three works that appeal to your heart and soul. Too many painters have abandoned themselves to realism, to commonplace and unintelligent realism; this has killed the spirit, and poetry has fled to the heavens."

In a letter to an English friend, he speaks of his method of teaching. "It is very simple," he says, "but this simplicity is the result of long experience. The problem is to lead young artists into a straight path; to habituate them to love the truth of nature, and to regard it with an eye at once intelligent, delicate, and firm, being mindful also of the plas-

tic side. Some know how to copy a thing, and will reproduce it almost exactly. Others put into it poetry, charm, power, and make of it a work of art. The first are workmen, the second are artists. A great gulf separates the mason from the architect!" In the same letter he alludes to the too prevalent "contempt for those who seek to elevate themselves, to move the spectator, to have some imagination; for those who are not fettered to the earth, dabbling in the mud of realism. It is so much easier," he goes on, "to paint three fried eggs than to execute the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel! But all this will pass like a shadowy phantom, and it need not make us uneasy."

It is safe to add that when such passing controversies as the contemporary clash of classicism and realism shall have been forgotten, Gerome will be remembered as one of the great names of nineteenth century art.

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### HYACINTHS.

HYACINTHS, tenderly sweet,

Is it life that you ask in your prayer?

Ah! I would die at her feet

If I could be one of you, there—

There on her billowy breast,

So near to her innocent heart

That its beating would lull me to rest

And to dream I should never depart.

Sighing are you for the stars?

Look in the depths of her eyes.

Is there a gem of the Czar's

So much like those gems of the skies?

Is it the dew that you miss?

Hyacinths, hyacinths, wait,

Soon she will give you a kiss,—

Oh, how I envy your fate!

*Thomas Winthrop Hall.*

## SUNSET ON THE MOUNTAIN.

*She.*—"AH, what a perfectly beautiful view!  
Indeed, Mr. Warde, I'm indebted to you  
For urging me so to climb to the top;  
But, oh, I thought on the way I should drop.

*He.*—"I was near to catch you should you fall."

*She.*—"What a weird effect is over all.  
The feathery clouds below us sail,  
Thin as a fairy, gauzy veil,  
And see, the mists, as the breezes blow,  
Roll up like a curtain great and go."

*He.*—"So would my cares and troubles fade  
If——"

*She.*—"Mark you there, what a lovely shade  
Of gold on that far off mountain gleams!"

*He.*—"Ay, golden and transient as my dreams."

*She.*—"And now the sun aslanting throws  
Over yonder cloud a tint of rose."

*He.*—"I see two cheeks more rosy far."

*She.*—"Oh, there, there comes the evening star.  
Now I will wish *star light, star bright,*  
*Grant me the wish I wish tonight.*  
That is the way the children do,  
And they really think their wish comes true."

*He.*—"And you wished?"

*She.*—"Ah, no, I cannot tell,  
For that, you know, would break the spell.

How small things seem as we look down!  
I feel that I could hold that town,  
The forest and the neighboring land,  
All in the center of my hand."

*He.*—"My future happiness you hold——"

*She.*—"Observe the sky is turned to gold,  
The sun is sinking out of sight,  
The valley now is wrapped in night,  
The hill tops blaze with beacon fires."

*He.*—"Oh, listen, Grace, to my desires.  
I love——"

*She.*—"The sun is gone."

*He.*—"Grace, pray,  
Just list a moment while I say  
I love you more——"

\* \* \* \* \*

*As they descend the mountain in the twilight,*

*She.*—"This seems like some enchanted shade;  
But, Fred, with *you* I'm not afraid."

*Flavel Scott Mines.*



## WALTER DAMROSCH.

*By Russell Stockton.*

**A**MONG the most influential of American musical institutions is one in which the dominant factor is a young man just turned thirty. Walter Johannes Damrosch, with the uncalculating fearlessness of youth, leaped in an emergency into the high places suddenly left vacant by a distinguished father, and then found that all the energies and resources of young manhood were needed to defend himself in open tourney against clamoring claimants and critics. His subsequent achievements have served to establish him by something more than the right of lineal descent.

The Luciferian fall of Italian opera in New York in 1883 and 1884 brought about the substitution of German opera, and Dr. Leopold Damrosch was chosen to be the Moses who should conduct the Metropolitan's forces into the promised land of financial prosperity. He was at the same time director of the Symphony and Oratorio Societies, which he had founded. His sudden death in 1885 appeared for a moment like a fatal stroke to all these enterprises.

During the six days' fatal illness of Dr. Damrosch, his son Walter took the conductor's stand at the opera. He had served there as rehearsal accompanist and as organist; he had conducted orchestras and choruses, but never before had he undertaken the task of directing the complicated machinery of an operatic performance.

The colossal daring and its surprising success are not depreciated by the fact that both instrumentalists and vocalists were well trained and reliable. That young Damrosch, without rehearsal, should fill the del-

icate office of balance wheel between these two centrifugal forces—if not with the finished skill of experience, at least without hitch—was sufficiently wonderful to astonish the artists themselves. Among the works thus performed that week were "Tannhäuser" and "The Prophet," with the scores of which, it is true, Mr. Damrosch had long been familiar; but his only preparation for this *tour de force* was gained from the commentaries received at the bedside of his father.

Then he filled his father's place on the tour of the Symphony Orchestra throughout the country, conducting all of its difficult repertory, and he led the Oratorio Chorus in the "Judas Maccabeus" of Handel and in Verdi's "Requiem"—performances which confirmed him in the directorship to which he had been temporarily appointed.

At this time Mr. Damrosch was but twenty three years of age, having been born January 30, 1862, in Breslau, Prussia. He was brought to America at nine years of age and attended one of the New York public schools. The parental influence insured his musical bias, and he very early became a proficient at the piano, with the distinct ambition to become a virtuoso of that instrument. His fingers, however, would not respond as they should have, and the boy abandoned the hope of raising himself to the high rank he coveted.

Yet he obtained such proficiency that he was able to serve his father as accompanist for the opera and the Oratorio rehearsals, developing a most sympathetic touch, and a high appreciation of tone color—to such a degree, indeed, that Wilhelmj en-

gaged him as accompanist for his tour of 1878, at which time Mr. Damrosch was but sixteen years of age. And it is well to observe at this point that in this department he still retains a wide reputation amongst the artistic brotherhood.

It was before this, however, that he essayed conducting. He was at fourteen the organizer of a juvenile string orchestra of limited proportions but soaring ambition, for which he made the arrangements, even of Wagner excerpts. Every Sunday morning saw these devoted amateurs gather in the smaller Steinway Hall for the practice of their cult, and several, besides their leader, have risen to prominence as musicians.

Mr. Damrosch was only eighteen years of age when he was put in charge of the Newark Harmonic Society as chorus master. About the same time the evolution of a ladies' sight singing class which he directed produced the St. Cecilia Society of that city. Both of these bodies performed several ambitious works under his leadership.

Incidentally, he was director of a musical society in New Rochelle, New York, but his first unaided position of real prominence he attained in 1884 on being engaged as musical director and organist of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, while the late Henry Ward Beecher still held sway in that pulpit. It was during this incumbency that he was lifted to the place compared with which the church was a cloistered obscurity. Finishing the operatic season at the conductor's desk, he was reengaged as assistant to Mr. Anton Seidl for the closing seasons of the German régime.

Mr. Damrosch held another and a unique relation to the opera during this time, brought about by an original enterprise of his own. He instituted in New York a series of lectures on the Wagner Nibelung Drama, in which he explained to cultured audiences the meaning, philosophy, organism and relations of text and music, illustrating his discourse step by step on the piano. Two results

were marked at the opera—first, an increased attendance, and second, a notable difference of deportment in the boxes, where many, late auditors of the lecture, had erst come to chatter but now remained to think.

Having been made permanent leader of the Symphony Society, Mr. Damrosch began to bestir himself to make the orchestra itself a permanent and unvariable body.

He finally started out among the subscribers to the society and other patrons of music, and in one week he had raised an annual guarantee of fifty thousand dollars, enabling him to keep the orchestra employed the year round, and to meet any deficit that may occur.

But this was not all. It had long been the wish and the endeavor of the elder Damrosch to secure a suitable permanent home for the Orchestra and the Oratorio Society, but without avail. It is said that his young successor went to the most philanthropic director of both societies, and said:

"Mr. Carnegie, we must have a hall."

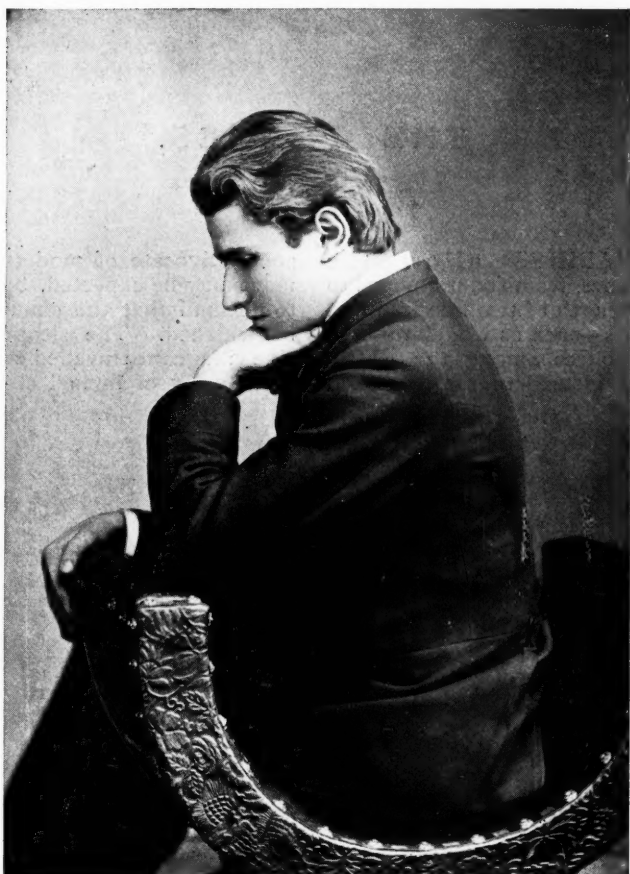
To which the iron king replied:

"Then we *shall* have a hall!"

Whether or no the anecdote be exact, Mr. Carnegie subscribed an amount equal to nine tenths of the necessary cost. The Music Hall in New York, bearing the name of its munificent founder over the doorway, stands today as the largest, the most beautiful, and the most perfect concert building in America.

It was during Mr. Carnegie's famous coaching trip from London to Cluny Castle, in the summer of 1888, that Mr. Damrosch first met Miss Margaret Blaine, who with her distinguished father was among the passengers. The hedged highways and rustic inns of England, the bonnie braes of Scotland, and later the rocky shores of Bar Harbor were the picturesque scenes of a courtship whose final union had a peculiar interest for all Americans, and of whose family circle the most prominent member just now is a *petite nouvelle arrivée*.

Mrs. Damrosch is a woman of in-



WALTER DAMROSCH.

From a photograph by Platz, Chicago.

herited intellectual power, and the possessor of a refined and discriminating taste in all matters of art.

From the foregoing recital it is a palpable inference that Mr. Damrosch has beaten down the cries of "apostolic succession" that long assailed him. He does not hesitate to admit, with his characteristic frankness, that such have had their value, at least in tempering the vanity of over successful youth into the strength that comes of well considered work.

It is said of him that real criticism is deemed a welcome help, but so wanting was this in those early days, that only the most buoyant of na-

tures could have persevered through the ordeal.

Mr. Damrosch is an indefatigable student and conscientious in the extreme, both in his own studies and in the degree of minute perfection which he aims to give the public through his orchestra.

He is reputed to be of a most sanguine and enthusiastic temperament, of an indomitable will, and of a nature warm and generous. Besides being a thoughtful man of serious and pronounced ideas, he has a rare store of buoyant animal spirits and a varied fund of social accomplishments.

## THE THAMES.

*By Warren Taylor.*

GEOGRAPHIES allow the Thames, from fountain head to mouth, a length of two hundred and thirty miles—such as would rank it, were its source among the Rocky Mountains instead of the Cotswold

some advocate of modern improvement may be expected, before long, to demand that the channel should be widened. The sleepy Thames-side villages are invaded every season by an army of flannel clad tourists,



TWICKENHAM FERRY.

Hills, among the third rate "creeks" and "forks" of the wide West. So insignificant in size is the stream that ranks with the Tiber and the Rhine in the interest of its historical and literary associations; whose estuary forms the greatest sea port of the world, and whose upper waters, flowing through scenery accepted as the ideal of pastoral beauty, are the oldest and most famous center of aquatic sport.

A boat voyage down the Thames is one of the pleasantest of summer trips. In the last few years so many people have discovered the fact that the finest portions of the river are at times almost inconveniently thronged with holiday makers, and

and the floating population of the river even has its special paper—the *Lock to Lock Times*, published every week during the summer.

In the moist and equable climate of England rivers swell and shrink less than in lands where suns are hotter and storms more violent. Nevertheless a wet March spreads the Thames over many a mile of Oxfordshire and Berkshire meadow, while a dry September dwindles it to almost puny proportions. Old watermen declare that the extremes of flood and drought have been more marked in latter seasons than they were a generation ago; and a plausible reason may be found for such a theory. The farmers along

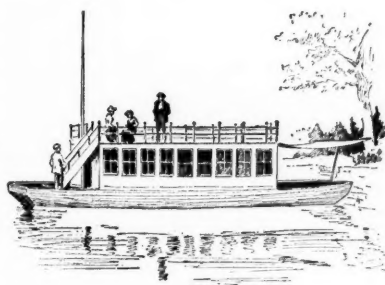
the river and its tributaries are to blame. English agriculture will not tolerate swampy fields and weedy, bush grown water courses; and the effect of draining the former and "cleaning up" the latter has been, like that of forest destruction in America, to allow nature's reservoirs to empty themselves too suddenly and rapidly.

Oxford is almost always the starting place for a trip down the Thames. Above that point the river is small and shallow, and runs through a level country, less picturesque than the surroundings of its lower course. It first becomes navigable, for anything heavier than a canoe, at the Gloucestershire village of Lechlade, where it meets the canal that joins its waters to those of the Severn. A hundred years ago, when the Thames-Severn canal was first completed, with its two-mile tunnel under Shepperton Hill, it was regarded as a wonderful piece of engineering, and formed an important artery of communication between London and the western counties.

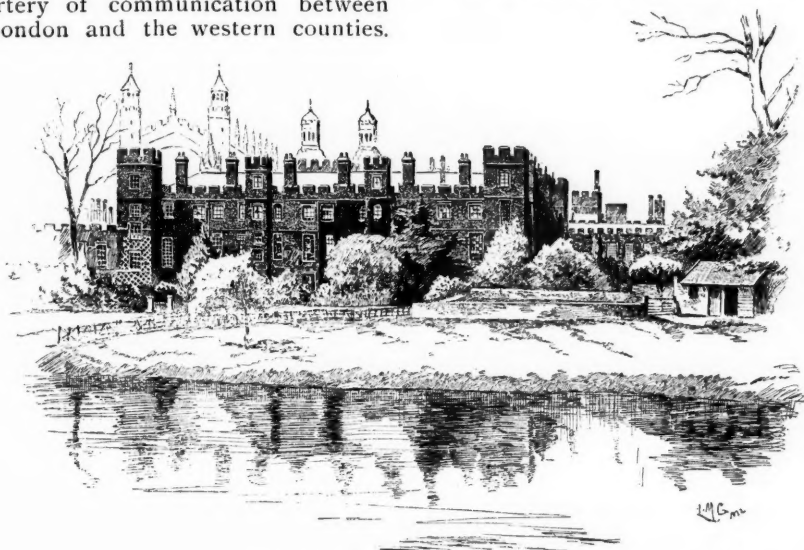
It has lived to experience the common fate of canals, and to see the railroads absorb the lion's share of its former traffic. From Lechlade down to Teddington the Thames still has its locks and its towing path, but its old time commerce has departed.

The traveler who cares to penetrate a quiet corner of rural England may commence his voyage at Lechlade. From thence to Oxford the Thames—or the Isis, as the river is called be-

fore its junction with the Thames, at Dorchester—winds between level meadows, the grazing ground of sleek cattle; past villages that cluster around their little stone churches, and under old bridges, narrow arched and steep of ascent and descent. Below Oxford the stream is of statelier flow, and its surroundings take on a more park-like aspect. It approaches London through a thickly peopled region, where its banks are lined with the



A HOUSE BOAT.



ETON COLLEGE, FROM THE THAMES.



THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, FROM THE THAMES.

suburban villas of the wealthy. Then it sweeps through the metropolis to bear upon its tidal waters the fleets of British commerce.

The historic spots along its course are legion. It is said to have been near Chertsey, in Surrey, that Cæsar's legionaries crossed it to attack the painted savages of Cassivelaunus. A few miles higher up is the little Magna Charta Island, on which the barons forced King John to sign "the great palladium of English liberties." Close above, again, are Eton, the most famous and—with the exception of Winchester—the most ancient of English schools, and Windsor Castle, for eight centuries the abode of British royalty. Almost

benefice in the reigns of Henry VIII, Edward VI, and queens Mary and Elizabeth, having twice become a papist and twice a protestant," and when reproached for his apparent lack of principle he replied that:

This is what I will maintain  
Until my dying day, sir,  
That whatsoever king may reign,  
I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir!

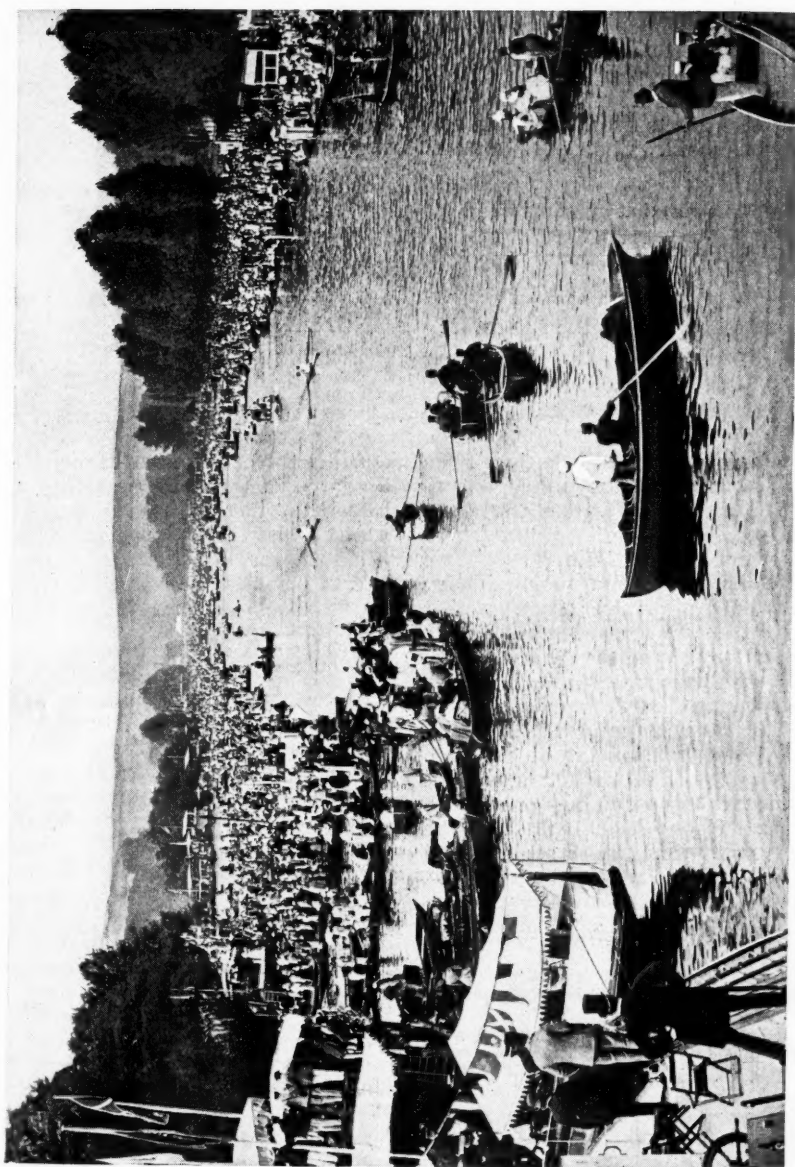
Almost every village between Windsor and Oxford has something of interest for the antiquarian. Henley, whose regatta is the great summer carnival of the Thames and the championship meeting of English oarsmen, is as old as the earliest historical records. So too is Wallingford, the quaintest of Thames-side towns. Of Oxford itself, volumes might be and indeed have been written. Just above it are two spots associated with romantic episodes of history. Cumnor Place—the house was taken down in 1810, and its stones used in the building of the church in the neighboring village of Wytham—is familiar to readers of "Kenilworth" as the scene of the tragic close of Amy Robsart's life. The ruined abbey of Godstow ("the place of God") is connected with the story of another beautiful and unhappy woman—fair Rosamond, Lord Clifford's daughter, who here first



A THAMES PUNT.

within sight of Windsor is Bray, made famous by the clergyman who dwelt there in the troublous days of the sixteenth century. The chronicler narrates that he "possessed the





THE THAMES—HENLEY REGATTA.

met her royal lover, Henry II, and here, in after years, died in penitence and seclusion.

The Thames has figured often in English art and literature. It has lent inspiration to the brushes of Hogarth, Turner, Leslie, Vicat Cole, and Millais, and to the pens of a long list of poets, from Chaucer to Matthew Arnold. Shakspeare drew a simile from it:

The river Thames, that by our door doth  
pass—  
His first beginning is but small and shal-  
low,  
Yet keeping on his course grows to a sea.  
His contemporary, the pedantic

Dryden sings of the greatness of  
London that

The silver Thames, her own domestic  
flood,  
Shall bear her vessels like a sweeping  
train.

Such minor poets as Elijah Fenton, Pope's assistant in the translation of Homer, and Thomas Tickell, the friend of Addison, treat the same theme.

Thames's fruitful tides  
Slow through the vale in silver volumes  
play,

says the former, and the latter en-  
thusiastically declares:



WESTMINSTER BRIDGE AND ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL.

Drayton, apostrophizes the hills  
around its source:

Cotswold, be this spoke to the only praise  
of thee,  
That thou of all the rest the chosen soil  
should be  
Fair Isis to bring forth, the mother of  
great Thames.

"Royal towered Thames," Milton  
calls it. Other seventeenth and  
eighteenth century poets lavished  
their classically modeled laudations  
upon their favorite stream. The  
"silver Thames" and the "sacred  
Isis" were among their stock phrases.

Fired with the views this glittering scene  
displays,

And smit with passion for my country's  
praise,

My artless reed attempts this lofty theme,  
Where sacred Isis rolls her ancient stream.

Thomson, the poet of the seasons,  
takes the reader of his pompous  
verse

To where the silver Thames first rural  
grows.

Most of Pope's life was spent beside  
the Thames. In the old mansion of  
Stanton Harcourt, a few miles above  
Oxford, there is a room that is still  
called Pope's Study, although it no



THE THAMES EMBANKMENT AND ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

longer possesses the pane of glass on which he wrote the inscription "In the year 1718 Alexander Pope finished here the fifth book of Homer." His riverside villa at Twickenham, the home of his later years, is still standing.

It was in an old time Thames-side hostelry, with its sanded floor and its rows of pewter cups, that Shenstone penned a quatrain that controverts John Howard Payne:

Who'er has traveled life's dull round,  
Where'er his stages may have been,  
May sigh to think he still has found  
His warmest welcome at an inn.

Cowley lived and died beside the Thames, at Chertsey. Tennyson was married in the little ivy covered church at Shiplake, just above Henley, and first settled at Kingston, lower down the river. Wordsworth looked over the Thames from Westminster Bridge when he wrote, one summer sunrise:

The city now doth like a garment wear  
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,  
Ships, towers, domes, theaters, and temples lie.

The river glideth at his own sweet will.

Notable among the poetry of the Thames are Pope's "Windsor Forest" and Matthew Arnold's "Thyrsis" and "The Scholar Gypsy." In the first the bard of Twickenham bids the "sacred Nine" to bear him To Thames's banks which fragrant breezes fill,  
Or where ye Muses sport on Cooper's Hill.  
Here his first lays majestic Denham sung:  
There the last numbers dropped from Cowley's tongue.

In the pompous verse of his day Pope dilates on the history of Windsor's

green retreats,  
At once the monarch's and the Muses' seats,

and ends with a flattering apostrophe to his queen, before whom the



LONDON BRIDGE.

genius of the river rises to make obeisance:

At length great Anna said, "Let discord cease!"

She said—the world obeyed, and all was peace.

In that blest moment, from his oozy bed  
Old Father Thames advanced his reverend head.

Wide is the difference between the stilted artificiality of Pope and the vivid pictures of Thames-side scenery drawn by the modern scholar. During his Oxford days—as undergraduate, fellow of Oriel, and professor of poetry—Arnold's favorite haunts were

above Godstow Bridge, when hay  
time's here

In June, and many a scythe in sunshine  
flames.

and among

those wide fields of breezy grass  
Where black winged swallows haunt the  
glittering Thames,

or by

The signal elm that looks on Ilsley Downs,  
The vale, the three lone weirs, the youthful Thames.

He knew, he declares,

—what white, what purple fritillaries

The grassy harvest of the river fields

Above by Eynsham, down by Sandford,  
yields,

And what sedged brooks are Thames' tributaries.

And a touch of life in the picture is

the girl who by the boatman's door,  
Above the locks, above the boating  
throng,

Unmoored our skiff, when through the  
Wytham flats,

Red loosestrife and blond meadowsweet  
among,

And darting swallows and light water  
gnats,

We tracked the shy Thames shore.

Such was the scenery through which  
roamed Arnold's Scholar Gypsy:

Thee at the ferry Oxford riders blithe,  
Returning home on summer nights, have-  
met

Crossing the stripling Thames at Bablock-  
hithe.

# PENRHYN'S ODD ROMANCE.

*By Matthew White, Jr.,*

Author of "Allan Kane's Friend," "One of the Profession," etc.

## I.

"WE shall see you at Newport, of course, Kent?"

Helen Brooks had come to the doorway with her departing caller. She stood there, as if she were posing almost, her magnificent blonde hair showing in sharp contrast to the deep red portière against which she held it. Kent Penrhyn, who was slowly passing the palm of his hand around the circumference of his silk hat, thought he had never seen her look as well as she did at that moment.

"Yes, I suppose I shall turn up there as usual in the course of the summer," he answered.

"You don't speak as though you anticipated the visit with much pleasure. You are not enthusiastic over it."

"Am I enthusiastic over anything, Helen?" Penrhyn had put his hat down on the settee and now snapped the fastening of his glove together with almost vindictive pressure.

"No, I can't say that you are, Kent. But you might pretend to a little when we are talking of—of your seeing an old friend like myself after an absence of two months, for you never honor us till August, I believe. But I'll forgive you. You haven't told me yet what you are going to do with yourself during June and July."

"That's easily done. Nothing. I haven't any plans. I told you I'd declined to go to Europe with the Beekmans and regretted the invitation of Ferris Osborne to join his yachting cruise. I'm tired of plans ahead. I haven't been able to do anything on the spur of the moment

for so long that I begin to feel like a positive slave."

Helen Brooks threw her head back into the yielding depths of the curtain and laughed—the light silvery laugh that so many men admired.

"I'll give you, let me see, I'll give you till the middle of June to become so weary of your own company that you will be posting off to Long Hills to find solace in the society of the Belway belles."

Penrhyn laughed now. He always laughed when the Belway belles were mentioned in connection with himself. Because they were both of uncertain age, not very good looking, and undisguisedly poor dancers, and he had once taken pity on them at an assembly and waltzed with them both, Helen Brooks had dubbed them the Belway belles and pretended that she was very jealous of them.

"Well, they would be honestly glad to see me, I dare say," Penrhyn answered now. "But I mustn't keep you standing here. Good by, Helen. I trust you will have a most charming summer and all that sort of thing, you know."

He put out his hand.

"Good by, Kent. Don't get too reckless when you leave yourself to yourself."

Helen smiled mischievously as she uttered this parting warning.

"Don't fear for me," returned the other. "Good by."

He picked up his hat and stick and went out into the soft June air. It was half past four. He had left the office at three and come up town to make a P. P. C. on his old friend. Not that Helen was old. She was



only twenty two, three years younger than himself. But he had known her all his life and had liked her better than any girl of his acquaintance till just lately—when he had heard it rumored that he was going to marry her. He knew that he did not love her as a man should love his wife. Neither did she care deeply for him. He was certain of that. And yet he was not sure but she would have accepted him had he proposed to her. It would be an eminently suitable marriage from society's point of view. Both families were wealthy and well connected. Helen was a tall girl, but Penrhyn was still taller. One of his friends had mentioned this latter fact jokingly to him one day. He had laughed, but in thinking it over afterwards he admitted to himself that this was a point that might weigh with a girl like Helen. He could not imagine her ever loving very deeply.

For himself, he was tired, as he had confessed to her, of the sort of life he had been leading. With the large income left to him by his uncle, there was no necessity of his ever doing a day's work. But since his return from Europe he had had a desk in his father's office in Wall Street and had striven to interest himself in the state of the money market. But his was not a nature that craved excitement of this sort. In fact he had no leaning toward any particular pursuit or fad.

He was not particularly fond of horses, although he had a stableful of them. Life at the club bored him with its monotony; so did society, for the matter of that. He was not a misanthrope, but he was disgusted with himself for his own apparent uselessness in the world. And yet he knew that other fellows envied him. His old classmates at college, working, nearly all of them, for their incomes, large or small as the case might be, wondered why he was not the "happiest fellow on earth with nothing to do and plenty of money to do it with," as Ben Upperpu put it.

Penrhyn felt, however, that they

were all happier than he. He did not dare to tell them this, however. As far as he could, he shared with them the good things of which he was the possessor, and in this way managed to secure some enjoyment from them. For by nature he was thoroughly altruistic. But up to the present time he had lacked the courage to break away from the chains of custom which bound him to the narrow groove in which he had hitherto moved.

He lived at home in the great house on Madison Avenue. But this was closed now, and the old people had gone up to the homestead on the Sound, where his married sister came to spend the summer with her family, and his younger brother Murray made things lively with a constant succession of guests of his own sort from the big school in New Hampshire where he spent his winters. Kent had moved down to his club. He turned into Fifth Avenue and walked towards it now. There were not many people on Gotham's central artery. The Brooks were late in leaving town this year. Nearly all their set had already gone. Some people said that Helen persuaded them to stay because Penrhyn stayed. But this piece of gossip Kent did not overhear.

When he reached the club he did not turn in there. He was not hungry. It was not warm at this time of the day. A cool breeze blew in through the cross streets from the river. It was very pleasant walking. Penrhyn kept on down the avenue, nodding now and then to a friend, who hurried past him from an Elevated station, bound clubward.

"I say, Pen," one of them called to him, "you're headed the wrong way. You don't mean to tell me there's anybody left in town you're going to dine with."

This recalled to him how persistently he had refused Mrs. Brooks's invitation to stay to dinner there. He had pleaded as an excuse that he could not think of doing such a thing on the eve of their departure, when they must be half packed up.



He thought now that perhaps his refusal was ungracious. He had never stood on such ceremony with them before. He asked himself if he had not been anxious to get away because he feared he might commit himself to Helen in some way before he got through the evening. It seemed such a simple thing to do; so many people expected it of him. And he would not see her again for so many weeks.

But he knew he was glad he had not stayed. He wondered afterwards if it was a premonition of what was to befall him that evening which caused him this sense of rejoicing. Whatever the reason, as he walked further down town, his heart seemed to grow lighter, as if he was bound to some spot at which he anticipated a pleasant reception. As a matter of fact he did not know where he was bound. He walked on mechanically, as it were, till he came to Washington Square. He was not tired. He felt as though he could go on for miles. But he halted and looked at the progress that was being made with the Memorial Arch. He recalled what a lively party he and Helen had been with in a window on the day of the Centennial celebration. Two couples of that party were married now. Why could he not care for Helen as he sometimes wished he could? He felt that with a strong love on his part, it would not be a difficult matter to awaken responsive affection in her breast.

"What nonsense I am thinking," he told himself, and then, with a sudden purpose, he turned off to the right and walked toward Sixth Avenue.

He had made up his mind to take a stroll through the Ninth Ward, the Greenwich Village where he had been born and lived as a boy. He had not been there for years, except to pass through on a street car now and then, en route for a steamship pier. He experienced a longing to pass through north Bleeker Street, with its narrow sidewalks and old fashioned shops.

He soon reached it and began to

cast about him for landmarks. Yes, here was the shoe store where his mother had brought him years before. It seemed but little changed. He decided that he must go in and make some trifling purchase. He wanted to put himself back in that childish atmosphere for a moment or two. He entered and asked the oldish man who came forward to meet him, for a pair of lacings. There was nobody else in the place, except a young girl clear at the back, sitting in a sort of cage, and to whom the dealer took Penrhyn's quarter to have it changed. Kent felt that he had done her a service by giving her the opportunity of movement. She had been sitting there so quietly, her chin buried in her hand, staring into vacancy, and with such a tired look on her pale face. The hardest work must be preferable to such monotony, Penrhyn reflected as he went out. He wondered how long her hours were. They probably continued far into the evening. Surely life had not much joy to offer her.

He had forgotten his boyhood reminiscences, was beginning to contrast his own present with the present of those about him. He found himself thinking of the cozy dining room at the club, the atmosphere of quiet refinement that prevailed there. He noted the time in a jeweler's window he was passing, and began to cast about in his mind for the quickest means of transporting himself up town again.

The sudden brushing past him of a boy on a run recalled him to his environment. He saw that there was a little excitement of some sort ahead, where the street broadened out for a block. As he drew closer he made out a pile of furniture on the sidewalk, a pile that was being added to by a loud spoken individual who made periodical appearances from a stairway carrying a chair or table which he placed atop of the heap with an emphatic imprecation.

A foreign looking woman sat on one of the chairs, weeping, a group of four children about her, the eldest not over eight. They were gazing

with wondering eyes from their mother's tears to the crowd of on-lookers that had begun to gather around them.

Just before Penrhyn came up, one of the children, a little boy, espied a gay colored theater poster on the opposite side of the street. He left his mother's side and started across to examine it more closely. A car was coming along, the driver's attention riveted to the group on the sidewalk. There was a sudden outcry, a jerking back of horses, two or three women's screams, and the car was brought to a halt with one of its front wheels just grazing the small boy's arm.

Penrhyn was the first to reach the center of the street and pull him out from his dangerous position. But there was no heroism about the act. Any of the men on the car platform could have done the same. The child was screaming with the full power of its young lungs, and as Penrhyn bore him back to the sidewalk he came near smiling as he wondered what Helen would say could she see him now. Of course the crowd had trebled itself in an instant, but it opened to make way for the mother to rush out, snatch her child and say something in a foreign tongue to Penrhyn.

"Is he hurt?" a man in his shirt sleeves inquired.

"No, only frightened." Penrhyn was looking about for his stick, which he had dropped when he darted out to the car track.

"Dey are hafin' mooch trouble the day," added a fat German. "Dey can't pay de rent an' de landlord haf put 'em out." He was thrusting a hand deep into his trousers pockets as he spoke and presently drew it forth, the fingers clutching half a dollar.

This he dropped into his hat and then began to pass the latter around. Penrhyn took out his pocket book and put a five dollar bill in the hat. Then he was about to hurry on, leaving his cane to its fate, when he heard some one say: "She can't talk a word of English and nobody here can speak French."

It was a young girl's voice. Turning, Penrhyn saw that the speaker was standing by the dispossessed woman, who was still hugging the small boy to her breast, weeping hysterically over him. The girl was not more than twenty. She had no hat on and her face was inclined to pallor, showing indoor confinement. But the eyes were magnificent, large and of a deep gray, and about the mouth and chin were lines of refinement that made her seem different from those that jostled her so closely. She was dressed very plainly in a gray gown, with no attempt at cheap display such as distinguished some of the shop girls who composed the crowd.

Penrhyn began pushing his way back.

"I can understand French," he said. "Can I be of any service?"

The young girl looked up at him, and seemed to hesitate for an instant. Then she answered: "This woman has been trying to tell us something. But we can't make out what it is."

Penrhyn spoke to her a few words in French. A smile burst through the tears on her face. She began to talk rapidly and the young clubman soon had her story. They were Russians, her husband had been an opera singer of good reputation, but had thought to earn more money by coming to New York and singing there. But he had not been able to obtain the engagement he had had in mind. He had failed, too, to secure any pupils to instruct. The money had dwindled steadily till now they had not been able any longer to retain the poor shelter to which they had last moved. The landlord had put them out, and the husband was now off searching for some friends whom he had very slender hopes of finding.

"What does she say?" asked the young girl when the woman had concluded.

Penrhyn told the story briefly, the members of the crowd pressing about him closely to listen to it. The man who had passed the hat around now

came up and emptied the contents into the Russian woman's lap.

"Will you help me count it, please, and tell her how much it is?"

The girl who had constituted herself the dispossessed one's friend made this request of Penrhyn. They both bent over the woman's lap and assorted the money into two separate piles.

"I make four dollars and seventy three cents," reported Penrhyn presently. He had taken the smaller coins.

He experienced a strange thrill at being associated in some one work with this girl, who attracted him more and more the longer he was with her. He forgot about his desire to get back up town among his old haunts. He was possessed of an inward excitement, a strong desire to find out something about her.

"And I have seven dollars and a half," she added. "Tell her, please, and ask her how much the landlord wants."

But this the woman didn't know. Her husband could talk a little English and had made all arrangements. The landlord himself was near at hand, however, and being appealed to, said that four dollars would satisfy his claims, but that he had already let the room to another party.

"Was there only one?" asked Penrhyn.

"Yes, what you tink you get for four dollars?" was the reply.

"We must find some place for them," said Penrhyn, turning to the girl. He felt that for some reason he was glad to be able to say "we."

The crowd was beginning to thin out now. It was almost six, and besides, nobody had been hurt in the street car accident. Some had lingered in the hope that an ambulance would be summoned by a false alarm. The husband and father was still absent. The woman, not being able to speak English, was helpless. Some one must look after them.

"They can come in the store and wait if you can get some other rooms." The girl spoke hesitatingly, as if not certain whether Penrhyn

would approve of the duty she thus assigned him.

"Yes, I will go gladly," he said, "if you can tell me where to go. I don't know much about this neighborhood, although I was born here."

"Around the corner, that way, half down the block, you will find a boarding house—the one with a piece of paper beside the door. We will watch over the furniture till you come back. You had better take the money and explain to the woman what you are going to do."

Penrhyn acted on these suggestions, although he was tempted to linger and discuss them for the pleasure of hearing her who had advanced them go on speaking. She had such a clear voice. There was no languor in it, such as distinguished the tones of so many girls of his set. Then he could generally tell what they were going to say next.

He went off down Tenth Street, looking for the boarding house to which he had been sent, with all the interest he would have manifested in setting out to inspect a mansion of which he was contemplating the purchase.

He found it without any trouble, and having bargained with the landlady for two rooms and paid a week's rent in advance, started back to Bleecker Street. He saw his partner in this philanthropic enterprise standing in the doorway of a little fancy goods store. She smiled slightly when she caught sight of him. Penrhyn felt that this smile established a bond of comradeship between them which was very gratifying to him.

"Did you get it?" she asked, as he came up.

"Yes, they can move right in. But there must be somebody to carry the things. I suppose I can get an express wagon near here."

She told him where he could find one, and then added that he had better explain to the Russian woman what he had done. He saw her watching his lips as he spoke in French to the poor creature who, with her children huddled about

her, was sitting on one of the three velvet topped stools that were ranged in front of the counter. Behind this counter stood an oldish man. He seemed somewhat bewildered by the proceedings and gazed at Penrhyn in wonderment.

Breaking away from the Russian's voluble thanks, Penrhyn hurried off to get the expressman, and this done, there was no reason why he should stay longer.

"You are very kind," said the girl of the fancy goods store. "It will be all right now. See, the woman's husband has come back."

At this moment a bearded, wild eyed Russian rushed up to him, with many expletives of French gratitude. Penrhyn went outside with him to show him where the new home was. As he passed out of the store he looked back and saw overhead the sign

ARTHUR PREBLE.

Then he went on to the corner, shook himself loose from the Russian, declared that he must get up town, and walked off, he knew not whither.

## II.

PENRHYN found his further advance checked by the string piece of a pier. He had come down to the river front without realizing in which direction he was headed. He was thinking what a strange impression that girl from the fancy goods store had made on him. He had tried to call up in his experience another similar case, when some saleswoman in a candy shop or manipulator of a telegraph instrument had smitten him with a passing admiration, as other men were smitten by exterior charms of those whom they would never think of including in their list of acquaintances. But Penrhyn could not recollect any such experience. Besides, this girl's outward charms were not extraordinary. She was pretty, to be sure, but so were scores of other girls who never made the least impression on him.

"She interests me, that's what it

is," he said to himself. "She inspires me with a desire to know more about her, to draw her out, to find out if she possesses that strength of character my brief acquaintance leads me to expect."

It was at this point in his reflections that he found himself at the river's edge. He looked down at the water, lapping the piling, and while he looked the swell from a passing steamboat broke against it with flying spray. He glanced outward and saw one of the Albany night boats, her decks black with people. Two summers ago he and Helen had gone with her family to Saratoga this way. He remembered how they had sat forward and watched the receding city. She had said she could not see what joy existence could have for those who were obliged to live in cramped quarters all through the hot season. His reply had been that they were probably contented in their lot and station.

This sounded harsh to him now, and yet here was himself, for instance, with the means to go anywhere he liked, far from contented. Doubtless that Miss Preble, if that was her name, was much happier than he. But why should she be a "miss"? Was it not just as likely that she was married? People of her class usually mated young. The "her class" stung Penrhyn as the phrase came into his mind. Why was she not just as good as he, as Helen Brooks? It was absurd, here in free America, to raise up these barriers between the rich and the poor.

And yet the barriers were there. Penrhyn recognized that fact only too distinctly. He could easily imagine the horror of his family, of the Brookses, of all his set, should he associate with that girl from the fancy goods store in north Bleecker Street. In fact he could not associate with her, so far as he could see. There was no one to introduce them, and if she was the sort of girl he felt and hoped she was, she would not allow him to presume on the chance acquaintance of that evening. No, it seemed that he

was safe from all danger of shocking the house of Penrhyn; here was something which all his money, all the prestige of his old and honored name, could not secure for him. He might just as well be as poor as that tramp off yonder, who was watching him so curiously.

There were others watching him, too; some boys who had come down to the water in the hope of snatching a swim before a policeman should happen along.

"They think I am contemplating suicide, I suppose," mused Penrhyn, and he turned away from the spile against which he had been leaning and began to walk slowly back toward West Street.

The tramp turned at the same time and shambled up to him.

"Boss," he began, "I haven't had a drop to drink in two days. For the love of heaven, give me the price of a glass of beer."

"He's up with the times," thought Penrhyn. "Here," he said, putting his hand in his pocket and drawing out half a dollar, "take this and get a dinner to go with your beer. And, hold on a minute, here's another half. Perhaps a shave and a hair cut will put you in the way of getting a job."

The man stared at him, too amazed to mutter perfunctory thanks. Penrhyn hurried on, almost wishing himself in the tramp's place. In that case he would have been supplied with an incentive, would have had a goal at which to aim. As it was, what had he to look forward to? Nothing in which he took any interest, and when chance opened to him such a possibility, prudence, conventionality, bade him put it sternly out of reach.

It was after seven. The evening meal was over with the dwellers in the neighborhood. Men in their shirt sleeves were sitting on the front stoops, almost all of them with pipes in their mouths. Children were playing on the sidewalks. The fact that these people, many of them, were dependent upon daily wages, which might at any time be cut off by a

storm or by the completion of the building on which they were at work, did not seem to trouble them in the least. They lived only in the present.

Penrhyn struck out for the Elevated station at Fourteenth Street. He remembered a quasi-engagement with Ned Watson to run down to the Casino that evening. Watson's fiancée had just sailed for Europe, and the poor fellow would need cheering up. Things somehow didn't seem to be properly allotted in this world. There was Watson, a good fellow and head over heels in love with Ella Granger, but so tied down to business that it was out of the question for him to think of spending even a month on the "other side" with her. And here Penrhyn was able to leave his desk for almost any length of time, and yet with no reason for desiring a holiday.

As he rode up town in the train Penrhyn asked himself why he should be different from other men.

"I needn't be," he decided. "I could go around to the Brookses' tonight and ask Helen to be my wife. I feel sure that she would accept me. There is no egotism in that. But I should not feel the thrill of rapture I know Watson experiences. We are all different, and I am a round peg in a square hole."

Then for the next ten blocks he gave free reign to his imagination, and endeavored to picture his state of mind should it be possible for him to pursue the acquaintance with that girl of the fancy goods store. The very fact of the difference of their stations in life would lend piquancy to such a friendship, he decided. Each would constantly be finding out some new attribute, taste or idiosyncrasy of the other. There would be no dead, flat level of sameness such as marked his intercourse with the women of his set, where the talk was always on the same themes—other people of their mutual acquaintance, the latest play, the newest engagement—it all became painfully monotonous to him. In this idyllic friendship of his day dream



such converse would be out of the question. A new basis of talk would have to be found. There would be fascination in studying the character of a girl so completely out of his sphere. She was intelligent, he knew that. Modest, too; he was certain she must come of a reputable family. What a pleasure it would be to raise her to—

"Thirty Third Street!" shouted the guard.

Penrhyn sprang to his feet and hurried to the door, glad of the diversion to his thoughts. What nonsense he had been going over in his mind! It could not be possible he had fallen in love with a girl he had seen but once. He walked briskly along Thirty Fourth Street toward Fifth Avenue, as though he would leave such absurdities behind him as quickly as possible.

He found Watson waiting in the restaurant of the club for him.

"I'd given you up, old man," he said as they shook hands. "Have you dined?"

"No."

"Neither have I. Couldn't eat, you know, in my present state of mind, so I'll invite you to be my guest and do the eating for me. I feel that I must go through the form."

"I'm afraid you won't find me very cheerful company, Ned."

"What, you blue, too, Pen! Impossible. You've nothing to be blue over. Everything's plain sailing with you, my boy. When are you going to announce it, and allow us to congratulate you?"

"Announce what? My dear fellow, you are laboring under a gross mistake if you think I have even the remotest intention at the present time of becoming engaged."

"Why not, Pen? It's the only way for a man to attain to a state of perfect happiness. Fancy the bliss of realizing that a beautiful girl cares for you more than she does for anything else in the world. I tell you, Pen, there's nothing like it." Watson gave a great sigh of mingled contentment and longing, and leaned

back in his chair to look up dreamily for a moment at the frescoed ceiling.

"Oh, I admit the bliss," returned Penrhyn promptly, "granted that you secure the two partners to it. But think how unlikely that is to happen. You might see hundreds of girls you could easily learn to love, but how improbable that they should love you! I beg your pardon, Ned. I am speaking strictly impersonally. I will alter the pronoun, if you please, and say how improbable it is that they should ever love me."

"Not a bit of it, Pen. Love begets love. Let a good, sensible girl see that you care for her with all your heart, and ten chances to one she'll find that she'll go to sleep with your image the last one on her mind."

"Is that the way Miss Granger did?" Penrhyn ventured to inquire, whereupon they both laughed and Watson changed the topic for a while.

But the young lover was not able to keep away from the all absorbing theme for long. He returned to it again when they were smoking their after dinner cigars.

"I wonder if she is sitting out on deck now?" he remarked, throwing back his head to emit a ring.

"Perhaps she's walking with the ship's surgeon," Pen wanted to suggest, but curbed the impulse and said nothing.

"It was a beastly shame I couldn't go along, wasn't it, Pen?" went on the fond lover. "I don't feel like going anywhere else. The family expect me to come out to Morristown, but I say I'm going to stay in the house here in town."

"And live on memory and hope?" interposed Pen.

"That's just about it. I don't feel like going about with a lot of gay parties. I'd only be wishing she was along. I can be just as comfortable in the city. I'll get some of my meals here and the others at restaurants. Where are you going?"

"The same place as yourself, old man. I mean to stay right here in town."

"Well, I'm glad to hear it, but I



must say I'm surprised. I don't see what reason you have for staying."

"Oh, a fancy of mine, that's all. But come, are you going to the Casino?"

When they reached the theater, Penrhyn found it difficult to concentrate his attention on the stage. He imagined that his companion's thoughts were equally distracted. Indeed, when they adjourned to the roof garden after the performance, Watson began, as they took seats at a table: "Pen, did you ever trace back circumstances to discover the source of a particular event? I've been doing that tonight, to see how it came about that I met Ella. The whole thing seems to hang on such mere chances at so many points. If the Stocktons hadn't lamed one of their horses coming down from the Berkshires two summers ago, they'd never have stopped off at Lenox. That's where they met Ella, you know. And I got to know her through them. And now we're engaged."

"All account of a lame horse," added Pen.

He felt a little frightened after he had said it, not knowing whether Watson might not think it flippant, but the other laughed, and then leaned across the table to say in a lower tone: "Don't look now, Pen, but in a minute or two turn and you'll see Andy Bletcher. He's here with a pretty rough crowd. You know he married against his family's wishes, and it's turned out just as they predicted it would. He found his wife was not educated enough to associate with his friends, and he drifted down to hers, and I guess she isn't in it much, any way. Mrs. Grundy may be pretty severe sometimes, but it's safest in the long run to keep on the right side of her."

The conversation seemed to have taken a singular turn. Penrhyn was not in the slightest degree superstitious, but as he turned to look at the reckless Andy Bletcher he was conscious of a rebellion in his breast against this man's presence on this occasion. Then it came over him

that it might have fallen out thus providentially in order that he, Kent Penrhyn, should be prevented from committing an indiscretion, that he would regret all the remainder of his life.

"Yes. I've seen him once or twice before," he reported to Watson, after his observation. "Looks as if he'd been going it pretty hard, doesn't he?"

"He couldn't really have loved her you know," was Watson's rejoinder. With him all roads seemed to lead to Rome. "It stands to reason there must be some community of taste, of interest, to give ground for a true affection. These marriages of princes with peasants do all very well in novels and fairy tales, but when you come down to real life, you want something practical. Now Ella and I found a common theme at once in tennis. That sounds trivial, but it was the opening wedge."

Pen made a good listener that night. Watson went on to ring the praises of his beloved one, and finally parted from his friend, thanking him for having cheered him up so successfully. Penrhyn smiled to himself as he continued on his solitary way to the club.

"I was merely the unresisting medium whereby he cheered himself up," he reflected.

As to Penrhyn himself, he was not in particularly cheerful mood. When he reached his room at the club he drew a chair up in front of his bureau, and, sitting down, proceeded to gaze soberly over the knick-knacks, the photographs, the trophies of ball rooms and dinners, that formed a multicolored mass upon it—memory in concrete form. There was a woman associated with nearly every trifle. But how much alike they all were! Ella Granger was one of them. The *fleur-de-lis* pin in his cushion she had given him at a german. What a treasure it would be to Watson! But doubtless he had many such, just as the majority of Penrhyn's booty of the dance had come to him through Helen.

"I wonder if she will ever marry?"

he asked himself. "I haven't given her any reason to suppose that I considered her set aside for me. It is because we are such old friends that I happen to have more reminders of her than any one else."

He recalled the most confidential moments with Watson that evening, when the far gone fellow had told him of the thrill the touch of Ella's fingers sent through him.

"Then I knew I was a captive, Pen," he had said, "a captive of Cupid. If I was only a poet, now, I could make something out of that."

Penrhyn had wanted to laugh at the time. Watson had usually been such a practical man of business that it seemed ludicrous to hear him talking in this way about love and Cupid and thrills. But now the recollection of it was not humorous. The face of the man who sat there in front of his own dressing case was very sober as he strove to recall any such thrill in his own experience.

The nearest approach to it was the sensation he had experienced that evening when the young girl from the fancy goods store in Bleecker Street had said: "Did you get it?" after he had returned from his search for an apartment for the evicted Russians. What speaking eyes she had! They had almost asked the question themselves before her lips framed it.

"Great Scott, I never got my stick!"

Penrhyn sprang up with this exclamation, a look of joy coming into his face. Here was an excuse for him to return to the neighborhood on the morrow. He could see this Miss Preble, ostensibly to inquire after his cane and the welfare of the Russians.

"But I mustn't see her!" He picked up his chair and planted it fiercely in its place against one of the windows. "I've got it bad enough as it is. I don't want to come any of the Andy Bletcher business. And mother, poor mother! It would break her heart, I think, if I made a *mesalliance*."

He began to prepare for bed with

feverish haste, as if eager for sleep to come and banish temptation. But his last waking thought was an anguished uncertainty as to whether that girl of the fancy goods store was not already a wife.

### III.

WHEN Penrhyn started for Wall Street the next morning, it was with the determination to go up to Greenwich with his father that night.

"Mother will be glad to see me," he reflected, "and a talk with her will brace me up at least to keep from being a discredit to the family."

But after reaching the office he kept putting off announcing his intentions to his father. A college friend dropped in to see him at noon, and Penrhyn bore him off to the Savarin for lunch. He had married very young, and lived in Buffalo.

"By George, Pen," he said, "I think I've got two of the 'cutest children that ever drew breath. I know this is what young fathers always say, but outsiders say the same thing of my boys. Really, I think it would be worth a trip to Buffalo for you to see those youngsters. And there's Alice—you've never met her yet. Ah, my dear fellow, you won't know what complete happiness is till you're married and settled down."

When Penrhyn got back to the office he had made up his mind he would not go to Greenwich after all. He had recollected his cane was quite a valuable one, presented to him by a friend now dead. He must really go to Bleecker Street and see if he could not obtain trace of it. This determination once formed, he found himself anticipating the expedition with a zest he had not experienced in many months.

"I wonder if it's on the forbidden fruit principle," he mused.

A friend dropped in at three to invite him to take a run up to Larchmont Manor with him and have a moonlight sail.

"Can't do it today," Penrhyn replied, and the other went away under

the impression that he had a very important engagement.

At last his father started to catch his train, and then Penrhyn started out to Broadway and up that thoroughfare to Vesey Street, where he took an Eighth Avenue car.

He meant to go straight to the fancy goods store. He knew no other place where he could inquire for his cane. He was already in sight of the sign "Arthur Preble" when some one rushed out of a corner grocery and grasped him by the arm.

Penrhyn turned round in amazement. The German with whom he had exchanged a few words the evening before stood beside him.

"It is great luck I saw you pass," he was saying. "You remember that cane you lost last night? Well, I found him. Two, three boys were carrying him off. I got him away. Come inside and I will give him you."

"Confound his meddling!" was Penrhyn's thought, but he followed the man into the store.

The German disappeared into the inner regions somewhere, but presently emerged, bearing the lost walking stick, its silver top incased in brown wrapping paper.

"I put him away for years, maybe, you see," he said, as he handed it over to the owner. "Didn't know when you might come this way again."

"Thank you," responded Penrhyn, tearing off the paper and crumpling it into a ball. He was trying to decide whether he ought to give the fellow anything or not. Suddenly the idea came to him to compromise matters by making a purchase.

"That Russian family," he began, "have you heard anything of them today? I should like to do something more for them. They seem very deserving. I wish you would send them in some potatoes, flour, and let me see, what else can I get here that they would need? You know the place?"

Penrhyn took a roll of bills from his pocket. The groceryman beamed at him, but at the same time could

not quite conceal his astonishment. While the quantities and nature of the purchases were being decided on, the Teuton murmured: "It was lucky for them the day you and the Mees Preble came across their path."

Penrhyn caught at the name eagerly.

"Whom did you say?" he asked, examining the head of his stick attentively, and appearing to be deeply interested in it, and as though he only kept up the conversation for politeness's sake.

"Why, Mees Preble. She and her father keep the fancy goods store three doors from here."

"She is not married, then," was Penrhyn's thought. He did not know whether he was glad or sorry. There was no excuse for him to visit the shop, and yet it was hard for him to leave the neighborhood without doing so. As he said nothing aloud, the groceryman proceeded to explain further:

"You must have seen her. It was you and she togeder counted out the money I collected in mein hat. She's a good girl, Louise is, and a smart one. There, thank you, sir, I'll have the boy take these around at once and say a friend sent them. Good afternoon, sir."

Penrhyn left the place very hurriedly. He felt that it was dangerous for him to stay there and listen to praises of a woman he was trying his best to forget. He had forgotten on which side of the grocery the fancy goods store was located; he hoped it was not in the direction in which he had turned. But now, looking up, he found himself in front of it. The door stood open and she was standing behind the counter, showing a card of buttons to a purchaser.

She was prettier than Penrhyn had thought her. She did not see him, and he quickened rather than slackened his pace. Louise Preble! It was an odd name. She must have many admirers among her class.

"Her class!" the words branded themselves into his mind with biting irony.

"What a ridiculous phraseology for a country like ours," he reflected. "She is an American, so am I. Why can I not——"

But the thought of his mother came to him. Class distinctions or not, he knew that his people would never forgive him if he married out of his "set." Yes, that was the word—his set. He must confine his acquaintances to that circumscribed area. If he did not find what he wanted within it, no matter; he must content himself as best he could with what he did find. There was no allowance made for individual cases. One must keep within the charmed circle or be anathematized.

Again, as on the previous day, Penrhyn found himself walking mechanically along without conscious destination. But this time he was walking in the opposite direction, and presently he reached the corner of the street on which stood the house where he had been born. With an impulse similar to the one that had possessed him on the previous occasion, he turned and walked slowly past the place.

It was sadly deteriorated. A cheap restaurant occupied the basement, and the upper floors were let out to different families in flats. There was an overpowering air of degradation and decay about the dwelling that saddened the beholder. He could just remember having lived there. Once he had been swinging on the area gate when his hand slipped and he was caught by a finger ring on one of the sharp iron spikes, and hung suspended there for an instant while his sister screamed for help. A crowd had collected, among them a woman with a child in her arms. He recalled this distinctly, for the baby had been crying loudly and he felt then that it was sympathizing with him in his agony. That baby might have been Louise Preble, he thought now. He smiled as the idea crossed his mind, and then turned past the little park at the intersection of Christopher and Fourth Streets and so on to Sixth Avenue. He bought an evening paper and

buried himself in it during the ride up town. He must keep himself more in touch with the present. This prowling about in the Ninth Ward was not good for him. He religiously read through all the society items, and by the time he reached the club was ready to discourse on the whereabouts of many mutual friends with his fellow members. But there seemed to be very few of these about tonight. Watson did not turn up, and Penrhyn ate his dinner in solitary state.

He was terribly lonely. He tried to conceal the fact from himself for a while as he sat smoking his cigar in the almost deserted reading room.

"It's my own choice," he told himself. "I'm sure I would not be having a better time in—in—well, in Newport. But every other man I know would. Why was I made different? What a slave a fellow is to his temperament, after all! Now, my judgment, my family, my friends, all say that I would do well to marry Helen Brooks. But my heart, influenced by my temperament, has to step in and say no, for you don't love her! And love is a thing one cannot very well compel."

He smoked on for a while, watching the infrequent passings up and down the avenue. Now and then one of the three horse stages came along, with its merry crowd of young people on the top. The lights from the street lamps showed that they were crowded in very closely. One stage stopped close to the pavement in front of the clubhouse. A man on the roof struck a match to light his cigar. The face of the woman next him was illuminated for the instant.

Penrhyn started. She looked like Louise Preble. He was not at all certain about it; the light was so faint and lasted for so brief an instant. But the possibility was sufficient to make him feel very uncomfortable. He decided to look things squarely in the face for a while. In the first place he asked himself if he would be contented to be sitting on the omnibus there beside Louise Preble.

There were two answers—his heart said yes—his mind no. Then was he in love with her? No, but she was a girl who interested him more than any girl he had yet met in his own set. What did he propose to do about it, then? Make a martyr of himself for the sake of his family and take the first steamer for Europe on which he could obtain passage? This would be praiseworthy from a worldly standpoint, but he could not see that it would be greatly to his credit as a man. It would certainly not make him happier than he was at present.

But on the other hand, suppose he should decide that it was all right and proper for him to encourage this penchant for Louise Preble. In what way could he go about it? He had no mutual friend who could introduce them, except possibly the grocerman. Penrhyn smiled at the thought. The good natured German did not even know his name. He might go to call on the Russian family in the hope of meeting her. But this would seem to be a subterfuge, of which he disdained to avail himself. There seemed to be no common ground of meeting. The barriers between the "sets" in this democratic nation were very high.

Penrhyn's spirits were not improved by his smoke. He went out for a stroll before going to bed, and by the time he came back to the club had almost determined to wire Helen that he would come over to Newport to make them a little visit. Then he decided it would do as well to send the message in the morning, or he could write. But the next day he was kept unusually busy at the office, and that afternoon he accepted an invitation from Watson to run out to Morristown with him and spend the night. And Ned had so much to say about the felicity of being engaged to a girl one loved with all his heart that when Penrhyn got back to New York he decided he would indefinitely put off writing that letter to Helen Brooks.

But notwithstanding, he made no more pilgrimages that month to the

Ninth Ward. This did not prevent his thoughts from frequently straying there, however. But this was more in the quiet retrospect of memory than in the eager pulsation of hope. The way to any practical realization of his musings in this direction seemed barred; and he never spoke of them, even to Watson, of whom he saw a good deal during these weeks.

"What are you going to do with yourself on the Fourth, Pen?" asked Ned one morning when they were breakfasting together.

"Haven't decided yet. They want me up at Greenwich, of course. They're going to have a big blow out, as they always do. But I haven't told them positively I'd come. I hate the noise of it."

"So do I. I tell you what, old man, let's both stay in town. You know there is an ordinance against fireworks, so I'll venture to say that the city will be quieter than the country on that day at least. What do you say? Is it a go? You can come round to our house and stay. It's about the only one open on the block, so it is sure to be peaceful around it."

Penrhyn was pleased with the idea, so it was decided by the two to pass the noisy holiday in this fashion. Of course Watson beguiled much of the time with talk of Ella, or in reading extracts from her letters.

"I believe you're in love, Pen," he suddenly observed, when he had folded up one of these documents.

"Why do you think so?"

Penrhyn looked incredulous and smiled as he put the question.

"Because you're so much quieter now than you used to be. Come now, old fellow, I wish you would engage yourself to some nice girl. That would put us more on a par with each other. I shouldn't think then that you were bored by my talking so much of Ella. You could be getting ready to tell me in return lots about—whom shall I say?"

Watson paused and looked at his friend as if he expected to see the



latter blush. But Penrhyn's color did not deepen, as he replied earnestly: "I wish I could oblige you, Ned. But don't think that you bore me. You know me well enough to realize that I would soon let you know it if that was the case."

The forenoon of their stay in town was delightful, but after their lunch at the club the weather began to grow oppressively hot. There seemed to be absolutely no breeze stirring. They tried the club, they tried all floors in the Watson mansion, and finally, about four o'clock, Penrhyn proposed that they go down to Manhattan Beach and see what the ocean could do for them.

"At any rate it can't be any hotter than it is here," he added.

"But the crowd," objected Watson. "Think of that."

"Well, they can't absorb all the breeze. Besides, it's beginning to look like rain. That will drive many of them back to town."

"All right, let's go. We can take a dip and hear some music. But it seems odd to go down to Coney Island when we stayed in town especially to be quiet."

They took the five o'clock boat, which was comparatively light, most of the people being already at the island. Storm clouds were still threatening, and the rain began to come down in torrents by the time they reached Manhattan. But Penrhyn proposed that they should not let this interfere with their swim, so they placed themselves between the pelting of Jupiter Pluvius and the buffeting of Neptune and enjoyed it hugely.

"I feel as hungry as an ox," remarked Penrhyn, as they wended their way to their bath houses. "Crowd or no crowd, I move we try to get our dinner down here."

"I'm with you," responded Watson, thinking what a story this would be to tell next winter, how he and Kent Penrhyn passed their Fourth with *hoi polloi* at Coney Island.

When they were dressed it was close to seven o'clock. All the tables were full and people were waiting

their turn, as they do in a barber shop.

"Let's go back to town," whispered Watson. "I think there's a train about this time."

But when they got around to the station the cars were just moving out.

"And I can't wait an hour longer for my dinner," declared Penrhyn. "That bath has made me ravenous."

They wandered back along the piazza, between the rows of tables, Penrhyn quoting in an undertone, with a grim smile, "Water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink."

Finally, "Let's go down and try the Brighton," suggested Watson.

It had ceased raining by this time, so they took the Marine Railway and went down to the region of Seidl. But here the state of things seemed to be as bad as at Manhattan. The tables on the piazzas were all occupied, and both men had a rooted antipathy to going into the heated dining room when their expedition had been undertaken for the express purpose of cooling off.

"But I draw the line at dining further west than the Brighton," remarked Watson, when they reached the end of the piazza.

"Here, gentlemen," said a kindly disposed waiter. "You want two places. In ze dining room there are two if you will sit at ze same table with ozers. Today that matters not, is it not?"

"I'd like to pick and choose," muttered Penrhyn.

Watson had already begun to follow the *garçon* inside. Now he turned his head to whisper over his shoulder, "But hungry men, like beggars, shouldn't be choosers."

On and on the waiter led them, as far as the other side of the room. Then he drew out two chairs from a table that seated four.

"Here, gentlemen," he said.

Penrhyn was hungry enough now to dispense with the sea breeze while he ate.

"This will do, I guess," he said to Watson; then, as he sat down, he



looked across the table and saw that his *vis-à-vis* was Louise Preble.

#### IV.

KENT PENRHYN felt that he had never been placed in such an awkward position in his life. The girl opposite him was talking with an elderly man—her father—who was on her left, and had not appeared to notice him. Just why he should have felt so embarrassed, he could not explain. He feared for one thing, that she might think he had seen her there and had come to the table on purpose.

But now she turned her head and looked at him. She recognized him at once. Penrhyn saw this, and saw too that she was undecided what to do. He felt that he had better take the matter into his own hands.

"Good evening, Miss Preble," he said. "I trust you will pardon our crowding you out of half of your table. The waiter told us it was the only thing to do today."

"We shouldn't complain. We did the same thing to those who were here before you."

She smiled as she said this, and then instantly grew grave as her eye wandered from Watson to her father. The two were fairly glaring at each other in the excess of their surprise. Penrhyn noticed this fact at the same instant.

"My friend, Mr. Watson, Miss Preble," he said, adding: "Your father, I presume. My name is Penrhyn."

Watson looked ready to drop to the floor with mystification when he heard his friend introduce himself in this fashion.

The waiter appeared at this moment, and Penrhyn ordered dinner. His usual self possession and ease of manner had quite deserted him. He felt as though every one present at the table must know the thoughts he had about this girl opposite him. But somehow he feared to address her—felt a shyness he could not remember ever to have experienced in his life before.

She and her father were talking together. Now and then he could catch a word or two, from which he gathered that they were comparing the scenes at the Island with some of Thackeray's descriptions of visits to Vauxhall in "Vanity Fair." It surprised him to find them such well read people, and then he wondered at himself for being surprised. Surely he had felt all along that Louise Preble must be an intelligent girl. Presently Mr. Preble exclaimed: "That's odd, Louise, that neither of us can think of that fellow's name."

"It begins with 'C,' I think, father," responded the girl, and she dropped her knife and fork and looked toward the ceiling reflectively.

"Well, well, with such an important character as Becky we surely ought to be able to remember the name of the man she married."

Penrhyn cut short what he was saying to Watson and turned to Mr. Preble.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, "but aren't you trying to think of Rawdon Crawley?"

"To be sure, thank you. Crawley, Rawdon Crawley, do you remember now, dear? A delightful rascal, perfectly charming."

As he added the last his eyes strayed from his daughter back to Penrhyn.

"Yes, I always admired him," rejoined the latter. "But then I am very fond of all of Thackeray's books."

"Oh, are you, indeed?" exclaimed Mr. Preble, looking pleased. "So am I. I read the whole set regularly once a year."

"But there are people—intelligent people, too," went on Penrhyn, "who declare that they cannot become interested in him."

"Yes, I have met such," and forthwith Penrhyn and Mr. Preble found themselves launched on a literary chat which left Watson and Louise at liberty to entertain themselves with their dinner or each other, as they might elect.

As Watson was extremely hungry he at first paid strict attention to his

plate. It was between courses for the Prebles, but although Louise was listening to the conversation, she did not attempt to join in it. Watson, noticing this, presently made bold to observe:

"Don't you find it pleasant, Miss Preble, staying in town as late as this? It seems to me that June is one of the most enjoyable months in New York."

"We stay in town all summer. I have never been anywhere else."

"Oh!" Watson gasped as if a bucket of cold water had been dashed over him.

"And our friends the Russians, Miss Preble?" broke in Penrhyn at this point. "Have you seen anything of them since?"

"Once I met the woman in the street. She ran up to me and took both of my hands and began jabbering away in French. Of course I couldn't tell what she said, but from the expression on her face I am sure it was good news of some sort."

"I am very glad," returned Penrhyn.

"But why should she speak French so readily if they are Russians?" inquired Miss Preble.

Penrhyn explained how frequently the French language was spoken in the land of harsh sounding syllables, and then was reminded to tell her how he had lost and recovered his cane. He mimicked the German groceryman's way of talking, using the masculine pronoun for the neuter. She manifested a quick recognition of the imitation.

"I wonder why they all do that," she said. "I have noticed it before."

Penrhyn explained the mysteries of the German genders. She was intensely interested, and sighed a little as she rejoined:

"I wish I knew German or French; some other language besides my own. It seems to make one—richer. You know both, don't you? Did you find it very hard to learn?"

"German I picked up in the country. I was sent there as a boy to study it. I think it easier than French."

Penrhyn forgot where he was for the time being. Watson sat and stared at him in silent wonderment. He had never heard his friend talk in this strain with a girl before. They had always spoken of mutual friends, or the rush of the season or where they were going for the summer; and Penrhyn had generally appeared bored, in the approved style.

Now his face was all animation, his eyes watching closely every varying expression on the countenance of her he was addressing.

"Who are these people, any way?" Watson muttered to himself.

There was no opportunity to question Penrhyn *sotto voce*. He was quite absorbed in his *vis-à-vis* and paid but little attention even to his dinner. They were on the subject of old Greenwich village now, the Ninth Ward, the most American ward in the city, Miss Preble said it was.

"I suppose they live there," reflected Watson. "Probably one of the old aristocratic families who have refused to be swept along with the up town rush."

"Are you going to stay for the fireworks?" he inquired of Mr. Preble presently.

"If it clears off we are," was the reply. "I don't rightly understand just what they're like. Seems to me fireworks are something anybody can see without paying for it, but I'm told they charge a quarter."

"Oh, the fireworks aren't much," rejoined Watson. "It is the play they give that draws the money from the crowd."

"Oh, are you talking about the fireworks?" Penrhyn broke in here. "Wouldn't you like to go?" he went on, looking from Louise to her father. "I think it has stopped raining."

"We were thinking of going," Mr. Preble responded. "We've never been, and——"

"Oh, I'll put you through all right."

Penrhyn spoke confidently, with an air of gayety Watson had not seen in him for many weeks. He began to tell of some of his experi-

ences at a Roman carnival. They were all laughing presently at his droll manner of narrating some of the adventures he had had. Watson had heard the account before, but he enjoyed listening to it again, especially as it gave him an opportunity to watch Miss Preble's eyes as they were fixed on his friend.

"Jove," he told himself, "I believe the girl's in love with Pen! The fellow has certainly kept this thing pretty dark."

When dinner was over the four strolled out to the piazza together. The rain had ceased, and Penrhyn led the way to the Marine Railway. They saw the fireworks, and after the performance was over they all returned to the city by the Bay Ridge boat. Penrhyn and Louise talked together nearly all the way. Watson was left to entertain Mr. Preble, but the latter fell asleep soon after they started. Ned would have joined in the conversation with the others, but they were not speaking on themes in which he was at home. He thrust his hands deep into his pockets and tried to amuse himself by watching the crowd, which of course was immense.

"I must get Pen to tell me all about these queer people when we leave them," he decided. "I can't find out what line the old gent's in. He's a foxy old codger."

When they arrived at the pier at the Battery the Prebles halted at the foot of the Elevated steps.

"Good night, Mr. Penrhyn," said Mr. Preble. "We take the Belt line, you know. There's a car just starting."

The two vanished in the darkness, the father hurrying the daughter away, her arm drawn through his. Penrhyn stood there at the foot of the steps looking after them.

"Come, old fellow. We don't want to miss a train."

Watson had ascended a step or two, and now turned to lay a hand on his friend's shoulder. Mechanically Penrhyn moved up the flight, but did not speak. Nor had he said anything when they had elbowed

their way through the crowd on the platform and were seated in a Sixth Avenue train.

"Who are these Prebles?" Watson began, as the cars moved off. "I never heard you speak of them before. Where do they live that they take a Tenth Avenue car home?"

Penrhyn, who had been staring into vacancy, turned his head slowly till his eyes rested on his companion's face. But there was a blank look on his own that showed he had not comprehended the question.

"I say, old man, wake up!" exclaimed Watson. "What's come over you, any way? You seem perfectly dazed. You were lively enough with that Miss Preble, though."

"I beg your pardon, Ned. I'm tired out. This quiet day of ours has been too much for me. If you don't mind I think I'll step off at the club, and not go up to your house with you."

"Oh, just as you please."

Watson, who was rather a sensitive fellow, looked a little hurt, and, pursing his lips as if to whistle, leaned back in his seat and began to study the advertisement of a steamship line opposite.

"I didn't mean to be rude, Ned, but I don't feel quite myself tonight. You know how a fellow gets sometimes, when he feels that he wants to be alone—even out of the presence of the best friend he has?"

Penrhyn had placed one hand on Watson's knee and was looking at him with a seriousness on his face that seemed out of place.

"It is all right, old man. I understand the symptoms, you know. But I don't see why they should affect you this way. It all seems to be smooth enough sailing."

"You say you understand the symptoms," Penrhyn returned, coloring. "What should you say mine were, and why do you think it should be all plain sailing?"

"I should say, my dear fellow, that you were pretty deeply in it with Miss Preble. Jove, I never saw you so devoted to any girl in the ball room. Who is she, any way,

and why haven't I heard of her before?"

"You don't know all my friends, Ned, nor I all of yours in all probability. But about the plain sailing now? What causes you to think I ought to have that?"

"Why, the very facts of the case. It's perfectly apparent to me that she cares for you."

"How do you know she does? She hasn't——"

Penrhyn stopped short and bit his lip.

"Oh, no, she hasn't told me of it," laughed Watson.

"I wasn't going to say that," resumed Penrhyn. "I was going to tell you that she had known me only a little while."

"Oh, that doesn't matter. Look at Van Kirkham and Clare Black. They became engaged after a month's acquaintance. But I was going to tell you how I knew she had a soft spot in her heart for you. I watched her eyes while you were talking to all of us. That's a sure sign—if they rest pretty often on the adored object when he isn't addressing her directly. But how long has this thing been going on, old man? You've kept mighty dark about it, and hang me if you look as happy as a lover whose affection is reciprocated should look."

"I'm not happy, Ned. I'm about as miserable as a man well can be."

Penrhyn came out with this in a burst.

"What's the matter? Pater doesn't object, does he?"

"You don't know anything about it. I wish we'd never gone to Manhattan."

Penrhyn dug his stick fiercely into the interstices of the car mat.

"Great Scott, man," Watson exclaimed under his breath, for they were slowing up for a station, "what's come over you?"

Penrhyn pressed his knee and whispered: "Wait till we get out, Ned."

They had but ten more blocks to go, and when they reached the street Watson slipped his arm

through that of his companion and said: "Now, Pen, out with it. I may be able to help you."

"I don't know about that, Ned; I don't know. It seems to me affairs of this sort are best locked up in one's own breast. I know I should never have thought of telling you of mine if you hadn't seen enough of the thing yourself to make an explanation necessary."

"If you think you'll regret it afterwards I beg of you not to say a word," said Watson, as his friend paused.

"I must speak now, Ned," Penrhyn went on, talking rapidly. "Don't you see I must? I will tell you why that sudden change came over me after parting with those people at the foot of the Elevated steps. It is because there is no certainty that I shall ever see Louise Preble again."

"Never see her again, man!" exclaimed Watson. "Why; what do you mean? You surely hadn't quarreled. What is to prevent your going around to call upon her tomorrow night? Ah, old man, I think I understand your desire to pass the summer in town."

"I can't go and call there tomorrow night, or any other night, Ned," responded Penrhyn solemnly, "because I haven't been invited."

"Why, I thought they were old friends of yours."

"No. Didn't you notice that I was obliged to tell her my name?"

"You've met them before, though, surely?"

"Once—yes, and I can understand why they didn't ask me to come and see them. Do you know where they live? Do you know what business the father is in?"

"No; I was curious to find out, but he didn't seem to be communicative." Watson's voice was full of interest; he was looking eagerly up into the face of his companion as they walked slowly through Thirty Fourth Street toward the club.

"He keeps a little fancy goods and trimming store in Bleeker Street, and they live over it. How

can they ask me to call under these circumstances? Oh, I understand it well enough! You may talk all you please about this being a democratic country with no class distinctions that ought to be recognized. But there are such distinctions, and they are recognized, by both sides, too."

"That's the reason they took the Tenth Avenue car home!" Watson had just recovered from the long breath he drew after hearing Penrhyn's revelation.

"Yes, that's the reason, and it's just the same as putting a period to our acquaintance. Come in, won't you, and sit awhile?"

They had halted at the foot of the steps leading up to the clubhouse.

"I will, Pen. I don't like to leave you alone in your present state of mind. I think I understand how it is with you now."

They went up in the elevator to Penrhyn's apartment, where the latter flung himself into a chair and began biting vindictively at the end of a cigar.

"What do you think of Miss Preble, Ned?" he began abruptly, after the other had seated himself in the window seat and had begun to circle columns of cigarette smoke above his head.

"Well, I think she's rather pretty, and she is certainly intelligent. You and she appeared to get on famously together."

"What should you think if I married her?" went on Penrhyn, adding quickly: "Mind you, I'm not stating that I intend to do this. I merely want your candid opinion of what the remarks of my friends would be likely to be in this event."

"Well, I suppose I should be very much surprised. Everybody would be. You've never been the sort of a fellow to shock people."

"Then you think my marriage with Miss Preble would shock 'our set'?"

Watson colored somewhat, then replied frankly: "Yes, I think it would, Pen."

"But ought the opinion of others to influence my own sense of what

would make me happy?" Penrhyn interjected.

"Ah, if it is going to make you happy—if you are sure of that—I wouldn't hesitate on that account. There are exceptions to every rule, you know."

"You are thinking of Andy Bletcher as not being one of the exceptions?"

"Yes, I am."

"And you consider the cases to be analogous?"

"To a certain extent, yes."

"Then your advice to me would be the old, old one of *Punch*?"

Watson did not reply at once. He blew out several wreaths of smoke, got up to knock the ashes from his cigarette, then replaced the latter in his mouth and said rather indistinctly: "Pen, old fellow, this is a case in which you must follow your own ideas of what is best for you. Anything I can say won't take out of your heart the love for this girl."

"Assuming that it is there," answered Penrhyn. "I think of my mother, of my family, Ned. I know, you know, how they would feel about a thing of this sort. It's a false idea of life, to be sure; I feel a shame for my kind when I reflect on the injustice of it. But the prejudice exists, and as long as I wasn't in very deep, I had made up my mind that I would respect it and avoid trouble. But now——"

Penrhyn broke off abruptly and rose to his feet. He took a turn or two about the room and then came over to stand beside Watson.

"Don't you see, Ned," he went on, "there's another side to this affair. Even if I did not recognize any claims my family might have on me, what could I do? These Prebles appear to be people of fine discernment. They have not asked me to call; I cannot very well go there without an invitation. Thus you see I am hemmed in on both sides."

"Then you are safe, man. You cannot commit any indiscretion, so what have you got to make you look so glum?"

"What have I got?" Penrhyn



raised his voice as he made this reply, then dropped it to an impressive undertone as he went on: "And you yourself in love?"

Watson started up, dropping the ashes from his cigarette over his waistcoat. He did not stop to brush them off, but put out his hand to rest it on his companion's arm.

"Forgive me, old fellow," he said. "I did not realize that the thing had gone as far as this."

"I did not realize myself how far it had gone till tonight." Penrhyn drew up a chair with his foot and sat in it close beside the other. The storm had cooled the air and a refreshing breeze blew in at the window. "I can scarcely account for it. You know I've been considered rather cold and heartless. I suppose that was because the right one had not come into my life to touch me yet. Now, my whole being seems hungering for companionship such as I had tonight. No girl of my own set ever appealed to me in just this way. And you yourself, Ned, said something that made me realize more keenly than ever how far it had gone. Do you remember it—about her eyes following me?"

"Yes, Pen; I thought when I spoke that it was, as I said, all plain sailing between you."

"But it isn't, Ned; you can see for yourself that it isn't, can't you? And I don't know what to do about it; I declare I don't know."

Ned Watson could scarcely realize that it was Kent Penrhyn who sat beside him. The fellow had always appeared to be so self contained, so uniformly dignified.

"Go in and win, my boy," he said now. "Let custom and conventionality go to the dogs. Be happy."

"But how? Don't you see I can't go there uninvited without subjecting myself to the risk of being grossly misunderstood? Do you suppose that that girl has any idea I want to marry her? Ah, she's proud, and so is her father. I can imagine how stubbornly they would resist having her placed in a position where she could be looked down upon by my

people. Ned, it seems hopeless to me, utterly hopeless."

Penrhyn dropped his head into his two hands.

"I don't see why it need be, old man," rejoined Watson after a brief pause. "Where there's a will there's a way."

"How about a stubborn will, though?"

Penrhyn smiled as he raised this objection.

"Love levels all ranks, you know. Hark, there's twelve chiming out from the Brick Church. I must leave you. Don't fear that I shall betray your confidence. I can't express to you how honored I feel by it. Good night, old man."

"Good night, Ned."

The two men stood for an instant, bound together by a hearty hand-clasp. Their relations seemed the reverse of what they had hitherto been. Always Penrhyn, who was of the stronger nature, had taken the lead, and Watson, who was two years younger, had looked up to him as if much more than that measure of time separated their ages. Now Penrhyn's dignity seemed to have vanished; he was as yielding clay in the hands of his friend. When the latter had gone he stood facing the closed door, murmuring to himself: "Was he right? Can I hope? How happy he is! Ah, why did not my heart follow my judgment and —"

He turned away, a flush mounted quickly to his temples; he had just realized that his wish was nearly equivalent to an insult to the woman who had won that heart. A copy of an evening paper was on his table. He took it up and turned to the steamship sailings, almost determined to go down on the morrow and engage passage by the first one on which he could secure a berth. Then he went to bed and fell asleep from utter weariness of mind.

## V.

PENRRHYN did not go to Europe that summer. When he woke up on the morning of the fifth of



July he realized that it would be cowardly as well as futile to attempt to fly from himself. He decided to stay in town till August and then go to Newport, according to his original intention. Helen Brooks would be glad to see him, and perhaps—

But he never thought further in this direction. He was trying his best to put Louise Preble out of his mind. She seemed to be utterly unattainable. He felt, however, that for the present, at least, he could en-throne no other image there. Since that Fourth of July night Watson had not spoken to him of the affair. He was evidently waiting for his friend to open the subject again himself. But Penrhyn never touched upon it.

So time went on, and the summer heat increased in power, and the letters Helen wrote were full of expressions of admiration for Kent's bravery in sticking it out in town. In his replies he stated that he fancied he could keep as cool there as anywhere, and that for the rest, the contrast between the dullness of New York and the gayety of Newport would cause him to appreciate the latter all the more when he arrived there. "I am sorry," she wrote in reply to this, "that you are compelled to make what we can offer tempting by a preparatory period of sackcloth and ashes for the sake of contrast," and Penrhyn saw that he had made a *faux pas*. But he did not trouble himself about this. In fact he troubled himself about nothing, these days. He lived from hour to hour, as it were, neither looking back to the past nor forward into the future.

With the last week in July came Watson's vacation. He had planned to go with a friend camping out in the Adirondacks. He tried to persuade Penrhyn to accompany them.

"There's no earthly reason why you shouldn't, Pen," he pleaded. "You know you can get away from the office whenever you want to."

"Admitted, but frankly, I don't care about roughing it, Ned. Besides, I am going up to Newport, you know, in a week or two."

So Watson went off without him, with some misgivings in his heart. Penrhyn's demeanor during the past three weeks had caused him moments of anxiety. He did not like, for one thing, this silence he preserved on the Preble affair. Then he had been inclined to mope off by himself in his room in the evenings, pleading an interesting novel to finish. But when Watson, once or twice, had gone up with a friend to call upon him, there was no book near him.

To be sure he had gone out of town every Sunday, to stay with friends in the country, but he had returned by an early train on Monday morning, just as if his duties tied him down with the busiest.

"Poor chap," Watson reflected. "He's got a bad case. I wish I could do something to help him. It's very unfortunate he didn't fall in love with Helen Brooks."

When Watson had gone, Penrhyn found himself with the prospect of being absolutely alone in town for a few days. His father was staying at Greenwich for a week. There was scarcely a soul at the club, no one whom Penrhyn knew, and for the first time that summer he found himself without a specific invitation to go out of town for Sunday. To be sure, there were several homes open to him—places where he had perfect liberty to go and come when he pleased. But when Friday night came round he decided that he would best enjoy remaining where he was. He had never passed a midsummer Sunday in the city. He was anxious to undergo the novel sensation of the experience.

On Saturday night he went down to the concert at the Madison Square Garden. He had been there several times with Watson; but now he went alone. He took his place in one of the arena seats and watched the people, contrasting them with the sort he had seen in the same building at the Horse Show and other gatherings during "the season." Nearly all were in pairs, mostly young men and women. There was

not a single familiar face in the throng.

When the first intermission came, and almost everybody got up to promenade around the floor, Penrhyn remained where he was, his eyes fixed on the panorama of humanity unreeling before him. Suddenly he started slightly. Here at last was a face he recognized—two of them—Louise Preble and her father.

Penrhyn half rose from his chair to go down and join them, no more able to resist the temptation than to cease his breathing. But a second glance showed him that there were three in their party, the other member a young man walking on the further side of Louise, talking to her with animation. He was a pleasant looking fellow, apparently a little older than herself. Mr. Preble seemed to be listening to what he was saying with as much interest as his daughter.

Penrhyn kept his eyes fixed on the group as they slowly made the circuit of the hall, and then located them at the table where they finally took seats. Louise kept looking at her programme except when the young man spoke to her; then she would put it down and listen to him till her father joined in the talk, when she would once more begin to read. During the playing she watched the leader attentively, now and then putting up her hand as if to enjoin silence between her companions. There was a vacant place at their table. Why shouldn't he go down and occupy it? He had decided long since that he was not going to let class distinctions stand in the way of his happiness; he had been equally determined not to force himself upon the Prebles. Now that he had met them again it was natural that he should go up and speak to them. As for the presence of that young man, he might be a brother, a cousin, or perhaps a suitor for Louise's hand. If the latter was the case it was best that Penrhyn should know the fact at once; the sooner the better. While the piece preceded the next intermission was being

played he rose and walked down among the tables till he reached the one at which the Preble party were seated.

Louise saw him first. A light came into her eyes which set his heart to beating violently. She spoke quickly to her father, whose brow darkened perceptibly. But he said "Good evening," in a sufficiently cordial manner, and then presented "Mr. Crocker." No one had asked Penrhyn to be seated, and he remained standing behind the vacant chair, his hands on the back of it.

"How are you enjoying the concert, Miss Preble?" he began.

"It is beautiful," she replied. "I am so fond of music. The Faust selection was charming, and that movement from Schubert's symphony."

"I don't like any of it as well as a brass band playing the Anvil Chorus," broke in Mr. Preble. "Don't you agree with me, Horace?"

He put his hand on Crocker's shoulder and roused him from the sort of lethargy into which Penrhyn's advent had thrown him.

"Yes, oh yes, you're quite right, Mr. Preble," he replied now, and then his eyes went back to Penrhyn, who was still talking earnestly with Louise.

"Have you heard many of the new operas, Miss Preble?" he asked.

"No, I have never heard an opera in my life," she answered. "But I have read about them, and heard selections from them in concerts like this. Of course I should love to see a performance, but then I sometimes think it is better as it is. You know if the singers did not happen to be very fine my illusion would be shattered."

"I wish I might see you at your first opera, Miss Preble." Penrhyn spoke impulsively. "I mean at such a performance as we had last winter at the Metropolitan. I think there would be no shattered illusions then."

"You go a great deal, I suppose?" she said.

"About twice a week, but I am sorry to say I do not always have

the opportunity to listen to the music as attentively as I should like to do, How are our Russians getting along, Miss Preble?"

"I have seen nothing of them lately. It is possible they may have moved out West."

"Your friend, Mr. Watson, where is he tonight?" here broke in Mr. Preble.

"Oh, he has gone up to the Adirondacks on a camping out trip."

"And you did not go along? You are going to remain in the city all summer, are you?"

Penrhyn fancied there was a note of sharpness in Mr. Preble's voice as he put the question.

"Oh, no. I am going to Newport next month," he replied, and he imagined he saw an expression of relief come into Mr. Preble's face.

"To Newport!" exclaimed Crocker. "Have you ever been there before?"

"Oh, yes, I go there almost every year."

"It is very—very nice there, isn't it?" went on the young man.

He was looking at Penrhyn steadily now, taking in every detail of his dress, from his low, broad collar and puff scarf to his patent leather Oxford ties.

"Yes, it is pleasant if one has friends among the cottagers."

"And you have plenty of those, I suppose?" the other went on.

"Oh, yes; I am going to stay at the house of one of them."

"What is Newport like?" broke in Louise. "I always imagine it to be a series of beautiful homes fronting on the ocean, with all the yachts lying at anchor in front of them, and handsome carriages driving back and forth on a broad avenue between."

"Oh, no, it is not at all like that," returned Penrhyn, and he thereupon proceeded to describe the location of the harbor near the old town, thinking, as he talked, how he would delight to have his attentive listener for a traveling companion when he went there next month. Before he finished the music struck up again.

"Won't—won't you sit down?" said Louise.

He stepped around to the front of the chair across which he had been leaning, and during the rendering of the rest of the programme thought not of his family's prejudices, nor of the little store in Bleeker Street, nor of the two men behind him—his entire attention was enchained by the music and *her* face. She was sitting so that he could see this as he looked toward the conductor's stand. He marveled anew at the lines of culture and refinement he found in it, and then called himself a cad for marveling.

"Why shouldn't Bleeker Street be as refined as Fifth Avenue?" he said to himself. And then the music ceased, and they two spoke about the beauty of it, and he told her something of the composer, and she listened with her eyes fastened steadily on his face in a fashion that seemed to electrify all his nerves.

As in a dream he heard Mr. Preble say, "Won't you join us?" and summoned the waiter, but Penrhyn shook his head and put up his hand as the band struck up again. Never before had beer appeared to him so incompatible with music.

When the final note of the last piece died away and there was a pulling back of chairs and a general uprising, Penrhyn felt as though he was about to be roused from some beatific vision.

"We shall go out into the street now," he told himself. "They will say good night under the arcade and will not ask me to call, and it will be a chance if ever I see her again, as it was chance that I saw her these last two times."

He felt as if he could not bear this now, as though he was not able to stand the separation just yet. They had all risen and were moving toward the door. Crocker had dropped back and was asking Louise how she had enjoyed the concert.

Penrhyn's thoughts were flying at a gallop, trying to devise some scheme by which he could continue in the present company.

"Mr. Preble," he said suddenly, "won't you and your party come with me to Delmonico's for a little supper? It's close by and I should be very glad to have you with me."

Mr. Preble hesitated for an instant, then replied:

"Thank you, Mr. Penrhyn, I have heard so much of Delmonico's, but have never been there. We won't—I suppose at this season of the year we shan't meet any of the Four Hundred there?"

"Oh, no, you are quite safe, I assure you," laughed Penrhyn, not quite sure what was exciting his mirth, but feeling so elated over having won his point that he was ready to laugh at anything.

"Louise," said Mr. Preble, when they reached the street, "Mr. Penrhyn has invited us to Delmonico's with him. We will lead the way. You and Horace follow on."

If this disposition of escorts was disappointing to Penrhyn, he did not allow the fact to be apparent. For the present he was living wholly on the memory of the past hour—of what he had read, or thought he had read, in Louise Preble's eyes. He was content, for the moment, to let the present and the future take care of itself, while he reveled in the thought that this woman cared for him.

Arrived at the restaurant he disposed of his guests to suit himself, Louise on his right hand, her father on his left, and Crocker opposite. The latter was the member of the party most visibly impressed by the unaccustomed environment. There were but few people present. It was the very height of the dull season. Penrhyn noticed a look of surprise on the face of one of the waiters, who knew him, when he saw them come in. He remembered what Helen Brooks had said a few weeks before, when she proposed a ride down Fifth Avenue atop of one of the stages: "Mrs. Grundy goes out of town the first of June, you know."

Mr. Preble certainly enjoyed that supper to the full from the gastronomical point of view. Louise was listening most of the time to Pen-

rhyn. Mr. Crocker was apparently too much overawed and afraid of doing the wrong thing to do more than look uncomfortable and watch his host for "points."

At last there was no excuse for lingering longer. Penrhyn rose and they all went out into the summer night.

"Let me see," said Mr. Preble, when they reached the sidewalk, "we want to walk down to Eighteenth Street and take the blue car. Good night, Mr. Penrhyn, I suppose you go up. We are very much obliged for the supper."

"If you will allow me I will walk down to Eighteenth Street with you and take the blue car across to Sixth Avenue."

Penrhyn was next to Louise as he spoke; he maintained his position and they started off four abreast. Louise looked over at the Square and said she thought this was the most beautiful part of New York.

"I am so proud of having been born in this city," she added. "It seems that very few can claim that distinction. Nearly everybody seems to have come here."

"I was born here," returned Penrhyn, "and in the Ninth Ward, not far from where you live. In fact, that is how I happened to meet you. I was down there wandering about for the sake of old times."

"I have never lived anywhere else. It is very pretty up town, though; along the Riverside Drive."

Penrhyn was about to invite her to take a drive with him there some time during the following week when he recollected that he could not do this when he was not on calling terms. They boarded the car, which bowled along all too quickly toward Sixth Avenue.

"Good night," said Penrhyn, rising and lifting his hat.

He held out his hand to Louise.

"Thank you very much for this evening's enjoyment," she said.

"Good night, Mr. Penrhyn," added the father. "You'd better hurry if you want to catch the next train. I hear one coming."

A moment later Penrhyn was bounding up the stairs to the Elevated station as though he was in desperate haste. But when he reached the top he allowed the cars to pass on before he walked through and dropped his ticket in the box. He turned to the north end of the platform and looked down Fourteenth Street. He could see the blue light of the car he had left.

"Horace Crocker is talking to her now, I suppose," he mused. "I wonder what they have in common. They're neighbors, very likely. And I shall not see her again. I can't go there. They've no place to receive me, or they think they haven't. Why wasn't I born the son of a small Hudson Street tradesman?"

He boarded his train, which came along at this moment, and took his seat opposite a party of men wearing yachting caps. They had evidently come straight up from the Battery. They had been to Newport. He heard them talking of the cliffs, of a ball at the Casino, of a lawn tennis tournament.

"They are normal," Penrhyn said to himself enviously. "They take enjoyment in the things that naturally fall to their lot. I want something I can't have. But why can't I have it? Louise Preble likes me. I could see that. What stands between? I could make her happy, I feel sure of it, and as for the father, I have enough to pension him off comfortably for the rest of his life. Louise and I could go to Europe. Together we could wander over the lands she so longs to see, and——"

"Thirty Third Street," called out the guard.

Once more Penrhyn's dream of bliss was broken in upon. How could he even try to win this woman for his wife without the liberty to call upon her?

## VI.

"WHAT an idiot I was," Penrhyn said to himself the next morning. "Why didn't I ask her where she went to church?"

It was a fearfully hot day. The

pavements seemed almost to scorch the feet. Penrhyn went out about half past twelve and walked up Fifth Avenue, so crowded at this hour during the season, now only dotted here and there with a single pedestrian clinging to the stoop line in quest of a little shade. He experienced an odd sensation in reflecting that in all that great native town of his that day the only persons he knew were the Prebles, and these he had no right to go and see.

He did not walk far. The heat was too intense. He thought of the cool piazzas up at the homestead in Greenwich, of the glad welcome his small nephew always gave him when he went there.

"It's selfish for me to mope here by myself," he murmured, and then his mind went off to Newport, to the Brooks villa—thinking of the supreme comfort attainable there. He saw mentally the corner of the porch looking off to sea, Helen's mandolin lying against the stone work of the house, she swinging in the hammock watching him as he played with Tramp, the terrier.

"I can be there next Sunday," he told himself as he wiped the perspiration from his forehead. "Helen will be glad to see me. We always get on well together, and if—if I am there perhaps I can succeed in putting out of my mind that which causes me so much disquiet. And that will be better for all concerned."

But Penrhyn knew well, by experience, the instability of these resolutions of his. By the time his solitary dinner was concluded and he was planning how he should pass the afternoon, an almost unconquerable impulse took possession of him to go down to the old Greenwich Village neighborhood. He put it to himself that there were some streets in the quarter that he wished to explore. But he knew that there was in his heart the hope that he would meet Louise Preble.

"I have no right to see her now, though," he argued. "She is engaged, or the next thing to it, I fancy, to that Crocker."



Then he would recall the pleasant talk they had had at the Garden the previous evening.

"I must find out for certain whether or not she *is* engaged to that man," he told himself.

He rose, threw off his smoking jacket, and went to the closet to get a coat, meanwhile revolving in his mind two or three expedients for securing an interview with Mr. Preble.

"Yes," he reasoned, "that is the proper way of approach in a case like this. I must go to the father, announce my intentions, and secure from him permission to pay my attentions to his daughter. It seems a bit old fashioned, but then customs in old Greenwich Village ought to be somewhat antiquated, to be in accord."

He had decided on the coat and taken it down when there was a knock at the door. He found a servant with a telegram for him. It was from his brother Murray, announcing that their mother had had a partial stroke of paralysis at church that morning.

"I wonder if this is the finger of fate," mused Penrhyn, as he stood still for an instant looking at the yellow sheet in his hand.

Then he remembered a train that he might possibly catch, flung on his coat and hurried off through the heat to the Grand Central Station.

"Poor mother," he said to himself, as the cars bore him swiftly along the familiar way. "I am afraid I have not fulfilled all my duties to her of late."

Many times the question came up in his mind whether he was likely to see her alive. He took out Murray's dispatch more than once to go over it and try to read between the lines. There had as yet been no death in their immediate family. Penrhyn had sent a message from the waiting room announcing the train he would take. He leaned far out of the window and looked ahead when they approached his station. He saw Murray in the dog cart waiting for him. Prince was shying a little at the cars. Murray was managing him admir-

ably, and somehow this fact caused Penrhyn to feel that he had not come too late.

"How is mother?" were his first words as he hurried out and sprang into the seat by a dexterous leap without waiting for the restive animal to stand quite still.

"Better," was Murray's reply, and then he let Prince out, and they bowled rapidly over the smooth roads, making a breeze even on that sultry day.

Penrhyn heaved a sigh of relief and then asked for the particulars. While Murray was giving them he noted how his brother had improved. He had not seen him before since the Christmas holidays, when, in Kent's opinion, the younger Penrhyn had been inclined to be "fresh." Now he seemed a manly fellow, and Kent felt that here was a member of the family who would not disappoint that family's expectations.

"What crazy notion is this of yours, Kent," Murray went on, when he had finished his account, "of passing the summer in town? It is rather an awkward thing for us to explain to people. They all seem to think there is something behind it. Mother has worried over it, I know."

"Well, there will be no more occasion for that," was Penrhyn's quiet reply. "I expect to go to Newport this week, if mother is well enough."

"To the Brooksies, I suppose?"

Murray looked around at him with a peculiar expression.

"Yes," answered his brother sententially, and watched the half smile which seemed struggling to show itself under the other's dawning mustache.

The old place looked beautiful when they turned in at the stone gateway. As they drove up to the piazza Penrhyn recalled that that very morning he had been thinking how comfortable he could be there. And yet he might have enjoyed this comfort all summer long, had he so elected.

His small nephew was beaming at sight of his tall uncle, the mother standing by ready to repress any too

exuberant welcome with a warning finger pointing to a room above. A few minutes later Penrhyn sat here by the bedside.

"Ah, my son, my oldest boy, I wonder if you realize how glad I am to have you here!"

Kent's heart smote him. How very, very fond of him his mother was, and he had seen her last, when?—nearly two months before, and scarcely twenty miles between them!

"I am anxious about you, my son," the mother went on. "I cannot help it. You have seemed so restless of late, and I fear that you are not happy. I wish, Kent, sometimes, I wish that you were married and settled down, even though that might rob me of you."

As she spoke, Mrs. Penrhyn, who was stroking Kent's hand, looked at him earnestly.

"Yes, mother," he replied softly, "I sometimes think myself that that would be best."

"And your staying in that hot city through the summer—that has caused me some uneasiness."

"It need do so no longer, mother. If you are well enough I shall go to Newport this week."

A gleam of relief, of happiness, came into the sick woman's face.

"Ah, my boy," she said, "you are not going to disappoint me after all, I see." She drew his head down and kissed him on the forehead; then the nurse came in and said she should try to get some sleep. And Penrhyn went down stairs and passed the rest of the afternoon with his sister and her children in that shady nook on the piazza to which his thoughts had turned so longingly that very morning.

He experienced a greater content than he had known for some time. He spoke a good deal about his contemplated visit to Newport. He asked his sister if she thought their mother would be well enough for him to start the next day.

"Your coming has greatly improved her, Kent, I think," was Mrs. Stoddard's reply. "You had better stay a day or two in any event."

So he stayed. Mrs. Penrhyn grew rapidly better. Kent had several confidential chats with her.

"I am so glad you are going to Newport," she said in one of these.

There was no mistaking why she was glad. Penrhyn wished he could go directly to Rhode Island without returning to New York. But there were several things he wanted from his room at the club, and on Wednesday he went down there. But he took Murray with him. Somehow he felt it would be safer for him thus. Then, too, he was proud of the boy.

He was glad that Watson was out of town. He hoped he had forgotten a certain conversation held on the Fourth of July night. Murray spoke of running down to Manhattan Beach, but Penrhyn substituted Sea Bright, where he had many friends. On Thursday night he left on the Puritan.

## VII.

"WELL, I didn't win my wager, did I? You stuck it out longer than I thought you would. And yet you seem very glad to be here. Frankly, Kent, I never saw you so enthusiastic over Newport before."

"Do I seem glad to be here, Helen? Well, I am. This is certainly luxurious."

Penrhyn was in the hammock, with Helen on the low chair where he could watch her face as she bent over some new fangled embroidery frame. Their positions were the reverse of the ones his fancy had pictured on Sunday, but Helen had declared he looked utterly fagged out and must take the swinging couch.

"Now what have you been doing with yourself all these weeks?" she went on. "Have you been out to see the Belway belles?"

"Not once," he answered. "I positively haven't a scrap of news to tell you. Watson and I were together most of the time."

"And I can imagine what his principal topic of conversation was,

I should love to hear how men talk together about their sweethearts."

"Sweethearts!" repeated Penrhyn quickly.

"I am speaking generally now. He was able to give you a number of points, I dare say."

"Do you think I need them, Helen?"

"Ah, well, you are popularly regarded as possessing rather an adamant heart, you know. In fact, to be very frank with you, Kent, I can't imagine you deeply in love."

"Why? What attributes do I lack to be capable of putting myself in that beatific condition?"

"Beatific? Do you believe, then, that love is always a synonym for happiness?"

Helen looked up from her work and met her friend's eyes. He had put out his hands to one of the piazza pillars and stopped the swinging of the hammock.

"No, of course I don't. I was speaking generally, too. Please go back and answer my question. Why do you think I am not capable of loving?"

"Ah, I didn't say that. I said that I couldn't imagine your ever being deeply in love. You appear to be too self sufficient——"

Helen stopped suddenly, and laughed, a little nervously, even though Penrhyn was such an old friend.

"I don't mean that in the offensive sense, Kent," she added after an instant. "I didn't think of the double signification when I spoke."

"You are pardoned, Helen. But go on, please; I am all impatience. 'Too self sufficient,' item one. Well, what next?"

"You are hurt, Kent. I can see that you are by the way you speak. Let's change the subject."

"Not for worlds. And I am not in the least hurt. On the contrary, I am intensely interested. Go on; please do."

Penrhyn had raised himself in the hammock and was now leaning forward, his head over Helen's shoulder. She did not lift her eyes to meet his,

now that they were so close to her. She seemed quite concerned about a skein of her embroidery silk which had become entangled with one of its fellows. She made no reply, but Penrhyn saw that her color had increased a little. He bent still further forward till his lips almost touched her ear.

"Helen," he said, and the difference in his tones caused the flush to deepen rapidly, "won't you give me the right to prove that I have a heart that can love? Shan't we be something more to each other than very good friends?"

She turned her head slowly toward him. And there was not confusion, shyness, but surprise in the look she gave him.

"One minute, Kent," she said, as he seemed about to add something. "I want a moment to think before you say anything more. I suppose it would sound conventional for me to tell you that this is so sudden. You must realize yourself that between us two, who have been almost like brother and sister, this suggestion of another relationship is more of—a thing to get used to than if we had known each other a few months. Do you understand what I mean, Kent?"

"Yes, Helen, but your answer. Don't forget that you haven't given me that yet."

"I can't give it to you now, Kent. I told you I must have time to think."

"To think? You must know, Helen, whether you love me or not."

"Of course I love you, Kent. It is a love born of constant association with one who has always been so good to me as you have been, but then whether it is a love such as a woman should feel for a man who is to become her husband—that is what I ask for time to feel sure about."

"But if I am willing to take it on trust?"

"No, Kent, we don't want to make any mistakes. Let everything go on just as it has been going. We must not have our friendship spoiled, no matter what the outcome."

"But how long do you wish to

take to decide, Helen? A day or two?"

"Oh dear no, longer than that. Remember it is making a decision for a lifetime. But come, there is William with the carriage. I must go and get ready for our drive."

When he was left alone Penrhyn stepped to the edge of the piazza, and, resting an arm against one of the pillars, fixed his eyes on a speck of a sail far out at sea. It seemed to him that all was chaos about him, as though waves were tossing him hither and thither, and that only by keeping his gaze fastened on something tangible could he find his bearings. Helen's answer, putting him on probation as it were, was a blow that he had in no wise anticipated. Resolutely, for the past four days, he had kept Louise Preble out of his mind, had as persistently put it upon Helen, and when he met the latter he had felt that he could carry out his mother's wishes with all his heart. But this hesitation of Helen's puzzled and troubled him. What did it mean? If she had refused him outright, he would not have been so greatly surprised.

Could she possibly suspect an attachment of his that had kept him in New York? With the thought of this came a rush of recollections to his mind of Louise's face as he had talked to her of music at the concert, how her eyes had followed him when they had met at Manhattan, of the pressure of her hand when he had parted from her only last Saturday night in the street car.

"This is what I want Helen to save me from," he groaned inwardly. "And she would have done it if things had gone otherwise! With the consciousness that she loved me this other hopeless love would have been driven out."

Helen returned now and announced herself ready for the drive. She was her old gay self while they were out, setting Penrhyn an example of the way in which she wished him to comport himself. And so it was for the two weeks of his stay in Newport. They drove, read, walked and

danced together; people remarked how well suited they were to each other, and some of their friends even began to plan among themselves what their wedding gifts should be. It was a gay season at the famous watering place. Penrhyn was in much demand to lead Germans and manage amateur entertainments. He threw himself into them all with an abandon that of late years had not characterized him.

Sometimes he told himself that it was not right for him to stay on at the Brookses' under the circumstances. And he ventured to mention the matter to Helen.

"That is the very thing I hoped would not occur to you," she replied. "If you are going to feel that way perhaps I had better say no at once, and then we can go back to the old footing."

"No, Helen, don't throw me off. If you knew how much I depend on you, you would not speak of doing that from very pity's sake."

And Penrhyn's whole heart was in these words. Helen, he felt, was the only one who could save him from the despair of a hopeless attachment. He stayed on until late in August, when he had promised to go back to Greenwich and spend a week with his mother before joining the Beekmans at the Profile House—which he had agreed to do when he declined to go abroad with them. The Brookses were to return to New York in October.

"If you still want me then, Kent," Helen said, when he once more broached the probation just before they parted, "I will give you my answer."

"If I still want you, Helen?" he repeated. "You seem to doubt me. Is it I, then, and not yourself, you are placing on trial?"

"I said I wanted to be sure, Kent," she said evasively.

During the trip back on the Pilgrim, Penrhyn asked himself if he had been to blame for the unsatisfactory condition in which his affair with Helen was left.

"What shall I tell mother?" he

wondered. Ought he to have been more ardent in his wooing? But Helen had given him no chance for this. She had stopped him just as he had been about to say more. He must ask his mother to wait. He would not tell her all the circumstances. It was enough that he should have them to worry over himself.

On reaching New York he went directly to the office. In the course of the day one of the clerks came to him and said: "Mr. Kent, a man was in here to see you twice while you were away. He seemed very anxious to have an interview with you, but would not leave his name or state the nature of his business. Clark saw him the first time he came and simply told him you were out. He came again in a few days, and I saw him and told him you were away from the city and would not be back until after the twentieth."

"What sort of a fellow was he?" asked Penrhyn, knitting his brows.

"He was about twenty three, I take it; fairly good looking, with black hair and a light mustache."

"I can't think who it can be," and Penrhyn dismissed the matter from his mind for the moment.

He did not think of it again until he was seated in the train late that day on his way to Greenwich.

"Who could that fellow be?" he asked himself. "Black hair, small mustache, and about twenty three."

He mentally ran over all the people with whom he had come in contact of late. Suddenly the man's identity struck him.

"It was that Crocker, Louise Preble's lover. What could he have wanted with me?"

The thought of this man brought Louise back to him vividly. He tried to bar her out of his heart. He felt he had no right to revel in memory; but he found himself powerless. Before he realized it he was planning to go to the little store in Bleeker Street as soon as he returned to the city the next day, to inquire what he could do for Mr. Crocker, merely in the hope of seeing Louise. He de-

spised himself for his weakness, and rejoiced to see his mother in the carriage that met him at the station. Her presence would tone him up to the honorable attitude he ought to assume.

He talked to her very volubly of the pleasant visit he had had in Newport. He wanted to tell so much that there would be nothing left for her to ask questions about. She watched him closely as he talked. He saw that she was trying to read between the lines, as it were. Then when he could think of nothing more to tell, she asked: "And you have nothing to confide to me, to me alone perhaps, my son?"

"Not yet, mother, not quite yet," he replied, feeling like a culprit as he recalled his emotions a few minutes before in thinking of Louise Preble.

But Mrs. Penrhyn appeared to derive encouragement from his response, and declared that with her mind freed from worry concerning his future she was confident that she would regain her ordinary standard of health.

The next day Penrhyn felt that he had gained a point when he arrived at the office without going out of his way to stop at Bleeker Street. He started a letter to Helen. He had written the first page when Walker appeared at the door of his private office.

"The man I was speaking to you about yesterday is here again," he said.

Penrhyn repressed a start, completed the word he was writing, then said: "Ask him to send in his name, please, Walker."

"He did. It is Crocker."

"Then show him in here." Penrhyn took the letter to Helen and put it in one of the drawers of his desk. This he locked, he hardly knew why. Then he got up to meet his caller.

The latter was plainly ill at ease. He kept looking down at his derby, which he held in one hand.

"I don't know whether you remember me or not, Mr. Penrhyn,"



he said. "I have been here two or three times to find you."

"Yes, so I understood," replied Penrhyn. "Won't you sit down?"

As the fellow seemed so manifestly embarrassed he made no attempt to shake hands with him.

"Thank you. I can only stop a few minutes. You see I work in a printing office around in William Street, and we only have an hour at noon. You remember where you met me, don't you, Mr. Penrhyn?"

"Yes, very distinctly. At the Madison Square Garden with the Prebles."

"Yes, a fine concert, wasn't it?" Crocker smiled in a solemn, mechanical way, as though rejoicing in the discovery of this little oasis of the commonplace where he could rest a moment before going on to the reason for his call.

"Yes, I enjoyed it very much. Are Mr. and Miss Preble well?"

"Yes, thank you, very well. It was about Miss Preble I came to see you."

Crocker brought this out in quickened tones, as though fearful if he did not take advantage of the opening the other's question afforded him he would not have the courage to make one for himself.

"You came to see me about Miss Preble?" Penrhyn felt that his aspect of surprise was extremely well counterfeited. He glanced at the drawer wherein he had locked the letter to Helen, as if to gain strength therefrom for the ordeal which he felt might be before him.

"I didn't like to do it," the other went on, "but—" here he stopped and glanced at the door beside which he sat and which stood half open.

Penrhyn understood him, and rising, stepped over and closed it.

"Now, Mr. Crocker," he said, when he had resumed his seat.

Crocker started to say something, then paused, cleared his throat, and finally dropped his hat on the floor, and picking up his chair moved it closer to Penrhyn.

"I don't know whether you knew or not, Mr. Penrhyn," he began,

"that—that I was keeping company with Louise Preble. There isn't anybody on this earth, or out of it either, that I think more of than I do of her. I know I'm not worthy of her, that she's way above me in lots of things, but she's been nicer to me than she has to any other fellow. Her father likes me, too, and it's always been understood that we should marry. But I'd never said anything to her about it till two weeks ago, one Saturday night. And she said no, that she didn't love me."

Crocker stopped suddenly. Although it was not an especially warm day, the perspiration stood out heavily upon his face. He took out his handkerchief to wipe it away, and then looked at Penrhyn as though he expected the latter to say something.

"I am sorry for you, my dear fellow, but what can I do for you?"

Something like a flash came into Crocker's eyes when he heard this. He stuffed his handkerchief back into his pocket and leaned forward to rest one hand for an instant on Penrhyn's knee.

"I came to you, Mr. Penrhyn," he said, "because I think that you have something to do with Louise's going back on me."

Penrhyn straightened up in his chair, pushing the latter on its casters so far back in the movement that Crocker's hand fell from his knee.

"Mr. Crocker," he said, "I think you are forgetting yourself."

The Penrhyn blood was blue, but that of the Southards, inherited through his mother, was still bluer, and this now surged up in Penrhyn's soul in resentment at the imputation.

"No, I'm not, Mr. Penrhyn." Now that Crocker was fairly launched, he no longer hesitated for words. "I knew all I was taking on myself when I decided to come to you. I didn't want to do it. You can believe that, but I couldn't think of any other way I could get help out of my trouble."

"But I don't understand," broke in Penrhyn. "I can't see how I can help you. Besides, what have I got

to do with it, any way? I have seen Miss Preble at most only three or four times in my life."

"You don't understand?" repeated the other. "I beg your pardon, sir, for taking up so much of your time, but you see this is something that concerns the whole of my life. I will tell you what I mean now. I never thought much about you and Louise, except it seemed kind of strange that you should want to talk to her the way you did that night at the concert. Not but what Louise is fit for the best in the land to talk to, but it seemed to me you would want somebody more — more like yourself — somebody that went to operas, and Newport, and had money, and all that. Well, as I say, I didn't think any more about it till that night when we were walking across Madison Square — we had been to the concert again — and Louise said she didn't love me. And I asked her if it was because she thought more of somebody else than she did of me, and she didn't answer, only looked down at the ground. And I felt her arm tremble in mine."

The fellow paused here. He looked at Penrhyn appealingly. But the latter said nothing. He sat there gazing at the suffering man before him. Then Crocker resumed.

"I knew Louise was of the sort that could not even act a falsehood. I thought of you right away. I don't know what made me do it, except I had just been at the place where I met you. I was filled with an awful rage."

"I know who it is, Louise," I said. "It is that fellow we met at the Garden the last time we were there. He was talking music to you, and you never looked at me or thought of me once while he was around. But do you suppose he will ever marry you? You know he isn't our sort."

"I told her this, like the brute I was. I hardly knew what I said, I was so disappointed, so angry."

"He is a gentleman, at any rate," she replied, and I saw I had made a bad matter worse. We walked home

with scarcely a word between us, and since then she has treated me in that cold, polite way that 'most breaks a fellow's heart. And so I've come to you, just desperate, to find out if you can't do something for me."

"Why, my dear man, what on earth *can* I do for you?"

Penrhyn wondered that he was able to speak in this light tone. There was a tempest of mingled joy and agony raging in his breast at hearing the intimation that Louise Preble cared for him. Helen, his mother, both were forgotten while for one delicious moment he reveled in the knowledge that there was a reciprocity of affection between him and the first woman who had ever deeply touched his heart.

"I don't know how you can help me, Mr. Penrhyn," replied Crocker. "Only it seemed to me if I came to you and found out that if you didn't care anything for Louise I could hope that some time she could learn to care for me. And — and another thing. Maybe you are interested in somebody else. If she could only know this it might help me. Don't you think it might? I know I'm taking an awful liberty, but when a man thinks as much of a girl as I do of Louise he's ready to do anything." Crocker rose and went back to pick up his hat. Then he turned towards Penrhyn again for his answer.

"I can't deny," the latter said, "that I am astonished at your coming here. I can't see that you are justified in supposing that I take any deep interest in Miss Preble, or she in me. As to sending any message, that is quite out of the question."

Crocker stood listening to this with a species of resigned look on his face as though to be spoken to in this way were an expiation, the calm endurance of which would only hasten his troubles to their end, and the sooner bring him his reward.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Penrhyn. Maybe I shouldn't have done it, but my mind does feel relieved now

that I have had this talk with you. Good morning, sir. I am much obliged."

Crocker turned to the door, opened it, and passed out. Penrhyn did not get up, did not make any reply to his parting words, but sat there in his revolving chair, gazing steadily at the place where his visitor had been standing, as though he saw him there yet. And yet he was not thinking of him at all. It was Louise Preble who filled his mind to the exclusion of all else. He seemed to see her beckoning him to her, to hear her say that she loved him, that it was destiny's decree that their two lives should be united into one.

He understood readily enough the cause of this. That Crocker, a third party, should have spoken to him on the matter showed that there had been something noticeable in Louise's demeanor toward him. This was all the encouragement his heart needed to burst all bonds and revel in the felicity of returned affection. And for a while he thought of little else. Then came the recollection of Helen, of the peculiar relations in which he stood to her. With these existing, every thought of Louise was a dishonorable one. He despised himself as he had never thought a Penrhyn could despise one who bore the name.

"The fool, to come to me with such a story!" he muttered. His mind had reverted to Crocker as the person most largely responsible for his own present disquietude. "It was an insult. I should have resented it as such at the outset."

He turned to his desk, took out the unfinished letter to Helen and endeavored to complete it. But his brain was in such a commotion that he could think of nothing to put down but his own misery.

"What if I told her all?" he said to himself. "But no, I can't bring myself to do that. She would lose all respect for me. I must fight this thing down. I thought I had done it once. The letter can wait."

He placed it away again, put on

his hat and went out to make a business call. He met some friends who invited him to go yachting with them down the bay. He wanted distraction, and accepted. He sent word by his father to Greenwich that he would not be home that night. He threw himself into the passing pleasure of the moment with all his soul. He was the life of the party, and when he got back to his room at the club late that night he was so tired that he fell asleep before he had a chance to think.

The next morning at breakfast he determined that he would finish that letter to Helen as soon as he reached the office. By careful watching of himself he could keep the thought of Louise from obtruding. He would do the honorable thing. He did not see how he could ask Louise to marry him in any case now, even had he not plighted himself to Helen. He could not come between her and this man who had confided in him.

On his desk was a pile of letters, on the top one in a square envelope on which he recognized Helen's hand. He was surprised to see it. Naturally he thought she would have waited till he had written announcing his safe arrival. But he did not hurry to open it. He was very deliberate about it. He put his hat away, changed his coat, and then sat down to glance over the superscriptions on the other envelopes; then finally he picked up Helen's, leaned back in his chair, and cut off the end. There were but a few lines inside:

DEAR KENT:

I am going to the Adirondacks with the Blacks. It is a very sudden decision. We pass through New York and shall be at the Imperial Tuesday night. Nellie Trevor is coming on from Washington to join the party. I trust you can run up to the hotel to see me that evening. Yours,

HELEN.

Penrhyn's first thought on reading the foregoing was that now he would not have to finish that letter. Then he recollected that this was Tuesday, and that he would see Helen in a very few hours. He felt that she had

something important to say to him. She was probably going to give him her answer. He sent a telegram to the Imperial announcing that he would call, and all the rest of the day it distressed him that he was so apathetic about what might take place in the evening. He was not in the least thrilled by anticipated rapture, nor chilled by possible gloom. He merely found that the interview was constantly in his thoughts.

It was very warm. He wondered why the Blacks should have elected to stay in town over night at this season of the year. Then he recollected what Helen had written about their meeting that girl from Washington. She was Mrs. Black's niece.

### VIII.

"WERE you surprised to receive my note?"

This was Helen's first greeting as she came forward to meet Penrhyn in the private parlor to which he had been shown.

"Yes, I was," he answered. "It prevented your receiving a letter from me."

"I am sorry to have missed that, but I am very glad to see you yourself instead. I feared you might have had some engagement which would have prevented your coming tonight."

"I could have had none that I would not have broken for the pleasure of seeing you," he answered gallantly.

While he was speaking he thought of the anomalous relations in which he stood to this woman, with whom he was neither the rejected suitor, nor the accepted one, nor even any longer merely the old friend. He wondered if Helen was thinking of this, too.

"Ah, Kent," she smiled back at him now, "we have got too far along for that sort of thing. But I was very anxious to see you. I—I want to tell you something that I thought I would not tell you till October. But it is not just to you to wait longer."

Helen faltered a little over these last words in a way that was not usual with her. Penrhyn knew that he ought to say something, ought to manifest a lover's eagerness, but it seemed as if invisible cords bound his powers of speech. He felt that he could not even move. He was glad that he was looking at Helen. If he had not been doing so it seemed to him as if he did not possess the power even to turn his head.

"I am fond of you, Kent," she went on now. "You must know that. You must know, too, that fondness and love are two very different qualities. I have looked into my heart during the past few weeks and what I have found there has prompted me to ask to see you tonight. I have discovered that you are not an essential to my happiness. Forgive me if that sounds blunt. You know we are good enough friends—at least I hope we are and always shall be—to take things as they are meant, not as they may chance to sound. And finding this, I have come to the conclusion that you cannot be the fairy prince who is to thrill my whole being with the ecstasy of love. And I have had the courage to tell you this because it has somehow appeared to me that you might be in the same case—that it might be only propinquity, the desire to do the thing expected of us, that prompted you to honor me as you have done. For I do consider it an honor, Kent, and I could be happy as your wife. The only question is whether you and I could not each be happier mated to one whom we should love blindly, not with our eyes so widely open as they are."

Helen paused, a half smile on her lips. She had gained confidence as she proceeded, and did not hesitate over any of her words.

As for Penrhyn, he felt as if an angel were ministering to him, almost dying, a cup that sent bounding life coursing through all his veins. Was it really true? Had Helen guessed at his position? A wave of gratitude, of devotion to this woman who was doing so much

for him, swept over him, and then came a sense of resentment against himself as not being worthy of her.

"Helen," he said, "do your eyes see that I do not care for you?"

"No, no, don't misunderstand me, Kent. I don't undervalue the regard you have for me, but I feel that in the very nature of things it cannot be of that strength which some other object could command. My notion may be a peculiar one; I am ready to admit that it is, but it seems to me that two persons who have grown up from childhood together, as we have, cannot hope to experience the depths of true affection as can those who have known each other only since maturity. Don't think that I blame you, Kent, for misunderstanding yourself. I only want to be careful, to prevent a mistake that might embitter both our future lives. Tell me that I have judged right. You will make me so much happier, to feel that there is perfect frankness between us, and that we can resume our old relations to each other without one jarring note."

"Helen," responded Penrhyn, leaning toward her and speaking in a voice that seemed reverent in its lowered tones, "if ever you inspired love in me it is at this moment. You seem to have something about you of the divine. See, you compel from me what I had thought never to tell any woman—that the love I bear her, while incapable of being stronger in its nature, could be of a different sort. You have always seemed like a sister to me; more so than Nina has done. Perhaps I have mistaken the feeling, Helen——" He paused suddenly, and for a moment there was no sound in the room, only that which came in through the windows from the street.

"Well?" said Helen, as the pause continued.

"Helen," Penrhyn went on, "have you met the one that *can* stir your heart?"

He watched, almost breathlessly, for the flush that would answer him if the lips did not. But none ap-

peared, and the reply came promptly

"No, Kent, I have not. Perhaps I never shall." She smiled as she added this last, and the smile lingered on her lips as she sat looking at him. "I feel so happy," she went on, "to think that you have taken what I have told you just as I hoped you would."

Penrhyn felt guilty when he heard this. He told himself that he had no right to be as glad as he was over it. For an instant he experienced a strongly inciting impulse to confess the whole thing to her; to tell her that he had met the one who could flood his soul with love, but that it was a hopeless passion, and he was doomed never to be supremely happy. But a second thought convinced him that he could not do this. She would know then that he must have given his heart into another's keeping while he was waiting for her to give him hers. And as he realized this he was struck with the terror of her putting to him the question he had just asked of her.

"We are to be firm friends then, Helen, just as of old?" he made haste to answer, in order to forestall this danger.

"Firm, if anything, Kent," she replied, and then they talked of the Blacks, of Newport, and of the Adirondacks till her friends returned from the theater, and they all went down to the restaurant and had supper together.

It was just midnight when Penrhyn left the hotel. The club was only two blocks away, but he was not in a mood for bed. He kept on in his walk up Fifth Avenue till he reached the Park, and still had no thought of turning back. It was a warm night, as has been said, but the heat without seemed not a circumstance to the fire that was burning in his breast. He was free again. The realization of this fact intensified many fold the depth of his affection for Louise Preble. It appeared to him as though he had had it locked in one corner of his heart before, but that now the gate



had been thrown open, with the result that his whole being was suffused with the glow of it.

But there was no rejoicing for him in all this. Indeed, the very intensity of his love seemed but to make him suffer the more keenly from the helplessness of it. Had he not given Mr. Crocker to understand that Louise Preble was nothing to him? Must he not despise himself utterly if he sought to see the girl now? And yet she cared for him. He knew this, and knowing it, it seemed to him the refinement of cruelty that they should not each be happy.

"It will be worse than throwing herself away for her to marry such a man as that Crocker," he told himself.

His vivid imagination painted for him a picture of their domestic life, crowded together in a tiny flat, all Louise's finer feelings and aspirations blunted, her existence narrowed into even more contracted space than her present circumstances afforded.

Then he looked mentally on another scene—on a home of his own of which she should be the mistress and where it would be his greatest joy to supply her with all that her refined nature craved and of which she had hitherto been deprived. And how she would grace such surroundings, Andy Bletcher's experience to the contrary notwithstanding! Even his mother must come to approve of her, to love her, in time.

But what an air castle he was building! What chance was there of his seeing Louise Preble again? He halted in his walk, suddenly overcome with a sense of utter fatigue. He stepped over to the wall that skirted the park and leaned against it, pressing his hands on the stone that was cool to his burning touch. It was very quiet here now. The milk wagons had not yet begun to rattle over the pavements. The handsome residences across the street were all closed for the summer. Penrhyn gazed unseeingly at their frowning gloom for a while, then suddenly realized that he was

standing directly opposite the Van Aukens'.

"And Ruth Van Auker married out of her station," he murmured. "And no woman can be happier than she is with Wren."

But such reflections only depressed him the more. He had already decided that no thought of family should deter him from making the match. It was the barrier that yawned between himself and Louise that now loomed up, the bugbear in his path. He turned away so that he should no longer face the Van Auker mansion. He leaned over the wall and looked down upon the park so still beneath him, while he revolved plan after plan in his mind.

"Why should I consider a fellow like Crocker?" he pondered. "If she loved him it would be different. But she doesn't. She is only marrying him to please her father—as I would have married Helen Brooks for my mother's sake. But why shouldn't her father prefer me? If it wasn't for that Crocker having come to me yesterday, I would write to Mr. Preble and present myself to him as a possible son in law. But I did not promise Crocker I would not interfere. If Louise prefers me to him why must the girl be sacrificed to a scruple on my part? And she shan't."

The blood began to surge hotly through Penrhyn's veins. He straightened himself up and walked rapidly down the deserted avenue towards the club.

He went to bed at once, and rose early, that he might get his letter off as soon as possible. But he found the task of composition not as simple as he had supposed. Finally he wrote the following:

MY DEAR MR. PREBLE:

I want to secure your permission to pay my addresses to your daughter with a view to asking her hand in marriage. Will you kindly state in an early reply when I may call?

Very sincerely yours,

KENT PENRHYN.

Penrhyn read this over and laughed as he crumpled it into a ball in his hand.

"Stiff and formal," he ejaculated.

"Sounds as if it might have been copied out of the 'Complete Letter Writer.'"

He set to work to get up another, taking the precaution to unroll the first so that he might tear it into small bits before dropping it into the waste paper basket. His next attempt was this :

METROPOLIS CLUB.

MY DEAR MR. PREBLE :

You will doubtless be surprised at receiving this note from me, one whom you know so slightly. Its purport will surprise you even more. I love your daughter, and should like to have your permission to pay my addresses to her. If you will accord me an interview I will explain my position and assure you of my sincerity.

Very sincerely yours,

KENT PENRHYN.

Although Penrhyn felt that this, too, left something to be desired, he was sensible of the fact that it was greatly superior to its predecessor. He walked out to the lamp post at the corner with it himself, and then returned to eat his breakfast. Now that the deed was done, all the possible objections marshaled themselves in his mind in formidable array.

"What if he shows the note to Crocker?" he asked himself. "The two are very thick."

He felt like the bashful schoolboy who has written and posted his first love letter, and who hovers around the box hoping he can wheedle the postman into giving it back to him. When Penrhyn started down town he looked toward the lamp post with a fearful glance, and all the way to the office followed in his imagining the course of the missive which he felt was to enter the Preble household like a thunderbolt. All this was very unlike him. In fact, he had been quite different from his usual self all through this summer. He supposed it was because he was in love that this was so. He was glad so many of his friends were out of town. It would have been awkward for them to ask questions regarding the alteration in him.

"Kent," said his father when he came in, "your mother seems to think you are going back on your

promise to her. She wants to know when she is to see you again."

"I shall try and get up to Greenwich tonight," was Penrhyn's reply. But he knew that first he must stop at the club to see if any answer had come from Mr. Preble, and in case there was none he would be very strongly tempted to stay there so as to receive it the moment it arrived.

He wondered if Louise would be consulted with regard to the reply. He found himself looking forward to four o'clock, the hour at which he usually left the office, with the same impatience that the small boy manifests towards the moment which marks the end of his school career for the day. And yet he knew that he could scarcely expect a reply to his note as yet. Nevertheless he was disappointed when he reached the club and found only a letter from Ned Watson and an invitation to a lawn party at the Belwys'.

He decided at once that he would not go out to Greenwich that night.

## IX.

THREE days passed, and no reply came from Mr. Preble. Penrhyn's condition would have been pitiable if there had been any one to take note of it and sympathize with him. The wearing part of it was the strain upon his inventive powers to think up possible reasons for this silence. At one time he would decide that his note had never reached its destination. He did not know the number of the store, and had just put the name "Arthur Preble, Bleecker Street, near Tenth." Then he recollected the general efficiency of the post office department, and came to the conclusion that Mr. Preble must be away. But he presently remembered that in one of their talks Louise's father had told him that he never left the city, in which he had been born and brought up, so Penrhyn was fain to fall back on the theory that was all along clamoring for recognition in his mind—that his note had safely reached the hands for which it was

intended and had been intentionally ignored.

"But why should it be?" he asked himself. "Whether the girl is engaged or even married, a courteous letter, such as mine was, certainly deserves a reply."

If an answer had come, no matter how sharp, he felt that he would have been better contented. The suspense was growing unbearable. He began to think again of the European trip he had contemplated earlier in the summer. But he knew that he would never carry this into effect—at least not until he had learned something definite.

At last Friday night came and he could stand it no longer. The next day he was to start for the Profile House to fulfill his appointment with the Beekmans. He must have his mind set at rest before he left town. He resolved to go down to Bleecker Street that evening and investigate personally. He realized that this was a last resort, but then he had arrived at that state of mind in which desperate expedients seem to be perfectly justifiable. He had not been to Greenwich this week. His father had ceased to ask him whether he was coming, so it was natural that he should remain in town. He felt now that he did not want to see his mother until this affair with Louise Preble was settled one way or the other.

He started for Bleecker Street immediately after his dinner, walking, so that he might smoke his cigar. He supposed the store would be closed by this time.

He knew that he was really in love. He could tell this by the peculiar sensation at his heart when he thought of the possibility that he might see Louise in a very few minutes now. He had determined to ask for Mr. Preble, but there was that other hope within him all the same.

He reached the store, looked up at the number on the awning and made a mental note of it for future use. Then he stepped to the door at one side. He was trying to determine which one of the two bells to

ring first when a voice close beside him said in cold tones: "Good evening."

It was Crocker. There was no smile on his face; his hand was not outstretched. He was looking at Penrhyn in a steady way not calculated to make the latter comfortable in mind.

"Ah, good evening," he said, adding quickly: "You can tell me, of course, which bell to ring for the Prebles."

"Yes, I can tell you," was the slow reply. "I suppose you came to find out about your note."

Penrhyn was startled to find that the other should know about this. It was an easy transition from shock to anger.

"I do not know that I am called upon to tell you why I came," he answered. He made a motion as if to pull the bell on which his hand rested, but Crocker arrested the act by an imperative gesture and the words:

"That's not the right one. But come, take a walk with me before you go in. I think it will be better for you if you do."

"What do you mean?" asked Penrhyn. He could not help but note the difference in the man now that he was in his own element, so to speak.

"You have had no answer to that note. You do not know that you will be received. You ought to consider yourself very lucky that you met me just as you did."

"If you will explain yourself more fully, I will walk with you for a few minutes, Mr. Crocker."

"I thought you would," exclaimed Crocker with satisfaction, and turning he led the way down Tenth Street towards the river.

They walked on for an instant or two in silence, then Crocker began: "Do you consider that you have acted honorably towards me, Mr. Penrhyn? You gave me to understand that you would have nothing further to do with Miss Preble."

"I made you no promises, Mr. Crocker. But I will admit that at

the time you came to my office I had no intention of ever seeing Miss Preble again."

"What made you change your mind?"

"Yourself, partly. If you had not come to see me as you did, I should have had no suspicion that Miss Preble cared for me."

"And I led you to believe that?"

"You certainly did. I may not have realized it fully at the time, but I did afterwards."

"And that is the reason you wrote that note to Mr. Preble?"

"The indirect reason, yes. And now will you oblige me with an explanation of how you came to know about it?"

"Mr. Preble showed it to me. He shows me everything that concerns Louise. He is a very good friend of mine, and wants me to be her husband."

"Are you engaged?"

Crocker hesitated before replying. They were standing in the middle of Hudson Street, waiting for a car to pass before they crossed over. He did not answer till they reached the further curbstone. Then,

"No; we are not exactly engaged," he said. "But Louise thinks everything of her father. She knows that he wants her to marry me. And if it wasn't for you she would."

The last words came out in quickened tones, and the look that accompanied them was very similar to the one that had been bestowed on Penrhyn in front of the Prebles' door. Penrhyn's heart gave a glad throb. Here was another indication that Louise cared deeply for him.

"Does she know about my note to her father?" he asked, trying to keep the gladness out of his voice.

"No; and we did not mean to tell her. I do not know what Mr. Preble would have done if he'd seen you there tonight."

"Why didn't he write and tell me that I must not come?"

"Because he didn't want to have anything to do with you, and thought you would understand by his not sending any word."

"But you see I didn't, and I don't understand fully yet. If his daughter doesn't want to marry you, why does he persist in making her do it?" As he spoke Penrhyn could not but reflect what a unique situation it was, for him to be talking in this frank way with the man who was his rival.

"He isn't making her do it. He's only hoping she will. He's given his word to me. My father used to be a very close friend of his, and then he liked me, I tell you. Does that seem strange to you?"

"No, no, I don't wish to underrate you," Penrhyn hastened to respond. "But then if the girl doesn't love you, I should think that would be enough."

"But she sees how fond I am of her, knows that it is her father's wish that we should marry, and if you would stay away long enough I am sure that she would learn to care for me. She has never refused to do anything to please her father before. What did you ever cross her path for? You don't belong there. You know you are every way different from her. Why don't you find—find a wife among your own sort?"

They had reached the river front by this time, and were walking in the shadow of some towering lumber piles that had been transferred from canal boats to the wharf. Penrhyn came to a halt.

"There is no use in going any further," he said. "We ought to be able to settle this thing right here."

"Yes, that's what I want," returned the other—"to have it settled once for all."

They had halted between two of the lumber piles, in a space about four feet wide, and now stood facing each other, each with his back to the towering mass of boards. There were but few people around, and these few paid no attention to them.

"Well, then," went on Penrhyn, "it seems to me the one way to settle it is to consider the woman. What course is going to give her the most happiness?"

"Ah, you say that because you

think she loves you," broke in the other.

"If one thing is so, isn't the other?"

"I don't understand you."

"Plainly then, if she loves me and I love her, ought we not to be the ones to marry?"

"You don't seem to have any regard for my feelings," Crocker said this after a pause rendered necessary by the screeching of a steam tug's whistle close by them. "I love that girl with all—all my heart. I don't see how I can live without her. When I think that but for you she might at this moment be my wife, I—I hate you. Do you think that strange?"

"I can understand it." Penrhyn wondered if the quiet tone in which he was speaking did not exasperate his companion the more. But he did not dare to allow himself to become excited. "Still, I don't hate you, and yet I love Louise Preble as deeply as you do. I suppose the reason I don't hate you is because I know that she doesn't love you."

Crocker started forward. In the dusk that had now fallen Penrhyn thought he was going to strike him. He put himself on the defensive, but the other fell back against the pile of boards and drew his hand across his forehead, where the perspiration had gathered thick.

"But she would get to love me," he said in a low voice. "She couldn't help it after a while when she saw how much I love her. But she won't if you hang around. Why can't you go away and let us be happy? We haven't much. We haven't money, as you have. Why can't you be content with that, and not try to take from us the only thing we have in common with such as you?"

Crocker spoke bitterly, although he did not look at Penrhyn steadily while he was talking. Sometimes his eyes were on the ground, watching the toe of his boot, with which now and then he dug fiercely at the pavement. Then he would shift his gaze to the river, as if in its wide expanse of smooth surface he saw that with which he wished he could

compare his own life. He was not a man of irritable temperament. He might feel deeply, but he lacked the fire to give expression to his sensations. Penrhyn knew that he was sincere in all he said, and pitied him. And yet this pity did not cause him to feel that he ought to relinquish his desire to win Louise Preble for his wife.

"Do you think Miss Preble will be happier if she married you than if she married me?" he asked now. "We ought to think of her, you know, as I said."

"How are you going to marry her?" Crocker asked the question with a sudden accession of energy that denoted a weariness of the discussion. "She won't go against her father's wishes."

"But I can make him see that what is for his daughter's best happiness is the thing which ought to give him most pleasure."

"Yes, you think that your money may make him see that. You can tell him that you will give her a fine house to live in, take her traveling, and perhaps make him feel that there will always be a corner for him. Well, I can tell you, Mr. Penrhyn, that these are the very things that make him down on you. He knows as well as you know that Louise isn't the same as the people you've been with all your life. Can all your money make them treat your wife as you would want them to? Won't Louise feel that, feel that there are some things you can't give her? Oh, I know how it will be, and so does her father. We've looked up your history and found out about the family pride of the Penrhyns."

Penrhyn leaned his head, back against the boards. He knew that this that the other was saying might all be true. He might not be able to give Louise everything; but there was his love. They could go away and live in some other country. And Crocker? Well, he must get over it as best he could. It was not the place of the accepted suitor to concern himself with the welfare of the rejected ones.



"Do you realize, Mr. Crocker," he said now, "that this is a very singular conversation for us to be holding? And I do not see that it can be productive of any result. However, I shall not call on Mr. Preble tonight. If you like you may tell him of our meeting and add that I certainly expected an answer of some sort to my letter."

"Then you will not try to see Louise again?" Crocker put out his hand as if to catch Penrhyn's, but the latter turned away, saying:

"I shall promise nothing. Come, I will walk back as far as Hudson Street with you."

The two left the river bank, and, with scarcely a word, strolled slowly past the silent warehouses, their strange interview filling the mind of each with busy thoughts.

### X.

PENRHYN parted from Crocker at the corner of Hudson Street.

"Good-night," said the latter in a cordial tone. He put out his hand, and as he shook it Penrhyn noticed in the light from a street lamp that his face was radiant. He evidently felt that he had won a victory.

"Has he?" This was the question that Kent Penrhyn turned over in his mind as he walked up Eighth Avenue towards Thirty Fourth Street. He went over again all that had been said in that odd colloquy down by the river. He had no trouble in remembering it. "I wonder if that fellow was right. He evidently thinks I have given in. He loves her with all his heart, and so do I. It seems weak to have come off as I have, but I couldn't force myself where I was not wanted. Oh, the whole thing is a miserable business, a miserable business."

The avenue was crowded with people. The saloons were doing a flourishing trade. Women and wan children were carrying pitchers of beer back and forth. Here and there at street corners itinerant vendors of dime cravat pins or patent

medicines had collected a crowd about them. There was a hurly burly in the air that grated on Penrhyn's nerves.

"I wonder if she really loves me?" he asked himself as he turned into a side street. "How could we know it if she did? I should not like to feel that she showed it readily without knowing that I cared for her. And suppose it were only a passing fancy on her part? What a brute I am to come into the lives of these people as I have done! I had better go away, as I planned at first. Other people get over hopeless attachments. Perhaps I can cure myself, and let that young printer be happy. This summer has not been much of a success."

Penrhyn slept but little that night. He tried so desperately hard not to think of Louise that all his faculties were kept keenly on the alert. He felt that everything was finally over now. Although he had made no promises, he could not in honor go to the Prebles until he was asked, and he knew that Mr. Preble would never ask him.

"I have made a failure of my life, so far as love goes," he reflected the next morning, when he looked at himself in the glass. There were dark circles under his eyes, and no color in his face. "But my friends will set it down to my summer in town," he murmured. "Well, that is the reason for it, true enough."

That night he went up to Greenwich. The family exclaimed at the change in him.

"Kent," whispered his mother when he came to bid her good night, "has Helen been cruel to you?"

"Helen cruel?" he repeated. "I could as easily imagine that quality in an angel. No, no, mother, I am all right, only a little run down. I am thinking of going across the water for a while."

He secured his passage the next day, and then wrote a brief note to Crocker, announcing the fact. He did not wish to leave himself any opportunity to vacillate in his purpose this time. The steamer sailed

in a week, and he had all he could do to get ready within that period. But this rush of preparation was exactly what he wanted to divert his thoughts from the main reason for his departure. He was glad, too, that he would get away before Watson returned from the Adirondacks. He did not want the risk of having the Fourth of July episode referred to.

The steamer sailed Saturday morning early. His friends came down to see him off the night before. There were not many of them, as it was still too early for the town season. He had a number of letters, however. Laura Belway wrote regretting that he would not be able to be present at their lawn party and wishing him *bon voyage*. Mrs. Beekman's note was inclined to be sharp. This was the second time he had disappointed her. And now to go to Europe in September, when he had declined to go with them in June, looked a little pointed. But Penrhyn was in such a state of mind that he didn't care if all his friends turned against him. Indeed, he felt as though the quasi belligerent pose in which this would leave him would be welcome rather than otherwise just at present. He was glad when everybody went home and he was free to seek his berth, hot and stifling as it was, with the vessel still at the pier.

"Cut loose at last," he sighed wearily as he closed the door of his stateroom. When he woke again he hoped that the ship might be beyond Sandy Hook. The Prebles and Horace Crocker would then be out of his life for a time. When he came back he supposed they would be married, for he meant to stay away until Christmas. He had some business of his father's to look after in London, and there were some friends of his in some of the German university towns whom he wanted to visit. In spite of the heat he fell asleep soon after he went to bed, and, as he had hoped, slept long.

The ship was rolling very gently on the long Atlantic swells when he

awoke. He looked at his watch. It was half past twelve. He would have just time to dress and take a turn or two on deck before lunch. He hoped there would be nobody he knew on board. A hasty glance at the passenger list had not revealed any familiar names. It was the off season for transatlantic travel in this direction.

It was a superb day. The wind was from the west, and the ship's yards were squared to catch the favoring breeze. As soon as Penrhyn emerged from the companion-way he looked astern and could just make out a blurred mark on the horizon, the last glimpse of the Jersey Highlands. Then he started to look for his chair. He found it presently, a newspaper tucked under one leg.

"I wonder if that is today's?" It proved to be that morning's *Tribune*. Instinctively Penrhyn turned first to the stock reports, and when he had read them let the sheet fall in his lap, and gazed out over the waste of waters, sparkling as with a million jewels in the sunlight. He was more contented than he had been for weeks. He felt that he was doing something to make somebody happy.

"I wonder if Helen will know that I have gone abroad," he mused. He picked up the paper again, and after a short search he found his name among the passengers embarking on the City of Vienna. He was about to drop the sheet when his eye fell on a paragraph in an adjoining column. A name caught his eye. He raised himself in his chair and read the item through to the end as though life and death depended on it. And there was death in it—the death of Horace Crocker, whose arm had been caught in one of the presses in the shop in William Street where he worked. He had been taken to Chambers Street Hospital to have the injured member amputated, and had died under the operation. That was all, except the age of the deceased, twenty four, and his residence in Christopher Street. The

whole thing had happened on Friday afternoon.

"Dead!" Penrhyn repeated the word to himself as if seeking to comprehend it. "And I am going three thousand miles away for his sake."

It seemed as if fate delighted in being ironical. Penrhyn wondered if he would have gone if he had risen early that morning and bought a paper before the steamer sailed.

"I am glad I wrote that note to him telling him I was going away," Penrhyn reflected; and thus having closed his score, as it were, with the dead, he was free to think of the new relations in which it left him with the living.

But not at once did Penrhyn take advantage of this liberty. His was a mind delicately adjusted to all the niceties of life. Coolly to calculate on the benefits to himself of another's death was an act of reasoning to which the approach could not be sudden. All that day he was oppressed by the sense of the terrible thing that had happened. He wished that it was within his power to show in some way the sincerity of his feelings in the matter. At last he determined to write a note to Louise.

This is the substance of what he wrote and mailed at Queenstown.

After sailing from New York I read on board the steamer the account of the fearful death of your friend Mr. Crocker. I can imagine the shock this must have been to your father and yourself, knowing him so well as you did. A letter of condolence can do little more than show the sympathy of the writer by the mere fact of its being sent, and by this means I wish to extend mine to you.

When Penrhyn set foot on English soil he felt more like himself than he had for three months past. But he attempted no analysis of the reasons for this; he was content with the condition, and as yet made no effort to lift the veil of the future and speculate on what it might have in store for him. He remained abroad until the middle of November, and then returned suddenly, without letting his friends know on which steamer he was to sail. He merely

wrote to his mother that he hoped to be with them for Thanksgiving. He wished to avoid having any one meet him at the pier.

The steamer landed near the foot of Tenth Street. The gang-planks were run out about half past eleven in the morning. Penrhyn, well acquainted with custom house formalities, lost little time in getting his baggage passed. He arranged with an expressman to have it taken to the house on Madison Avenue; then, disdaining the bids of eager "cabbies," strolled off the pier and walked slowly up the familiar street. He looked up and recognized the house in which he had engaged rooms for the evicted Russians that evening in June. Three minutes later he reached Bleecker Street.

He turned the corner without any hesitancy and very few more steps brought him to the fancy goods store. Louise was standing just inside the door looking out. There was no one else within. But Penrhyn had made up his mind to enter if the store had been full of customers.

The girl's face lighted up at sight of him as it had lighted up when he had come to speak to her at the concert. But there was a difference. A slight flush accompanied the lighting up now.

"Why, Mr. Penrhyn," she exclaimed, "I thought you were in Europe!"

"So I was," he said, as he put out his hand, "until a week ago. I have just come back. The steamer landed me at the foot of Tenth Street. I remembered how near at hand you were, and could not resist stopping here that yours might be the first voice in America to welcome me back."

"Won't you sit down?" Louise looked toward the three stools that were ranged in front of the counter.

"No, I thank you," Penrhyn responded. "I cannot stop now, but may I come again some evening and see you in your home?"

"We live up stairs. I should be very glad to see you any evening."

She dropped her eyes suddenly from the glance of his.

"Thank you. I shall come on Friday, then. Good by. Kindly remember me to your father."

Penrhyn had been in the little shop only a few minutes, but when he came out the chill of the November wind had softened to the balmy air of June.

## XI.

WHEN Penrhyn presented himself at the Prebles' on the evening following Thanksgiving, it was Louise's father who opened the door for him. He had his overcoat on, and was evidently on the point of going out. His manner was much subdued; it seemed as though he must still feel the shock caused by the death of his old friend's son.

"You will find Louise in the parlor," he said, after shaking hands. "I will show you the way."

He remained with them a few minutes, and then excused himself on the plea of a lodge meeting.

"Papa has never been quite himself," said Louise after he had gone, "since poor Horace's death. His father and he were the closest friends I ever knew. It—it was very kind in you to write that letter."

"No, that is not the way to put it," returned Penrhyn quickly. "It was kind in you to take it in the spirit in which it was meant."

Penrhyn was never so happy as he had been at this moment. He felt that it was the supreme hour of his life. He knew that he was going to ask Louise Preble to be his wife. He was convinced that she cared for him. All the obstacles that during the summer had seemed to rise up and forbid the union, now appeared to be low and easily scaled. There was silence in the room for an instant. It was a very cozy apartment, filled with books. A piano stood open with a sheet of music on the rack.

"Won't you play something, Miss Preble?" said Penrhyn, when the

pause had grown to an embarrassing length. The remark was only a perfunctory one.

"I only play accompaniments," she said.

"You sing, then?" exclaimed Penrhyn.

He rose and walked over to the piano. He read the name on the sheet of music. It was a song for a contralto voice, "The Journey is Long."

"Won't you sing it for me, please?" he said.

Something in his tone, in his look, caused Louise to give a quick assent. She sat down at the instrument. Penrhyn remained there to turn the pages. Her voice, although it showed lack of careful training, was of fine quality, and it was evident that she threw her whole soul into the music. When she finished she looked up at him instinctively, as it seemed, for his opinion. Their eyes met, and hers wavered beneath that which she saw in his. He bent his head still lower and spoke very softly.

"The Journey is Long," he said. "The song is very beautiful, but to me the words have another meaning. They seem to describe the way along which I have been toiling. It seems a very weary way. It may be a weary and long one yet for me unless you will shorten it, Louise. I love you with a tenderness and strength that months of acquaintance cannot deepen. Won't you crown that song by telling me that you will be my wife?"

Louise's head was bent low. One hand was still on the keyboard. It required all Penrhyn's self control to keep from putting out his own and clasping it. But he felt that as yet he had no right to do this. Suddenly she raised her head and looked up at him. Her face was beautiful in the glow of love that suffused it. She spoke no word, but Penrhyn had received the answer he wanted.

\* \* \* \*

There were doubtless many pairs of lovers in New York City that night, but none more blissful than these two in that little room over

the fancy goods store in north Bleecker Street. They went back over the past and each told the other how very early in their acquaintance the presence of the blind god had been felt. Penrhyn then turned to the future, and begged that the day for the wedding might be fixed soon.

Louise said nothing of his family or of what they might think. As for Penrhyn he told his mother of his engagement that night when he went home. He told her more than this. He confided to her his experience with Helen, and this, in a measure, lessened her disappointment.

"I shall go and call on this Miss Preble in a day or two, Kent," she said.

The son knew the effort this would cost her, realized what hopes for the future she had now to put aside. He waited with inward anxiety for the result of that first meeting.

"She is certainly very lovable, Kent," she said after her first visit to the fancy goods store. "And she loves you dearly."

Penrhyn was relieved. He did not question in his mind too closely how much of this favorable opinion of his mother's was based on Louise's ill concealed devotion to himself.

Kent's sister accepted the situation with calm endurance.

"I always said Kent was an odd fish," she declared. "I am not in the least surprised at what he has done."

Murray was the one member of the family most inclined to rebel openly, but after Kent had brought Louise to dinner one night he admitted that she was "not half bad," and consented with very good grace to be usher at the wedding, which came off between Christmas and New Year's. It took place at the little church in the Ninth Ward which the Prebles attended. Ned Watson was best man, and the church was thronged with members of Penrhyn's set, to all of whom he had been particular that invitations

should be sent. He was determined that no one should think he was ashamed of his choice. And the unanimous verdict was that whatever might be her social position Louise Preble certainly made a most beautiful bride.

There was no reception. The Prebles had no place in which to give one, and Penrhyn declined his mother's offer to have it at their house or else at Sherry's.

"No," he said, "I do not want to put Louise under unaccustomed obligations of that sort."

They were married at noon, she in her traveling dress, and afterwards they entered the carriage that drove them at once to the Pennsylvania ferry, where they were to take the train for St. Augustine. During the hurried parting with the family in the vestibule, Murray came up to the bride, and while he still held her hand turned to his brother with the words, "May I, Kent? She is my sister now, you know." Then he kissed her, and Kent felt more touched over this little peace offering than he would have cared to acknowledge.

"So they were married," and that, according to all precedents, ought to set the limit of the story. But there are readers who are always wishing that just a little more were told, and for the benefit of these I may add that after the honeymoon Penrhyn did not find it necessary to take his wife to Europe to avoid any such experience as had befallen Andy Bletcher. He bought a house in Fifty Sixth Street, not far from his father's, which, although quite large, is not ample enough on occasions to hold all the friends who come to Mrs. Kent Penrhyn's receptions. Some of them account for the charm she exercises over them by reminding each other that her mother was a Vanderbeck, but Helen Brooks and a host of others never think of finding an excuse to explain their high regard for Louise Penrhyn.



## A TRANSACTION IN ICE.

*By H. E. Andrews.*

WHEN old Dr. Eben Martyn departed this life, he had not much to leave except the weather beaten ancestral homestead, the venerable horse and chaise, almost worn out in the faithful service of all the countryside, and a rather shabbily built ice house, propped on one of the high banks of the Kennebec river at the angle of the famed tower of Pisa. The residue of his belongings consisted of his two daughters, Regina and Mary Alice, not exactly juvenile, but much better preserved than any of his other possessions.

"Oh, Reeje!" said Mary Alice, after the funeral was over, the neighbors were all gone, and their lonely estate for the first time fairly confronted them. "Oh, Reeje! What shall we do?"

Mary Alice was the older of the two sisters, but from the days of her multiplication table she had leaned on Regina. Perhaps that partly accounted for her bent shoulders and faltering gait, so different from Regina's trim, erect figure, and brisk, reliant walk.

"Now, sister," replied Regina, "don't worry about that. We've a comfortable home, the year's wood is up, and there's half a barrel of corned beef in the cellar."

"But, Reeje, that beef won't last forever."

"Well, there's the horse——"

"Don't, Reeje! It makes me faint to think——"

"We can get seventy five dollars for him, and that will last a long time."

"Oh, dear, yes. I thought you were going to propose something awful—but what can we do when the horse is gone?"

"What are we going to do when the world comes to an end? Don't borrow trouble. We must economize on everything; we mustn't exhaust our whole stock of money at once. There, darling, don't cry! We'll get along in some way, but of course I don't know how," and then the sisters had what sisters usually call "a good cry."

Thenceforth Regina took the management of their affairs into her hands. Mary Alice was the undisputed mistress of the kitchen, and wrought magic with needle and shears, but Regina was the provider. Everybody in Middledale and for miles up and down the river knew "the Martyn girls," and everybody knew who was their business manager.

"Don't you suppose you could sell the ice house for something?" asked Mary Alice, after Regina had disposed of old Dobbin at a shrewd bargain and rented the stable to one of the ice men for two dollars a month.

"I don't want to sell it," said Regina, quickly.

"But of what good is it to us?"

"I am going to fill it this winter."

"Fill it? Why,——" but Mary Alice could go no further; she sank back in her chair, staring at her sister as if she had suddenly unfolded a pair of wings instead of so simple a plan.

"Yes, of course I'm going to fill it. I heard father say the old ice house paid him better than his practice last year, and cleared up all his debts. What do I know about the ice business? Well, I can hire men who know how to put up ice; there are enough of them on the river, and somebody in Middledale will advance

the capital with the ice as security. I know I can do it, and why shouldn't I?"

And after the river had fairly frozen, which happened to be very late that season, Regina lost no time in sending an emissary down on the ice to stake out her field. The big operators, above and below, saw the move with surprise; but they all respected Regina's claim, and Mr. Hiram Lawry, the superintendent of the Knickerbocker Company, whose great houses were only half a mile up the river, came down a little later and gave her some good hints about buying her tools.

Now please don't think of Regina as a mannish sort of person, striding about in the doctor's old fur coat and rubber boots, brandishing an ice chisel and scolding the men. She was very much a woman, with a disposition to avoid snow drifts and kicking horses and holes in the ice and all such disagreeable things. She actively oversaw her enterprise, and even ventured down on the ice once or twice, but trusted almost everything to her foreman, who fortunately was experienced and honest.

The other ice packers made neighborly calls and offered kindly services. Mr. Lawry was nearest, and almost every day he asked if he could help her or gave her a good suggestion. When her elevator suddenly broke and Mr. Lawry sent one of his spare chains and had the break mended in an hour, Regina thanked him with blushes; he had saved her a round sum.

"Oh, Reeje, just think of the expense, with all those men to pay while they were loafing!" exclaimed Mary Alice. "Don't you think it was very good of Mr. Lawry?"

"I'm not much acquainted with him, but he's been very kind," said Regina, becoming absorbed in her pay roll.

That was a memorable year on the Kennebec, marked by an unprecedented mania for speculation in ice. It came on late in the winter, after Regina's harvest was com-

pleted. When, in the last days of February, it was certain that there would be no crop on the Hudson, or anywhere in the Middle States, and that the whole country would have to depend for its ice on the rivers and ponds of Maine, the craze spread like a plague.

It was too late to build additional houses; the ice was piled up on the river banks in great stacks and hurriedly covered with boards.

"Mary Alice, I'm going to put up a stack," Regina exclaimed one day. "There's a fine chance on the level just below our old house, and I can double up just as well as not."

"You almost take my breath away," said Mary Alice. "It frightens me to take such a risk—but dear me! You know so much more about these things."

Mr. Lawry called that evening. He had come two or three times during the winter.

"Have you heard of Reeje's new scheme?" asked Mary Alice, innocently.

Regina bit her lip; but preferring to tell of her plans in her own way, now the cat was out of the bag, she went on, "I'm going to stack some ice. Our house holds only five thousand tons, and I may as well stack five thousand more."

Mr. Lawry became grave. "H'm! My experience with stacked ice hasn't been very satisfactory," he said with a faint smile.

"There, Reeje!" exploded poor Mary Alice, with a nervous start.

Regina turned a flushed face to her sister, but bit her lip again and smilingly appealed to Mr. Lawry. "You wouldn't have me let the chance go by, would you?"

"I wouldn't have you make a mistake," he said quietly. "Your old house is well filled with good ice, and is pretty sure to pay you a fair profit, but if you put up a stack you risk everything."

"Never mind," laughed Regina, in a tone that seemed very strange and unpleasant. "I'm in for it. Nothing venture, nothing have!"

"Reeje," said Mary Alice, after

Mr. Lawry had gone, "I'm really afraid about that ice speculation."

"Pshaw!" said Regina. "The big companies are always jealous if we little operators branch out."

And she stacked the five thousand tons of ice on the lowlands, within a week. "Mary Alice," said she one April day, "you shall have a sealskin sack next winter,"—and the rainbow of bright hope spanned the skies of early spring.

But hark! Hear the great sheets of rain storming down upon the roof! Listen to the howling of the gale as it drives the flood against the panes and tears at the quivering shutters! Three days of steady rain were followed by warm, damp weather. The melting snow poured down the hillsides and the ice began to break. Daily the river rose, struggling masterfully with its frozen barriers; and then, swollen to an alarming tide that still rose higher and higher, it hurled the ice floes oceanward in leaping, crushing masses. It was the greatest, most frightful ice freshet ever known on the Kennebec.

Regina stood out on the bluff, watching its furious progress. They had told her of disasters up the river, and she was nerved for the sight when the hurling tumult of ice and water attacked and quickly undermined her ice stack and swallowed up its ruins. It crumbled almost like a heap of sand, under the beating of that fierce torrent.

"So much for women fooling with the ice business!"

The brusque old villager's remark was not intended for Regina's ears, but she heard it.

Mr. Lawry came up and spoke encouragingly. "Your house on the bluff is safe, and you'll make enough from that to set you right," said he.

Regina was brave, but she couldn't keep back one insistent tear.

"It hurt more to show him my weakness and to feel that he had a chance to crow over me, than to lose the ice," she sobbed when she reached home.

"Poor dear!" crooned Mary Alice,

"it's all for the best—of course it is—and I don't believe Mr. Lawry would wish to humiliate you."

"That shows how little you know about the men!" retorted Regina, with gall and bitterness, and Mary Alice's suspicions were strengthened.

Three anxious months left their marks upon Regina. She grew pale and worn, and Mary Alice said she didn't eat enough to keep a canary alive. She fed mostly on the weekly market bulletins of the *Ice Trade Journal*, which grew less nourishing as the season advanced.

"I hope it won't be any inconvenience to you, Miss Reeje," said the president of the village bank, "but we are calling in our ice loans and must ask you to pay your notes within thirty days. There's a big lot of ice on the market. It seems as if everybody put up some, and the bank can't risk such collateral any longer. If you've a mind to mortgage your homestead, now——"

"Oh, I'll take up the notes," interrupted Regina, but her queenly spirit quaked. How could she raise the money? She had been unable to get an offer of more than a dollar a ton for her ice, and that would not bring enough. Oh, if she had not put up that unlucky stack!

Mr. Lawry had been coming quite often, of late, to sing to her accompaniment on the jingling old piano. When he called, the next Tuesday evening, she put it off till the last moment, but in sheer desperation appealed to him just as he arose to go. What would he advise her to do? Did he think there was the least prospect of a more favorable market?

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said he, briskly. "I'm always speculating, and will make you an offer for your ice. You see I have better opportunities than you, and can take more risk. I'll give you a dollar and a quarter a ton for the lot."

A sudden elation took possession of Regina. Before she fairly realized what she was doing, she had accepted the proposition and signed a bill of sale.

Sixty two hundred and fifty dollars! That would pay her notes and leave her a small profit.

After Mr. Lawry had left the house, she hugged Mary Alice in a transport of joy and kissed Mr. Lawry's check. In a moment more she was weeping like a child.

"What have I done! Oh, what have I done!" she sobbed. "I had no right to take advantage of his sympathy. He might as well have given me the money, and I never can look him in the face again. Mary Alice, I shall go crazy!"

"Why, Reejy! He made the price himself, didn't he?" asked Mary Alice in perplexity.

"Yes, but he knows he can't sell it for that, and I was mean enough to accept his charity. I've a good mind to demand my ice back and tear up his check!"

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mary Alice in affright.

"But then he'd think me a bigger fool than ever. Oh, how contemptible I must seem to him!"

"Reejy, I believe you're fond of him!"

"I hate him, and I'll hate you if you speak of him again!" cried Regina, and rushed up stairs in a storm of tears.

The ice market continued to go down, and although the summer came in all its beauty the Martyn homestead did not emerge from the area of depression. Of course the Middledale people heard about Regina's transaction with Mr. Lawry, and did not spare their comments.

"He'll never get more than ninety cents for it," she overheard one of the gossips say. Regina tossed her *Ice Trade Journal* into the fire when it came that night, and never looked at an ice quotation again.

"As I look at it now," she said to herself, "I was stupid, but he was positively idiotic. I can have no respect for such a man, even if he has done me a favor."

Mr. Lawry came to ask her to go for a drive the next afternoon, but she declined to see him, pleading a headache. Mary Alice looked mute

reproaches at her; she did not dare to speak.

Several weeks passed before Mr. Lawry came again. Then he asked Regina to play the accompaniment of a new song, and she could not refuse. It was one of Molloy's, and she became much interested in it; Mr. Lawry certainly sang it with much spirit.

"Why! Where's Mary Alice?"

She had left the room while they were absorbed in the music. "I never knew her to do such a thing before," said Regina apologetically.

"Let's have that last verse again," cried Mr. Lawry, with enthusiasm.

And one song followed another till Regina found her voice mingling with his, and she blushed to think she was actually enjoying it.

"By the way, Miss Martyn," said Mr. Lawry, as Regina resolutely whirled around in her piano chair, "I hope you will congratulate me on my good fortune!"

He laughed good naturedly at her puzzled look and added, "evidently you haven't watched the ice market recently. I've sold that ice I bought from you for a dollar and seventy five cents a ton!"

A glow came to Regina's cheek and she uttered a cry of pleasure.

"Nothing in the world could have given me so much delight," she said, stretching out her hand.

He grasped it and held it.

"Ah," said he, "I need one thing more to make me happy. I want you to share my good fortune with me, Regina. I dare now to tell you of my love and to hope you'll give me yours. I've loved you for a long time—you know I have—and you can't refuse me, Regina!"

"But it never could have been if ice hadn't gone up!" declared Regina as she struggled from his arms.

She rushed into Mary Alice's chamber, after he had gone.

"Sister, dear, I've something great to tell you!"

"I know all about it," said Mary Alice in her fond and gentle way, pressing Regina to her heart. "I've followed the ice market every day!"

## LITERARY CHAT.

THE last volume of Francis Parkman's series of studies on the early history of the French and English colonies in America has appeared, and the verdict of the *Critic* is that "the completed work establishes Mr. Parkman's right to the title of the leading historian of America." His methods are those of the writer who builds on a sure foundation. "Like the rest of the series," he states in the preface of "A Half Century of Conflict," "this work is founded on original documents. The statements of secondary writers have been accepted only when found to conform to the evidence of contemporaries whose writings have been sifted and collated with the greatest care. As the extremists on each side have charged me with favoring the other, I hope I have been unfair to neither." He gives also an idea of the vast amount of manuscript material collected for the preparation of the series by stating that it forms nearly seventy volumes. "These have been given by me," adds the author in his preface, "from time to time to the Massachusetts Historical Society, in whose library they now are, open to examination to those interested in the subjects of which they treat."

AN unusual number of books on American history have been published of late. Besides Parkman's work and Fiske's "Discovery of America" we have had Dr. George P. Fisher's "The Colonial Era"; "The Kansas Conflict," written by Charles Robinson, the first governor of that storm begotten State; and lives of George Mason, one of the foremost among the Revolutionary patriots of Virginia, and of Joshua Giddings, the Ohioan abolitionist. Another recent biographical volume of the sort from which history is made is A. K. McClure's "Abraham Lincoln and Men of War Times." Interesting in matter and attractive in style, Colonel McClure's work is valuable as a record of events that he saw and an estimate of men whom he knew.

COLONEL MCCLURE's frank modesty in speaking of his own relations with Lincoln is a grateful contrast to the pretended omniscience of some other historians. "The closest man to Abraham Lincoln," he writes, "both before and after his election to the

Presidency were David Davis, Leonard Swett, Ward H. Lamon and William H. Herndon. Davis and Swett were his close personal and political counselors. Lamon was his Marshal for Washington, and Herndon had been his law partner for twenty years. These men, who knew Lincoln better than all others, unite in testifying that his extreme caution prevented him from making a personal confidant of any one, and my own limited intercourse with him taught me, in the early period of our acquaintance, that those who assumed that they enjoyed Lincoln's confidence had little knowledge of the man. It is the generally honest but mistaken belief of confidential relations with Lincoln on the part of biographers and magazine and newspaper writers, that has presented him to the public in such a confusion of attitudes and as possessing such strangely contradictory individual qualities."

AFTER Grant's narrow escape from disaster at Shiloh Colonel McClure had a midnight interview with Lincoln which lasted two hours, and during which he endeavored to persuade the President to remove Grant from command. "As was Lincoln's custom," Colonel McClure adds, "he said but little—only enough to make me continue the discussion until it was exhausted. He sat before the open fire in the old cabinet room, most of the time with his feet up on the high marble mantel, and exhibited unusual distress at the complicated condition of military affairs. . . . When I had said everything that could be said from my standpoint Lincoln lapsed into silence for what seemed a very long time. He then gathered himself up in his chair and said in a tone of earnestness that I shall never forget, 'I can't spare this man; he fights.' That was all he said, but I knew it was enough."

"I can't spare this man; he fights" is a phrase of which future biographers of Grant will take note.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE complains that there is an interesting department of American history that is as yet wholly unwritten.

"There is no true history of the South," he declares, in a collection of essays recently published under the title of "The Old South."



"In a few years there will be no South to demand a history," he continues. "Nothing or next to nothing is known of our true history by the world at large. By a limited class in England there is a vague belief, founded on sentiment, that the South was the aristocratic section of this country, and that it stood for its rights, even with an indefensible cause. By a somewhat more extended class its heroism is admired sufficiently to partly condone its heresies. But these are a small part of the public. By the world at large we are held to have been an ignorant, illiterate, cruel, semi barbarous section of the American people, sunk in brutality and vice, who have contributed nothing to the advancement of mankind; a race of slave drivers, who, to perpetuate human slavery, conspired to destroy the Union, and plunged the country into war."

"GIL BLAS" is one of the many famous books whose names are far better known than their contents. Mr. Gladstone recently declared himself a great admirer of the old romance, which, he says, he read at an early age, and to which he always returns with pleasure. Dickens, too, named it as one of his favorite volumes, but with the rest of eighteenth century fiction it has been eclipsed by the development of the modern novel, and to the present generation of readers it is comparatively unknown.

Its author, Alain René Le Sage, is one of the shadowy figures of literary history. The correct spelling of his name—Le Sage or Lesage—and the date and place of his birth, are more or less matters of controversy, and of the details of his life but few are recorded. The town of Vannes, in Brittany, which seems to possess the most authentic claim to his parentage, recently held fêtes to celebrate the anniversary of his birth, which local antiquarians have fixed as having taken place on the 8th of May, 1668.

Two of Le Sage's comedies, "Crispin" and "Turcaret," are still occasionally performed at the Comédie Française; the rest of his dramatic works, once phenomenally popular, have dropped into oblivion. Of one of them, "The Devil on Two Sticks," the story is told that two French noblemen meeting at a bookseller's shop found only one copy of the coveted work remaining; each wished to purchase it, and the dispute grew so hot that they would have decided it by the sword, had not the bookseller interposed.

LE SAGE read some of his plays before private gatherings of Parisian fashionables, before they were produced upon the stage.

On one occasion, having promised such a

recital at the Hôtel of the Duchesse de Bouillon, some business detained him for a considerable time after the appointed hour. On his making his appearance the lady mildly reproached him for having made the company lose two hours in waiting for him.

"If I have made them lose two hours," replied the irritated dramatist, "nothing will be easier than to recover them. I will not read my play at all."

He took his leave, and no persuasion could induce him to return.

Such independence was a luxury that the litterateurs of a hundred and fifty years ago could scarcely afford. It may partly account for the fact that Le Sage's brilliant work brought him neither wealth nor personal distinction.

BOSTONIAN dignity has been somewhat ruffled by a curious practical joke perpetrated in the erection of its new Public Library building. Among the decorations was a conspicuous tablet inscribed with the names of some of the greatest men of ancient Greece and Rome. It was presently discovered that the initials, read downward, spelled out the name of the firm of architects who designed the building. These gentlemen disclaim all knowledge of the acrostic, and ascribe its authorship to an over loyal employee. Nevertheless, the tablet has been removed.

Some wag has suggested that the offending inscription should be replaced with something like this:

Addison  
Young  
Emerson  
Ruskin  
Schiller  
Shakspeare  
Aristotle  
Racine  
Scott  
Ariosto  
Poe  
Aristophanes  
Rabelais  
Irving  
Longfellow  
Lowell  
Agassiz

This, it is urged, besides a possible source of profit to the city, would be an encouragement to a prominent Massachusetts industry.

THE fact that Dr. Conan Doyle, the author of "The White Company" and other well known stories, has only just decided to give up the medical profession for that of literature, is significant of the pen's unreliability as a means of livelihood. Large as the profits of

successful authorship now are, it is nevertheless true that in nine cases out of ten the writer of books is lucky to have another calling to fall back on. Dr. Doyle's home is at Norwood, in the southwestern suburbs of London.

As a parallel it may be mentioned that a much more famous author—Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes—practiced medicine till after his fiftieth birthday.

The plot of Edgar Fawcett's latest story, "A New York Family," is rather curiously interwoven with municipal politics. One of its characters is the late "Boss" Tweed, of whom some presumably authentic anecdotes are related. "Tweed's country place at Greenwich," says Mr. Fawcett, "was decorated by one of his worst minions, who placed in its garden several casts of famous foreign marbles, just as one of Nero's hired and cringing statuaries may have dealt with the lawn of that imperial monster's villa. Tweed, examining the classic shapes, and inquiring from the crass depths of his ignorance what old deity this or that stood for, confronted at last a flying Mercury and scanned it with approving grunts. 'Well,' he soon asked, 'who is that, anyhow?' The answer came (possibly with a satire that lay veiled under jollity) that it was Mercury, the god of merchants and thieves. Tweed roared at this, and slapped his facetious artist resonantly on the back. 'Good!' he cried; 'that's bully! Put him over my front door!'"

ROBERT BROWNING himself is said to have told the story of an Englishman, who, while staying at one of the leading hotels of Boston, was unable to sleep owing to a strange, melancholy crooning that came from an adjoining room. Calling a bell boy, the visitor inquired what weird proceeding might be in progress.

"Dat's de Brownin' Club, sah," replied the youth. "Dey's readin' Brownin', dat's all, sah!"

WILL CARLETON's first volume of poems was published at his own expense, after several unsuccessful applications to publishers who—not unnaturally—were unwilling to bring out the work of a young and unknown verse writer. The book had a fair sale, but did not attract the attention of the critics. It was "Betsey and I Are Out," written a few years later, that first won reputation for its author. It was published in the *Toledo Blade*, to which it was contributed gratuitously. Almost every paper in the country copied it, and Carleton's work was at once in demand. He has not needed, since that

time, to write gratuitously in order to get his verses published, although he probably has never done anything better than "Betsey and I."

As a sample case of the curious workings of our duty on imported art, the *Critic* states that Mr. Henry G. Marquand imported from England not long ago a bronze statue of Eros, eleven inches high, for which he had paid \$1,100. The collector imposed a duty of 45 per cent on it, classing it as a manufacture of metal. Mr. Marquand appealed to the board of appraisers and they decided to admit the statue free as an antiquity, as it was made about 250 B. C. The collector appealed from this ruling to the United States Circuit Court and Judge Lacombe has decided that the object is dutiable at 15 per cent as a piece of metal statuary.

It is certainly hard to see why Mr. Marquand should pay \$165 to protect American metal workers from the competition of Greek statue makers who died more than two thousand years ago.

THERE is a form of self praise to which young writers of fiction are frequently prone, and of which some older novelists are occasionally guilty. In the course of a dialogue we are assured by the author that one speaker's remarks have a "dry humor," that another's are "touchingly pathetic." We find such phrases as "His letter was both graceful and dignified," or "Her words were full of fire and force." Now the writer may possibly be justified in thus patting his characters on the back, as it were; but the reader is apt to remember that after all the characters are the author's own creations, and that it is his own real or supposed humor, pathos, dignity, and force to which he is calling attention.

It is of course only natural that a young novelist should be so strongly impressed by the merits of his style that he should be unable to refrain from commenting upon them; but the reader is likely to echo Sergeant Buzfuz's remark to Mr. Winkle, in the case of Bardwell versus Pickwick, "The jury want none of the impressions on your mind, Mr. Winkle."

"It has been stated by careful students," according to the *Writer*, "that the original stories in the world number but two hundred and fifty; but we have not forgotten our arithmetic, and we have learned chess, so we know something of the manifold combinations of numbers, and we take courage."

Nevertheless novelists find it increasingly difficult to discover new fields, new characters, new combinations. When some bold innovator evolves a real novelty, he is sure

to be copied by writers who find imitation easier than invention. For instance, Jane Eyre was a new type—the first heroine of romance who was neither young nor beautiful; she was followed by a train of homely but interesting maidens, wooed by middle aged Rochester of doubtful antecedents.

"We have now," remarks the *Writer's* critic, "the novel of every day life, wherein we are called to 'assist' at commonplace incidents; to listen to inane talk, where adverbs, liberably bestowed, help our comprehension, as we are told that certain things were 'coarsely,' 'suggestively,' 'tentatively' said. It is indeed, reading made easy. Stuart Mill, lamenting the changes in the tendency of modern fiction, wrote: 'For the first time perhaps in history, the youth of both sexes of the educated classes are growing up universally unromantic. What will come in mature age for such a youth the world has not yet had time to see.' These words were written half a century ago, the generation referred to has reached mature age, and the world has read its novels."

A NATIONAL characteristic of the Hungarians is a jealous love of their peculiar language and literature. These they prize as the badge of political autonomy, thereby adding seriously to the difficulties of the Vienna government in dealing with the heterogeneous populations that form its composite empire.

A member of the Hungarian parliament has offered 150,000 florins and a handsome villa as prizes to the author who shall produce the best novel in the Magyar tongue. What would be thought of so princely an encouragement to native literature had it been offered by some American?

JUDGE TOURGEE is a writer whose works are much better known than his personality. He is a man of fifty four, and the main events of his career may be thus summed up: born at Williamsfield, near Ashtabula, Ohio, in May, 1838; graduated at the University of Rochester, N. Y., and adopted the legal profession. He served in the war of the Rebellion, was twice wounded and a prisoner of war for several months. Resided in North Carolina from 1865 to 1880, and was Judge of the Superior Court of the State. Removed to Mayville, Chautauqua County, New York, in 1881, where he still resides.

Judge Tourgee's first novel appeared seventeen years ago. Besides his work with the pen he has, during the last ten years, been an editor, a lecturer, and a professor in the Buffalo law school. Some of his most recent writings have been illustrated by his daughter,

Miss Aimée Tourgee, who at twenty is an artist of promise.

THE author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" celebrated her eighty first birthday on the 14th of June, at her home in Hartford, Connecticut. To a neighbor who sent her a bouquet of roses she said, in a note of thanks written with her own hands, "My pilgrimage has been long, and will end happily, surrounded by such friends and neighbors."

Mrs. Stowe's old age is a serene one. Her physical health is said to be remarkably good, and her mental powers, though they seem dimmed at times, are still clear when she takes up her pen.

A CORRESPONDENT accuses the accomplished John Bach McMaster of a curious error. In the third volume of the "History of the American People," on page 50, occurs the sentence "What there took place it was intended to keep secret." Bound into the volume is a slip of *errata*, one of which refers to the passage quoted, and remarks: "For *took place* read *transpired*." Such a use of the word "transpire" is generally catalogued as one of the common errors of colloquial speech. It is doubly unfortunate to employ a word whose only correct meaning is "to escape from secrecy" in a connection where it is directly contradicted by the remainder of the sentence.

FROM the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* we extract the following curious comment upon an address recently delivered by Chauncey Depew at a Press Club banquet in the Minnesota capital:

Press Club players were long and feverant last night and the score of the years of irreverance will be wiped out by the excess of their devotions for the next few days.

"Long and feverant players" atoning for "years of irreverance" sound like characters in one of Mrs. Rives-Chanler's romances. Had the staff of the *Pioneer Press* tarried too long at the banquet, or is a new variety of Volapük coming into use in the Northwest?

To a statement that Printing House Square, New York, is the center of American journalism, a Western newspaper man replies: "This is a great mistake. If a line were drawn from Grand Rapids, Mich., to Mobile, Ala., it will be found that there are an equal number of papers east and west of this line. Also if a stake be driven at a point about six miles west of La Porte, Ind., it will be found that there are an equal number of newspapers published east, west, north and south of that point. My son, the center of publica-

tion, as well as the center of population, is moving west."

The dispute seems to be, like many other disputes, due to the lack of a proper definition of the point at issue. The Western advocate evidently considers the word "center" to be a purely geographical term; in the statement he controverts it was used in the sense of an intellectual focus. Nobody denies that the geographical center of our area, our population, and our newspaper industries is to be found in the glorious West. But physical centers and intellectual centers do not always coincide. The human brain, for instance, is not located midway between the head and the feet.

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THIS suggests a kindred question—which is the foremost literary city of America? New York hardly considers it possible to dispute her claim to the title. Whether she is or is not the center of daily journalism, she is unquestionably the focus of other branches of the publishing industries, and the home of far more literary workers than are to be found in any of her sister cities. Nevertheless several of them have pretensions to intellectual preeminence. Boston has been calling itself the Modern Athens for many decades, and a generation ago—in the days of Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Motley and Whittier—she certainly was the headquarters of the most brilliant of American literary coteries.

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FOR Philadelphia, too, it is claimed that there was a time when the laurel crown of literary primacy was hers. At the beginning of this century the father of Leigh Hunt was one of the Quaker City's residents, and but for an accident which befell him and necessitated the removal of the family, the poet would have been a Philadelphian by birth. Charles Brockden Brown, Joseph Dennie, and other pioneers of American literature, lived in the town of Penn. and John Howard Payne, then a boy, often passed his days there. John Quincy Adams associated himself with Philadelphia literature. Thomas Moore passed "nights of mirth" with these molders of American thought. The home of Joseph Hopkinson, author of "Hail Columbia," was then the salon of the city, where the literary minds of Philadelphia almost nightly congregated, and where the literary talk of Josiah Quincy was often to be heard, and characteristically humorous stories were told by Washington Irving.

In 1838 John G. Whittier was a Philadelphia editor, as was also later Bayard Taylor. Grace Greenwood sat in a Philadelphia editorial chair for years. Longfellow's "Spanish Student" first saw the light of day in *Graham's Magazine*. The youngest editor of that time was in Philadelphia, and his name was Edgar Allan Poe; while one of his subordinate editors was James Russell Lowell, then a resident of Philadelphia, living at the corner of Fourth and Arch Streets. The father of Richard Watson Gilder was likewise a Quaker City editor. Long before "East Lynne" made her famous, Mrs. Henry Wood contributed regularly to the Philadelphia magazines, and her start in literature may be said to have been made by the work that appeared in their pages.

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WASHINGTON, again, boasts of her great library—a point in which New York is by no means so well equipped as she should be—and of her long list of distinguished literary residents.

"Great poets and great historians," declares a Washingtonian, "have always been attracted hither. Joel Barlow lived here at 'Kalorama' and here he finished and published America's first and longest, if not most brilliant epic, the 'Columbiad.' Here, at the beginning of this century, wrote Philip Freneau and William Wirt, the most successful poet and historian of their times. Here, a generation later, sojourned N. P. Willis, and here at his little table at the window of the Washington Club, later the Seward mansion and now the property and residence of James G. Blaine, he made those dashes at life with a free pencil by which he won his greatest popularity. Ten years before the war the most widely read of American novels—'Uncle Tom's Cabin'—was published here in the *National Era*. Lord Lytton, 'Owen Meredith,' wrote several of his first poems and began his delightful romance of 'Lucille' while in this city serving as attaché to his uncle, Sir Henry, then minister here, and living on Lafayette Square, opposite the White House. Edwin Arnold, too, has written some poetry here, and was married here to a daughter of the Rev. William H. Channing. Among the living literary lights of the capital are Colonel Nicolay, Colonel John Hay, Mrs. Lippincott (Grace Greenwood), Mrs. Southworth, Miss Dodge (Gail Hamilton), Henry Adams, Charles Lanman, Lester Ward, and George Alfred Townsend (Gath).

## THE STAGE.

THE Boston *Courier* gives place in its columns to the following, which it calls a "pretty story." It is so very pretty a tale that we fear somewhat for its authenticity, but will not for that reason withhold it from our readers.

"Among the supers at the Opera House at Buda-Pesth, Hungary, was an old man who in his day had been a baritone of sufficient importance to be counted a star whose name on the bills would be sure to fill the house. The loss of his voice with advancing age, and misfortunes of illness, of unfortunate investments, and deaths in the family, had left him well nigh penniless and alone in the world; so that he was forced in his forlorn age to return to the scene of his former triumphs to earn a pittance sufficient to keep him alive. Not long since he met with an accident on the stage. In a mock riot he was knocked down and so roughly handled that he fainted and was carried to his home in a weak and shaken condition.

"On the next evening he was to appear as the beggar in 'Cavalleria Rusticana,' and despite the fact that he was manifestly unequal to the exertion he was on hand that he might not lose his place. The company had heard of his condition, and some one had suggested a pleasant way of relieving his necessity. As they entered the church in the mimic scene of the opera the actors dropped into the hat of the old beggar not the counters made and provided by the property man, but real money according to their means. The chorus singers dropped into the hat coins and the principals bank notes, so that a very considerable sum had been collected by the end of the scene. The old baritone was so overcome by the kindly action of the singers that when he made his exit he was fairly tottering with genuine emotion, and the audience, not being in the secret, applauded what they supposed was a clever bit of acting."

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THE "American Academy of the Dramatic Arts" has just concluded its eighth year. The report states that over one hundred pupils have availed themselves of the opportunity afforded for study by the school during the past season. Instruction is given in make up, costuming, singing, dancing, deportment, fencing, pantomime, stage business, charac-

terization, and so on, and now there is to be added a department on dramatic composition. From the foregoing it will be perceived that this Academy of the Dramatic Arts aims to accomplish a great deal. Whether it can imbue a "stick" with the fire and spirit of a Booth and endow a penny a liner with the "divine afflatus" deponent saith not. But as men like Daniel Frohman, Franklin H. Sargent, Nelson Wheatcroft, and Eugene Presbrey are connected with the enterprise, we feel sure that they recognize their limitations and do not pretend to make that which it is popularly supposed must be born. The aim of the institution must therefore be considered to be to foster a talent already existing, not to create one. On the first of June the rooms of the school were removed from the Lyceum Theater to the Berkeley Lyceum.

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AMERICAN pictures, ships, securities and wives are advancing in the eye of the world; but shall we ever see genuine American wax works? There was always a curious foreign air about our Eden Musée, from the graceful French renaissance façade to the attendant who patrolled the darkest corner of the Chamber of Horrors and sighed to return to his Parisian Grévin.

But now a wave of Americanism has swept over this many sided institution, not only carrying much *débris* before it, but also bearing on its crest the little pinnacle of the first American artist ever employed by the institution—Mr. John Young, the scenic painter, who has contributed the background of a new gallery of American historical groups.

So far so good; but the plastic art, especially in wax, is not yet an American industry, and our heroes (of history and crime) will probably continue to be molded by the dexterous hands of the French, as they are in London at the Madame's. Even here, however, we need at least a native supervision that will prevent our Lees from going down to posterity as low browed beings with the intellectual front of a Hottentot, and relieve our Grants from the suspicion of having retained a French barrack barber in their train.

\* \* \*

APROPOS of scenery, it is a fact that the scenic artist of today, to be abreast of the times, must be not only a handler of the color



brushes, but also carpenter, gas man, mechanical engineer and inventor, thanks to the startling collapses, explosions, bombardments and eruptions to which our taste is being peppered.

\* \* \*

THE mention of Mr. Young's name brings to mind the sensation occasioned by the first production of one of his own novel effects, now appropriated by dozens of managers. Reference is made to the panoramic back scene, which in Denman Thompson's "Old Homestead" circled around the farm and gave us our first recorded scenic illusion of a place that really had a sky above it, and an atmosphere—a breezy one, too—all around it. The artist and inventor failed to patent, and his ingenious device, with its apparatus for instant setting, is the property of the public.

\* \* \*

BUT it is to foreign invention that we have been indebted for a novelty in scenic art, which is as beautiful as surprising. The Urania Theater is a German idea, and an importation of Mr. Andrew Carnegie's for his metropolitan music hall. Here by novel scenery, colored lights, dexterously manipulated and mingled, together with mechanical devices of the most ingenious sort, we are transported to the infinitely distant vantage points where we can observe moon, stars and earth rolling on their way, or the evolution of a planet from chaos to life, in an object lesson of profound impressiveness.

Here again the topic of native ability enters. Mr. Carnegie, wishing to produce a kindred successor to his current spectacle, was to have ordered his "effects" while on his present tour in Europe; but after his departure the American artist already mentioned submitted such effective models to the resident manager that a hurried cable conversation was had with his principal. As a result, the order was placed in the home market.

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THE opening night of the *café chantant* on the roof of the Madison Square Garden was rendered memorable by the rush of the thousands who crowded it to the fainting point. Yet the place is of a sort not altogether new to us. The Casino had long had its cool and brilliant garden on the roof, though without the newer feature of a vaudeville performance. But there the pronounced character of much of the habitual attendance, all crowded into a comparatively small area, served to chill the summer atmosphere for the better public.

\* \* \*

BUT on the occasion referred to the horde of good people was further colored by wealth

and fashion, so markedly indeed on this and succeeding nights as to confirm the belief that European travel and sight seeing has had its influence on our more solid classes and that exploration into the *risqué* but fascinating domain of Bohemia was about to receive the sanction of society here as it had in London.

The larger area of this new resort is favorable to this result; it is so ample that on nights of ordinary attendance there is no need of gathering the skirts around the ankles of respectability.

\* \* \*

THE Casino, too, opened later with a vaudeville show, and here conspicuously displayed its more accurate appreciation of what the out of door amusement seeker craves.

If it be music alone it must be either good music, for the few, or blaring, brassy and "popular," for the many. But if it be a show that is to allure the public, the ring of coin on the shelf of the box office cries aloud for spoken words, mobile faces, lithe and active bodies and nimble feet. The plenitude and the lack of these were sharply contrasted in the two rival entertainments.

\* \* \*

BUDDING leaves, thunder showers and comic opera make the opening of what one prophet of the metropolitan press calls the "silly season." The last is the especial justification of the term. It is usually a farrago of nonsense, for the most part built up, like the palace stairs or the mimic mountain, for the low comedian to fall from.

At least seven operas have marked the opening of the summer season in New York, of which several have failed to please even the usual facile audience. One, the "Robber of the Rhine," is doubly a disappointment.

Mr. Maurice Barrymore, of Thespian fame, is the author of this work, and it was awaited with much interest and kindly hope by *avant scène* admirers. Mr. Barrymore is understood to be an Oxford graduate—a fact which in many minds justified the anticipation of a work of some pretensions to literary merit. And the "Robber" was also to mark the opening of Mr. Miner's new Fifth Avenue Theater, risen from the ashes of the old.

The actor athlete and pugilist has turned out a plot almost exactly that of Offenbach's "Brigands," and a book that has no vestige of wit or humor.

\* \* \*

A FRIEND and fellow player of this gentleman, Mr. Robert Hilliard, also claims the honor of authorship in a one act play "Adrift." The announcement of this was a huge surprise, for no one had ever regarded Mr. Hilliard more seriously than was war-

ranted by a somewhat adventitious reputation for manly beauty.

It proved on production to be innocuous and no more. It has hardly added to Mr. Hilliard's fame; no one would believe that it was really his.

\* \* \*

MESSRS. De Koven and Smith's original play, "Robin Hood," is a genuine *opéra comique*. To those managers who dish up empty nonsense on the plea that the public want it, the experience of the Bostonian company and the opera it is performing may well be referred. "Standing Room Only" has been the constant nine o'clock announcement during the two successive New York engagements of this year.

The music is a collection of taking ballads and ditties, of which the really fascinating element is the excellent part writing. There are many such, enhanced by rather ingenious orchestral effects, and all are usually encored, some as many as three times.

No one in this opera trips up, or falls down when the bench is drawn from under him; there is no topical song; the comedian (Mr. Barnaby) does not once jump upon a table or a chair. True, he comes under the potent influence of the "nut brown ale," but he does it easily, gradually, and entirely without boisterousness, and, curiously enough, the incident is an integral part of the development of the plot.

\* \* \*

IN spite of all that has been written to prove the contrary, it is difficult for the major part of the public to disabuse itself of the idea that because an actor "plays" he must therefore experience a joyful existence. It seems such an easy thing to walk about upon the stage—provided, of course, one has the talent for it—and be part of an interesting story. People always associate theater going with the holiday spirit, and in spite of themselves imagine that those behind the footlights must be in the same mood as those before them.

A hint of the real state of things is furnished by this scrap from a conversation held by a New York *Sun* reporter with an actress—one of the rank and file of the profession—just "in" from the experience of a season on the road:

"There is not much gilt on the player's gingerbread in hotels. No matter how nicely we behave, no matter if we dress quietly and speak good English, the waiters discover us at once, and we are bullied and ill treated and have to eat our breakfast half cooked. It is the same way in the theater. In front all

is beautiful and bright, and mirrored, and carpeted, and rugged, and curtained, while at the back—well! First through a blind and dangerous looking alley, then through a trap of a door into a choke of smoke and a din of rough voices, the doorkeeper having a specially populous den through which one must pass. Oh, the glittering life of an actress! Up a long, crooked flight of stairs, dangerous in case of fire, and into a queer three cornered, no windowed, no carpeted, no papered, no anything dressing room. There is a hole in the wall which opens on the stage—high up, of course. Through that we hear the people applaud. In a few moments I shall be down there myself, and would they ever suspect that I and 'me lovely yellow gown' ever came out of here? This is no exception to the rule of rich in front and rags behind that holds in almost all theaters. Ugh! and how it smells."

\* \* \*

METROPOLITAN audiences have not yet forgotten how talented Annie Russell charmed them with her *Esmeralda*, *Elaine*, and other rôles in former days at the Madison Square Theater. They have known that a serious and chronic ailment has kept her from the stage all these years. Here is an item from the *Dramatic Mirror* that we gladly quote:

"It will be good news to the many friends who have followed Annie Russell through her long and painful illness to know that her prospects of recovery are now of the brightest. Miss Russell was operated upon more than a year ago. The results dashed the hopes of her family and friends. Instead of improving she grew gradually worse, and her life was despaired of. Several physicians recently decided that the operation in question was made upon a false diagnosis of her case, and they concluded that another operation of a difficult nature might succeed better. Accordingly a few days ago Miss Russell was removed to a hospital in this city and prepared for the serious ordeal. The operation was performed with complete success. The fragile little woman underwent it bravely. Her recuperative powers are phenomenal and she is gaining strength daily. The physicians in charge are confident that she will be thoroughly and speedily restored to health."

Russell is such a favorite theatrical *nom de guerre* that it may be as well to state that Annie Russell (now Mrs. Eugene Presbrey) is not related either to Lillian Russell, Sol Smith Russell, or the Russell of "Directory" fame, but is a sister to the Tommy Russell of "Fauntleroy" memory.

## ETCHINGS.

### BISMARCK AS A FIRE EATER.

THE sketch of Prince Bismarck, published in the earlier pages of this magazine, recalls another instance of the great ex-chancellor's fire eating propensities, which is told on good authority. The incident occurred during his residence at Frankfort as the representative of Prussia. At a public ball that he attended a friend chanced to point out to him one Jouvois de Clancy, a member of the French Corps Legislatif, and to mention that he had a reputation as a "dangerous man." With a perhaps intentional disregard of conventionalities, Jouvois had brought his hat—which was not a crush hat—into the ballroom, and held it in his left hand as he waltzed. The young Prussian statesman strode up to him and scornfully dropped into the hat a copper coin. The Frenchman instantly led his partner to a seat and demanded satisfaction for this really wanton insult. The result was a duel, in which de Clancy was wounded, but Bismarck escaped unhurt.

### A FOURTH OF JULY TRAGEDY.

FROM the far off Celestial land  
A goodly vessel brings  
Huge chests of cannon crackers, and  
A lot of deadly things.

To the far off Celestial land  
Our Johnny's soul takes wings,  
Behind a golden harp to stand,  
And sweep the tuneful strings.

### THE GOLD FEVER.

EVERY new mining "boom" in the far West—such as that now in full swing at Creede, Colorado—is compared by some enthusiastic newspaper correspondent to "the palmy days of the California gold fever." As a matter of fact it is not likely that later history will afford a parallel to the scenes of 1849 and 1850, when no thought of toil or danger could restrain the seekers after the new Eldorado. General Sherman, who was in those days a lieutenant stationed in the territory newly acquired from Mexico, narrated the following incident of a cruise in San Francisco Bay:

"We had a sailor boy with us about seventeen years old, who cooked our meals and

helped work the boat. One morning I awoke about daylight and looked to see if our boy was at work getting breakfast; but he was not at the fire at all. Getting up I discovered that he had converted a *tule bolsa*"—a cigar shaped bundle of bullrushes—"into a sailboat, and was sailing for the gold mines. He was astride the *bolsa*, with a small parcel of bread and meat done up in a piece of cloth; another piece of cloth he had fixed into a sail; and with a paddle he was directing his precarious craft right out into the broad bay."

### THE IDEAL LOVE.

OH! never yet was there a love,  
E'er told in song or sonnet,  
That for an instant rose above  
A woman's love—of a bonnet.

### A MILLIONAIRE'S ECCENTRICITY.

THE greatest of English landed estates is that of the Duke of Westminster, whose annual rent roll is said to be fully four million dollars. The bride of one of his ancestors had for her dowry a wide tract of land that is now the most valuable portion of the West End of London, and its "unearned increment" in value has brought to the Grosvenor family its millions and its title.

The present duke's father, whose title was the lower one of marquis, was a man of marked eccentricities. Like some other millionaires, he was noted for the prevailing shabbiness of his attire and his aversion to trifling expenditures. He was especially distressed at being obliged to pay twopence (four cents) every time he rode through a toll gate outside one of the lodges of Eaton Hall, his splendid country mansion. To put an end to this annoyance he spend several thousand pounds in building stables just beyond the toll gate, so that he could walk down from the Hall and mount his horse without payment of the impost.

With all his petty frugality he was a man who could be both public spirited and generous. One of his benefactions was the gift of a park to the city of Chester. The grateful municipality erected in the center of it a statue of the donor. When this was unveiled it was noted by the curious that in the inscription on its pedestal, identifying it as the

effigy of "Richard, second Marquis of Westminster," the word "second" was represented by "2d"—an abbreviation that would more naturally signify "twopence."

The incident was so freely commented upon that it was thought worth while to have the inscription altered.

#### A SUMMER ROMANCE.

I SAW no wrong in kissing him  
He seemed so true, so tender;  
I saw no harm in woodland walks  
With him for a defender.  
Ah me! I did not think it then  
That for that very reason  
He'd quite refuse to marry me,  
And boast of all his treason.  
All right! I proved an alibi  
The day they said I kissed him;  
And now he's lost his fortune—I  
Am very glad I missed him!

#### HOW ENGLAND VIEWS US.

MR. DEPEW is authority for a story illustrating the peculiarly commercial view point from which English newspapers regard American affairs. "William H. Seward once told me," said the genial orator, "that when he made his tour around the world, after retiring from public life, he had occasion to look over the files of the London *Times* at the period of the assassination of President Lincoln. He was curious to see what there was flashed to the other side of that most tragic event in the history of free government. At last he found it. The first day it was 'Lincoln, the president, and Seward, the secretary of state, assassinated. Cotton firm.' The second day, 'Lincoln dead, Seward still living, cotton lower.' The third day, 'Seward will recover. Cotton steady.'"

It is perhaps pertinent to add that in his description of daily news reports "flashed to the other side" Mr. Depew seems to have forgotten that the Atlantic cable was not in operation until more than a year after the assassination of Lincoln.

#### A MODERN IMPROVEMENT.

"My true love hath my heart, and I have his"—  
So sang Sir Philip in the old time verse;  
But in these days the pleasant version is;  
"My true love hath my heart: I have her purse."

#### THE SCIENCE OF MAP MAKING.

EVEN in the most exact of arts and sciences, rival experts often hold conflicting views. It is safe to say that the principles of scientific map making are regarded in widely different lights by the United States trigono-

metrical survey on the one hand and the compilers of railroad schedules on the other. The following conversation is said to have taken place recently in the office of the Smithville and Jonesborough company.

"Did you draw this map?"

"Yes, sir," replied a newly engaged draftsman.

"And you call yourself an expert in your line!"

"Yes, sir. I have devoted years to the study of map making, and I was particularly careful with that one. I shouldn't have thought that a geographical society could find an error in it. Every curve and bend of your railroad is marked there, correct to the hundredth of an inch."

"That's it!" roared the now enraged official. "That's just it! Why, you don't know the first thing about map making! Now I'll show you how to set about it. Look here." He laid the map on the desk and took a pencil and a ruler. "Now, here is Smithville and there is Jonesborough," and with a strong, quick stroke he ruled a line from one point to the other. "Now string the intermediate towns at symmetrical intervals along that line."

"But, sir, the inaccuracies —"

"No buts about it. This is the way we make our maps. If you want some zigzag, snake fence business in them, mark in some of the competing lines."

#### A POEM OF PATRIOTISM.

UPON the Fourth, when cannons ring,  
When patriotic poets sing,  
Go forth and do your little share—  
Throw blazing rockets in the air,  
And light your crackers deafening.  
Athwart the sky torpedoes fling,  
Let wounds torment and bruises sting,  
Let fire and powder singe your hair  
Upon the Fourth.

What though when daylight taketh wing  
Your arm you carry in a sling,  
You've done your duty—have no care,  
Be proud your hundred scars to wear,  
And go to bed a battered thing,  
Upon the Fourth.

#### THEY HAD MET BEFORE.

LADY JEUNE, the author of a recent magazine article on London society, is the wife of Justice Jeune of the Probate and Divorce Court. She is a social leader in the British metropolis and an assiduous entertainer. Her receptions are noted for the curious mixture of celebrities and oddities of all sorts to be met there.

She may go down to history as having been

the subject of a really clever joke in *Punch*. This *rara avis* was published at the time of Henry M. Stanley's return from his last expedition, and narrated an alleged encounter between the great explorer and one of the dwarf tribesmen of the forests of Darkest Africa, when the following conversation took place:

DWARF—"Mr. Stanley, I believe."

MR. STANLEY—"How do you know me?"

DWARF—"I think we have met at Lady Jeune's."

#### THE PATH TO IMMORTALITY.

TRAGEDY or verse satiric—

All are soon forgot;

E'en my sweetest, tenderest lyric

Long endureth not.

Poet, if you'd live forever—

Thus the wise man spoke—

Build a work to perish never—

Write a minstrel joke.

#### THE NEWSBOY AND THE PHILANTHROPIST.

YOUNG Mr. Beauchamp-Johnes of New York had made a happy hit in Wall Street, and was delayed at his office until seven o'clock in the evening. Cruel hunger had him in its grasp, so he decided to dine at the Astor House; which, being a man of few words, especially when he argued with himself, he did. At nine o'clock he had finished his repast and a couple of bottles of Extra Dry, and being uncertain whether he saw six or eight empty bottles before him, he decided to walk up town to his apartments.

As he went down the broad stone steps of the hotel a tiny newsboy rushed up to him.

"Please, mister, buy one," whined the kid, holding up a copy of the *Wail of Distress*. "I'm stuck on de papers."

"Well, I'm not," quoth Beauchamp-Johnes, and then he smiled at his own sally, the humor of which was vaguely apparent to him. "Poor boy," he continued, smitten with generosity, "here's a nickel. Keep your paper," and he sped on.

At the next corner a diminutive newsboy rushed up to him. "Please, mister," whined the boy, "buy one. I'm stuck on de papers," and the young highwayman held up a copy of the *Wail of Distress*.

"Poor boy," quoth Beauchamp-Johnes, "here's a nickel. Keep your paper," and he walked on.

At the next corner a small newsboy rushed up to him.

"Please, mister," the kid whined, thrusting forth a copy of the *Wail of Distress*, "won't you buy a paper? I'm stuck on 'em."

"Worse than fly paper for sticking," quoth

Beauchamp-Johnes, and then he grinned at his bright remark. "Poor boy," he added, seized with an attack of generosity, "here's a nickel. Keep your paper."

(The author, who writes this on space, exceeded the limits of propriety and this department when he repeated the scene at every block on his way up town, so the editor has been obliged to dispense with about forty sections of the narrative; but the tale is not injured in the least.)

"Please, mister," whined a wee weeping boy, who rushed up in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel and held up a copy of the *Wail of Distress*, "I'm stuck on de papers. Won't you buy one?"

Beauchamp-Johnes went deep in his pocket and took forth a ten dollar bill. "Poor boy," he said, "take a nickel out of this and keep your paper."

The small boy handed \$9.95 to the kind hearted man, and then sighed as he watched his benefactor enter the hotel.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the kid, "dat's de softest snap I've had for a year," and calling a carriage he drove home to Cherry Street, richer by \$14.85 and in possession of his full stock of *Wails*.

#### THE FOE OF LEVEES.

THE moralists who dilate on the power of small things should add to their list of shining examples the crawfish of the Mississippi river. This industrious crustacean may come to rank with the geese whose cackling saved Rome and the spider that encouraged Robert Bruce to renewed and successful efforts to free Scotland. Its energy, however, is expended in a less laudable direction—the destruction of the great levees of the Mississippi.

"Whenever I hear of a break in the flood barriers," a Western naturalist declares, "I know that nine chances to one the crawfish has caused it. The assertion may sound exaggerated, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that the little fellow works more danger to the levees than does the water. On a big rise, when the water stretches from embankment to embankment, the crawfish burrow into the levees and live there in the moist earth. They multiply faster than maggots, and loosen up the earth worse than moles, leaving no external evidence of the damage going on within. I have frequently known the water to break through the levee two or three feet from the top, and you can attribute it to nothing but the destructive work of crawfish. This was particularly true of the break that flooded the town of Greenville, Mississippi, in 1889. The builder of the levee in the future will have to take into account the crawfish as one of his most stubborn foes."



## IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY.

### TO OUR READERS.

*If you like this magazine—and we naturally assume that you do or you would not be readers of it—shall we not hope that you will now and again speak of it to your friends, who would perhaps find it a magazine to their taste? Little courtesies of this sort on the part of our readers are invaluable—they do for us what no advertising can accomplish. The best friends of a publication are its readers.*

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### THE REELECTION OF OUR PRESIDENTS.

At the time of writing this, just before the Democratic convention at Chicago, it appears extremely probable that the coming contest for the chief magistracy of the United States will be between two candidates each of whom has already held that high office. This fact—for which there has been no precedent in the history of the country—would certainly be accepted by a casual observer of American institutions as proving that the reelection of Presidents is an established and approved part of our political system.

Is the second term idea really accepted by the thinking portion of our citizenship? Is it justified by correct principles or by experience? What part has it played in American annals?

It is a historical fact that the deliberate judgment of the founders of the republic was against allowing the reelection of its chief magistrate. The convention that sat in Philadelphia from May to September, 1787, to frame the constitution, repeatedly expressed itself in favor of allowing him a single term of six or seven years. Then came the settlement of the mode of his election. The method finally chosen was the formation of a college of electors representing the States, who should select the

President according to their judgment. Finally, near the end of the session, after what Bancroft calls "an anarchy of opinion" a four years' term with eligibility for reelection was substituted for the longer single term—a change that would never have been made had not the convention trusted to the electoral college as a safeguard against any possible abuse of the permission to seek a continuance in office. The electoral college has now become an empty and meaningless form. Its complete supersession is the one important development of subsequent politics that the framers of the constitution failed to foresee.

Washington accepted two Presidential terms, but emphatically declined a third. Jefferson at least once expressed his disapproval of reelections. Jackson condemned them in his first message to Congress. William Henry Harrison was strongly opposed to them. Clay, Webster, and Sumner spoke of their dangers, as did De Tocqueville in his famous study of American democracy. In 1872 Horace Greeley stood on a platform that denounced them. Tilden expressed his conviction that "no reform of the civil service will be complete and permanent until the President is constitutionally disqualified for reelection." Cleveland, in accepting his first nomination, declared that "when we consider the allurements of power, the temptation to retain places, and, more than all, the availability the party finds in an incumbent and a horde of office holders, we recognize, in the eligibility of a President for reelection, a most serious danger." True, the author of this weighty sentence may be said to have stultified it by acceptance of a renomination; but second thoughts are not always the best.

The familiar justification of renominations is the argument that well doing in the Presidential chair should be rewarded by continuance in office; that the prospect of such a reward would

be a powerful inspiration to faithful service, and that the best qualified man might sometimes be excluded by an opposite rule. None of these pleas, although possessed of a certain plausibility, can counterbalance the dangers which, as experience shows, result from the present system.

As to the first contention, that "one good term deserves another," as a comic contemporary recently put it—then, surely, much more would two good terms deserve a third; but a third term is forbidden by a law, which, though unwritten, is hardly likely to be infringed.

Again, if a President needs the prospect of a second term as an incentive to a right discharge of his official functions, then this argument defeats itself so long as third terms are not allowed; for during his second term that prospect is destroyed, and his performance may correspondingly deteriorate. It is safe to say that if patriotism, a sense of duty, and devotion to principle, are insufficient motives for an official's well doing, he will never be kept in the straight path by his desire for reelection. That desire is very much more likely to lead him in an opposite direction—to induce him to subordinate the interests of his country to selfish considerations of personal advantage.

The last argument is that by forbidding reelections we might in certain cases disqualify the best and ablest candidate. Better, it is urged, and more in accordance with American polity, is it to trust implicitly to the wisdom of the people and give them an unhampered power of selection. But as a matter of fact their power of selection is already limited by two conditions. They cannot constitutionally raise to the Presidency the most brilliant statesman of the day if he be—as he conceivably might be—of foreign birth, or under thirty five years of age. And the limitations imposed by the constitution are added to by the already quoted rule against a third term, which is based upon the general feeling that repeated reelections of a President savor of a dictatorial rather than a truly democratic regime. But if a third term be thus inadmissible, does not the same objection apply in some degree to a second? Would it not be more logical and satisfactory to prohibit reelections altogether, at

the same time, perhaps, lengthening the present four years' term to six years?

#### RENOMINATION BY OFFICE HOLDERS.

WE have spoken of the dangerous influence in national politics wielded by a President seeking reelection. Viewed from a partisan standpoint, the present state of things is hardly more satisfactory. And as the party system is dominant in the conduct of the affairs of the country, so it is of more than partisan importance that parties should be guided upon correct lines. They should adhere to the same rules of good government as obtain in a consideration of national politics.

A President who seeks a renomination is beset with an almost irresistible temptation to use his tremendous appointive power to further his ambition. As Dorman B. Eaton, a former Civil Service Commissioner, testifies: "To make a President a candidate for reelection is to set him upon the conflicting purposes of serving, at the same time, his country, his party, and above all himself . . . . A President may have that ideal sense of duty and that almost superhuman patriotism which are unaffected when the selfish exercise of his power can give him sixty five thousand postmasters who may become servile agents in his behalf in every city, village, and hamlet of the Union. The experience of the last decade compels us to think that such virtues are not common."

Mr. Eaton's statement of the case will hardly be controverted by any impartial observer. It is supported by too many known facts. Newspapers that oppose the reelection of President Harrison have been pointing out that his renomination at Minneapolis was secured, against the wishes of the leading Republican States of the North and West, by the solid vote of the Southern delegations, which were mainly composed of, and wholly controlled by, office holding appointees of the President. The papers on the opposite side of the political fence commented emphatically on the strength of the office holding influence in the Democratic convention that renominated Cleveland in 1888.

This usurpation by the official class is a grave political evil. That the great popular parties should be so dominated is en-

tirely inconsistent with the principles of good government. The free expression of the will of the majority is the cornerstone on which both parties and the nation should lean. Without it, we are liable to all the evils that result from a corrupted political system. Nominations for the chief magistracy should be made by delegates who faithfully represent their constituents, and are responsible to them only; and not by the benefited henchmen of some particular candidate.

As the number of government officials grows with the growth of the nation, so increases the strength of the machine controlled by the man in whose hands lies the chief appointive power. An army of partisan office holders was a thing unknown and undreamed of in the early days of the republic. During the first thirty years of our independence there were only about a hundred removals for party reasons. Five thousand annually would be nearer the present rate. Fifty years hence the number of government officials will be much greater than now—perhaps four or five times as large; and the power of appointment, limited only by the physical impossibility of attending to so vast a number of cases, will become a practically irresistible engine of forcing renominations and defeating the untrammelled expression of a party's judgment. Such a state of things will assuredly be intolerable unless the great temptation to abuses is removed by an amendment making the President ineligible for reelection.

#### VOTING BY STATES AND AS A NATION.

WHEN the question of a constitutional reform of Presidential elections comes up, it would be well to consider whether the present system of voting by States is the best. It has, of course, its historical justification. When the constitution was framed the smaller colonies insisted upon some such recognition of their distinct sovereignty, and would never have accepted a method of election that did not provide it. But it may fairly be debated whether the time has not come to reconsider the question upon the lines of expediency, common sense, and political logic. The United States is no longer an experimental federation of thirteen colonies,

bound together by little more than the pressure of a common peril. It has become a nation in the fullest sense of the word, with the traditions of more than a century of national existence. The State was once the great unit of the body politic; it is so no longer. Men were once New Yorkers or Virginians first of all, and then Americans; now they are Americans first and New Yorkers or Virginians second. The political system that met the needs of the infant confederation of a century ago is hardly likely to be best fitted in every detail to those of the giant republic of today.

The method of voting by States was comparatively unobjectionable in the days when the Presidential election was really a secondary one—when the people or the Legislatures named the electors, and the electors chose a President according to their own judgment. The development of party politics has reduced the electors to mere dummies, pledged beforehand to support a certain candidate. The real conflict takes place when the electors are chosen, not when they meet to ballot for a President. So absolutely is this the case that the polling on the Tuesday after the first Monday in November is universally thought of and spoken of as the election of the next President, when in reality it is merely the election of Presidential electors.

The result is a dangerous concentration of partisan energies upon a few States. The political preferences of most communities are more or less known and assured. At the present time, for instance, Texas is certain to give her electoral vote to the Democratic candidate; Vermont is sure to go Republican. There are three or four States, however, where the rival parties are almost exactly equal in strength, and to secure these doubtful votes is the great aim and object of the contending political managers—an object that is too often sought by questionable as well as proper means.

Herein lies one of the most potent of the demoralizing forces of politics. The great parties are irresistibly tempted to nominate for the Presidency not their best and ablest statesmen, but the "available candidates" who can carry New York and Indiana; and in the necessity of capturing the vote of these debatable States is the strongest incentive to election frauds.

Under the present system, again, vast

bodies of voters are practically disfranchised. It is eminently unfair that a plurality of one fifth of one per cent of the total vote cast should swing New York's seventy two votes to one candidate or the other, and insure his election, as it did in 1884. In 1888, it was highly inequitable that Harrison, by receiving a plurality of 2,348 in Indiana, should thereby secure 15 electoral votes, while Cleveland's plurality of 146,461 in Texas brought him but 13; or again that Harrison's surplus of 80,159 in Kansas should gain the same number of electoral votes as Cleveland's 7,149 in New Jersey. Why should two thousand Indianians out-vote nearly a hundred and fifty thousand Texans, or seven thousand New Jerseymen counteract eleven times as many Kansans? True, the general balance between the parties may be pretty nearly even, but two or three or ten wrongs do not make a right.

In everything but the method of counting the electoral vote we regard the selection of our President as a thoroughly national matter. Why should we in this one particular retain a system which though historically interesting is cumbersome, illogical, and productive of great political abuses? Why not make the President a magistrate really and truly elected by the people, by abolishing the State electors and counting the popular vote on a national basis?

#### THE ETHICS OF THE BATHING DRESS.

THE return of the season when the bathing dress becomes a standard costume in certain portions of the country suggests a consideration of the nature and essence of modesty in attire. During the next two months many thousands of women will appear upon the beaches along the North Atlantic coast clad in garments which, as the New York *Sun* remarks, "reveal the figure not less generously than its proportions are exposed by the tights worn upon the stage. Nay, the exposure of the bathing costume is even franker . . . . The stage figure may be made up by art. The figure of the feminine bather clad in the conventional bathing costume of the day is as nature made it. As it is, it frankly appears as the wearer walks along the beach and plunges in the surf."

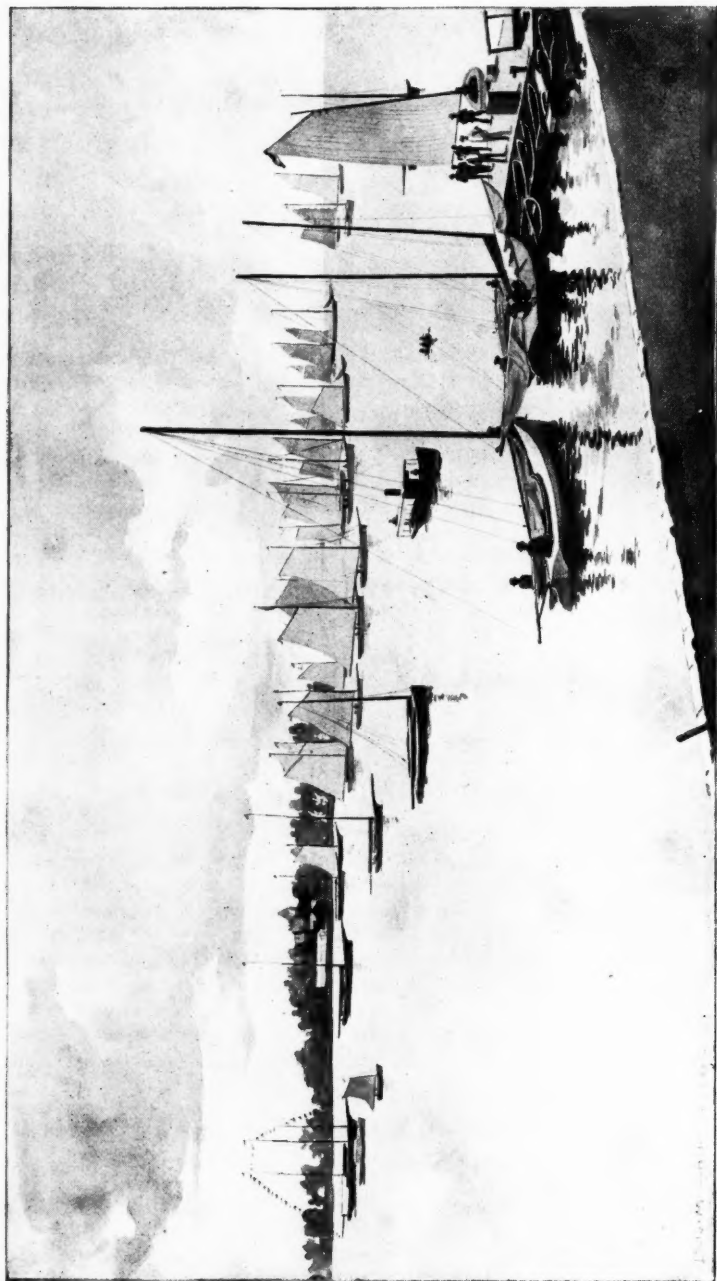
The annual reign of this abbreviated garb of the seaside has been made the ground of an assertion that its wearers are deficient in womanly modesty. This sweeping charge is commonly made by those who have little or no first hand acquaintance with the subject, and like most sweeping charges it will not bear the light of dispassionate investigation. On the contrary, it is undoubtedly true that the regulation bathing dress is worn by thousands of women who would not tolerate anything that approached the improper or indelicate. That maidenly modesty and matronly virtue need not shrink from donning it is shown by the fact that they do not shrink.

The basis of modesty is the convention of civilized society; convention in matters of dress is justified by the appropriateness of the costume. In these two principles lies the whole philosophy of the bathing dress. To quote again from the *Sun's* essay, "when a manner of dress becomes conventional it cannot be immodest, whether it be the costume of the South Sea Islanders or of New York. When it is usual and prescribed it ceases to attract attention. Hence women who would shrink with horror from exposing their legs in a ball room think nothing of wearing low necked dresses there, while at the sea beach they will show their legs and hide their busts."

It is proverbially impossible to indict a nation. The question of a proper and suitable costume for bathing has been settled by the women of America, and their authority is amply sufficient to overrule any allegation of supposed immodesty. The pattern they have adopted is the one best fitted to the use for which it is designed. It is the one upon whose lines the women of the future may be dressed at all times. The most sensible suggestions for the reform of the ordinary feminine dress advocate models more or less similar to it. Last summer at Chautauqua one of the most interesting and important topics of discussion was the apparel of working women. It was generally agreed that as woman is more and more competing with man for her share of the world's work, her need of a more suitable costume is becoming urgent; and the model recommended for adoption was designed after the style of the bathing dress.







DRAWN BY L. M. GLACKENS.

LARCHMONT HARBOR AND FLAGLER'S POINT, FROM THE CLUBHOUSE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. OTTO SARONY.